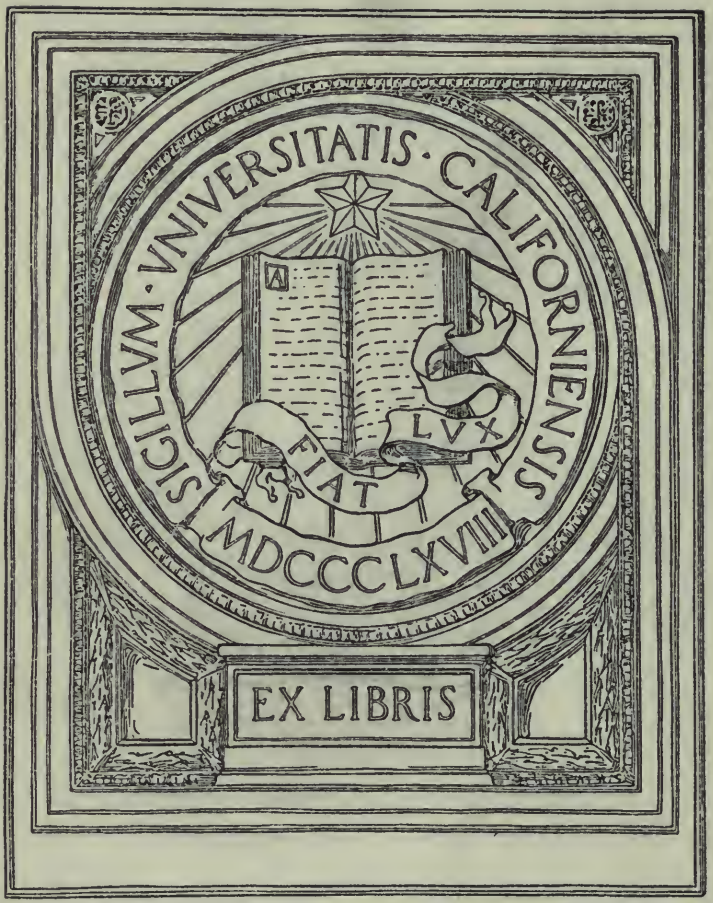
SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT
LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

811.9
tEv

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/masterpatelinsol00bruerich

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS

BY

FENELON,

TRANSLATED BY DR. HAWKESWORTH;

WITH

A LIFE OF FENELON

BY LAMARTINE,

AN ESSAY ON HIS GENIUS AND CHARACTER

BY VILLEMAIN,

CRITICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,

ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY

O. W. WIGHT, A.M.

NEW YORK:

DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET.

MDCCCLIX.

81es
tEv

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859,

By O. W. WIGHT,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

7445

RENNIE, SHEA & LINDSAY,
Stereotypers and Electrotypers,
81, 83, and 85 Centre-street,
New York.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

This first volume of such of the Works of Fénelon as we think worthy of being reproduced in English dress, is composed of:—1st, Lamartine's Life of Fénelon; 2d, an Essay on the Genius and Character of Fénelon, by M. Villemain; 3d, Critical Opinions upon Fénelon and his Works; 4th, a Bibliographical Notice; and 5th, "The Adventures of Telemachus."

Lamartine's Life of Fénelon is full in detail, most eloquent in style and matter, and heartily sympathetic. We have used the translation made in England for Mr. Bentley, but have compared it, sentence by sentence, with the original, and have corrected it in many places. The translation is good, and our corrections have been made in the same spirit in which we should like to be corrected ourselves.

The article of M. Villemain, which he calls a "Notice," we have entitled an Essay on the Character and Genius of Fénelon. Lamartine judges the good Archbishop of Cambray from an historical and political point of view; Villemain judges him as a writer and a moralist, and assigns him his place in French literature. The fine article, "Fénelon," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," has been literally taken, without acknowl-

edgment, from this Notice of Villemain. In our translation of it we have endeavored to give the sense, but have not hoped to preserve the pleasing eloquence and delicate æsthetic finish of the original.

The Critical Opinions upon Fénelon and his Works are not designed to forestall or exhaust criticism, but to show, as nearly as may be, through *representative* critics, in what estimation Fénelon is held by English readers.

The aim of the Bibliographical Notice is to point out at a glance the subjects that engaged the attention of Fénelon, and to afford exact information in regard to the best editions of his works.

"Telemachus," which forms the body of the book, is in the translation of Dr. Hawkesworth. The translation is well known and excellent, but we have revised it from beginning to end. Every word of it has been compared with the original in the edition of Lefèvre. Our corrections amount to thousands, but many of them are merely verbal and unimportant. Here and there the Doctor has waxed enthusiastic, and has added matter quite his own, which we have invariably eliminated. Very often the vivacity of the original has been weakened by throwing many well-balanced periods into one long, rambling sentence, "tediously drawling its 'ands.'" We have checked him in form as well as matter. But, in all fairness, we must give him a chance to be heard, and here introduce his preface:

"The Telemachus of the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray is a work of such reputation that it would be scarce less absurd to recommend it than to recom-

mend the writings of Homer and Virgil: it holds the first class among the moral works of imagination in France; it has passed through innumerable editions; art has been exhausted to adorn it, and learning to illustrate its beauties; it has been translated into every language in Europe, the Turkish not excepted; and there are no less than five translations of it in our own. To translate it, indeed, is easy; but to translate it so as to give it the same rank in a foreign language that it holds in the original, is difficult. It has generally been thought that a perfect knowledge of the corresponding words, through all their inflexions, in two languages, is a sufficient qualification to translate one into the other; and, consequently, that a fine book in one language will, in the hands of a translator so qualified, necessarily become a fine book in another. This, however, is so far from being true, that a book which has any merit besides that of truth and sentiment in the abstract, will be bad in the version, in proportion as it is good in the original, if the translator be qualified only for verbal interpretation.

"To translate a work of fancy, which owes great part of its power to poetical beauties and elegance of composition, some taste for poetry and some skill in writing is certainly necessary, of which all who have hitherto translated Fénelon's Telemachus into English were totally destitute: their versions, indeed, are, in general, too much the same; that, one having failed, it is difficult to conceive what encouraged the hope that another would succeed. My translation is, at least, very different from all others; and yet I have scrupulously preserved, not only every incident and every

sentiment, but even every metaphor, as far as the different genius of the two languages would admit.

"To those who have read this work only as an exercise at school, its beauties are wholly unknown; and among those that have learned French in this country, there is not, probably, above one in fifty who can now read it in the original with more advantages than a native of France would read Pope's Rape of the Lock in a prose translation.

"To both these, therefore, as well as to persons who are wholly unacquainted with the French language, this version, if I have been able to accomplish my purpose, may be acceptable; it may also facilitate and sweeten the labor of those that are learning it; it may give them a relish for a book that will probably be put into their hands; and though it may not much assist them in a mere verbal construction, it may perhaps show them its insufficiency, and excite an attempt to transfuse the spirit with the sense.

"My principal view, however, was much more extensive than to assist learners of the French language. I have attempted to render a work full of ingenious fiction, just reasoning, important precepts, and poetical imagery, as pleasing in English as it is in French, to those who read it as their native tongue. If I have succeeded, I have not only made a valuable addition to our polite literature, but rendered my country a much more important service, by putting into the hands of our youth one of the few books which genius and learning have dedicated to virtue, which at once captivates the imagination, informs the understanding, and regulates the will."

We are sure that our corrections are, for the most part, just such as Dr. Hawkesworth would have accepted from any friend who might have assisted him in revising his work for the press.

We have added, in the form of foot-notes, literal translations of those passages of the ancient authors which Fénelon formally imitated. These passages were first collected in the Hamburg edition of 1732, and have often been reproduced since. Most will thank us for giving translations of them, instead of leaving them in the Greek and Latin original.

Scholars will understand us when we simply say that we have corrected the translation of Dr. Hawkesworth by the *text* of Lefèvre, who has himself followed that of the Abbé Caron.

We have also followed Lefèvre in dividing Telemachus into eighteen instead of twenty-four books. "The manuscripts," says the French editor, "indubitably prove that the author divided it into eighteen books. The Marquis de Fénelon, who first introduced, in his edition of 1717, the division into twenty-four books, says that his uncle had thus divided 'Telemachus,' in imitation of the 'Iliad;' but this assertion lacks valid proofs; and although the *parole* of a man so justly esteemed is entitled to great consideration, still the hand of the author himself must have, in this question of literary criticism, a much higher authority."

O. W. Wight.

January, 1858.

CONTENTS.

Life of Fenelon, by Lamartine..... 19

Essay on the Character and Genius of Fenelon, by Villemain. 117

Critical Opinions upon Fenelon and his Works..... 139

The Works of Fenelon..... 149

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK I.

Telemachus, conducted by Minerva under the likeness of Mentor, lands, after having suffered shipwreck, upon the island of the goddess Calypso, who is still regretting the departure of Ulysses. The goddess receives him favorably, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and inquires after his adventures. He recounts his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; the danger he was in of being offered as a sacrifice to the manes of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor and he gave Acestes against an incursion of barbarians, and the gratitude of the king, who, to reward their service, gave them a Tyrian vessel, that they might return to their country..... 149

BOOK II.

Telemachus relates his being taken in the Tyrian vessel by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of the country, and the wise government of its king. He relates also that Mentor was sent a slave into Ethiopia; that he was himself reduced to keep sheep in the deserts of Oasis; that in this state he was comforted by Termosiris, a priest of Apollo, who taught him to imitate that god, who had once been the shepherd of Admetus; that Sesostris, hav-

ing at length heard with astonishment what his influence and example had effected among the shepherds, determined to see him, and being convinced of his innocence, promised to send him to Ithaca, but that the death of Sesostris overwhelmed him with new calamities; and that he was imprisoned in a tower which overlooked the sea, from whence he saw Bocchoris, the new king, slain in a battle against part of his subjects, who had revolted, and had called in the Tyrians to their assistance. 166

BOOK III.

Telemachus relates that, the successor of Bocchoris releasing all the Tyrian prisoners, he was himself sent to Tyre, on board the vessel of Narbal, who had commanded the Tyrian fleet; that Narbal gave him a description of Pygmalion their king, and expressed apprehensions of danger from the cruelty of his avarice; that he afterwards instructed him in the commercial regulations of Tyre; and that, being about to embark in a Cyprian vessel, in order to proceed by the isle of Cyprus to Ithaca, Pygmalion discovered that he was a stranger, and ordered him to be seized; that his life was thus brought into the most imminent danger, but that he had been preserved by the tyrant's mistress Astarbe, that she might, in his stead, destroy a young Lyctian of whom she had been enamored, but who rejected her for another; that he finally embarked in a Cyprian vessel, to return to Ithaca by the way of Cyprus..... 185

BOOK IV.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus in his relation, that he may retire to rest. Mentor privately reproves him for having undertaken the recital of his adventures; but as he has begun, advises him to proceed. Telemachus relates that during his voyage from Tyre to Cyprus, he dreamed that he was protected from Venus and Cupid by Minerva; that he afterwards imagined he saw Mentor, who exhorted him to fly from the isle of Cyprus; that when he awaked, the vessel would have perished in a storm if he had not himself taken the helm, the Cyprians being all intoxicated with wine; that when he arrived on the island, he saw, with horror, the most contagious examples of debauchery; but that Hazael, the Syrian, to whom Mentor had been sold, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, brought the two friends together, and took them on board his vessel that was bound to Crete; that during the voyage, he had seen Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea-horses—a sight infinitely entertaining and magnificent. 204

BOOK V.

Telemachus relates, that when he arrived at Crete, he learnt that Idomeneus, the king of that island, had, in consequence of a rash vow, sacri-

ficed his only son; that the Cretans, to revenge the murder, had driven him out of the country; that after long uncertainty they were then assembled to elect a new sovereign; that he was admitted into the assembly; that he obtained the prize in various exercises; having also resolved the questions that had been recorded by Minos in the book of his laws, the sages, who were judges of the contest, and all the people, seeing his wisdom, would have made him king; that he refused the royalty of Crete to return to Ithaca; that he proposed Mentor, but that Mentor also refused to be king; that the Cretans then pressing Mentor to appoint a king for them, he relates to them what he heard of the virtues of Aristodemus, whom they immediately proclaimed; that Mentor and Telemachus having embarked for Italy, Neptune, to gratify the resentment of Venus, shipwrecked them on the island of Calypso, where the goddess received them with hospitality and kindness.... 221

BOOK VI.

Calypso admires Telemachus for his adventures, and exerts all her power to detain him in her island, by inciting him to return her passion; but he is sustained by the wisdom and friendship of Mentor, as well against her artifices as against the power of Cupid, whom Venus sends to her assistance. Telemachus, however, and Eucharis become mutually enamored of each other, which provokes Calypso first to jealousy, and then to rage. She swears, by the Styx, that Telemachus shall leave her island, and engages Mentor to build a ship to take him back to Ithaca. She is consoled by Cupid, who excites the nymphs to burn the vessel which had been built by Mentor, while Mentor was laboring to get Telemachus on board. Telemachus is touched with a secret joy at this event. Mentor, who perceives it, throws him from a rock into the sea, and leaps after him, that they may swim to another vessel which appeared not far distant from the shore..... 251

BOOK VII.

The vessel proves to be a Tyrian, commanded by Adoam, the brother of Narbal, by whom the adventurers are kindly received. Adoam recollects Telemachus, and relates the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and the accession of Baleazar, whom the tyrant his father had disgraced at her instigation. During a banquet which he prepares for his guests, Achitoas entertains them with music, which brings the Tritons, the Nereids, and other divinities of the sea, in crowds around the vessel. Mentor, taking up a lyre, plays much better than Achitoas. Adoam relates the wonders of Bœtica: he describes the soft temperature of the air, and the beauties of the country, where the utmost simplicity of manners secures to the people uninterrupted tranquillity. 274

BOOK VIII.

Venus, still incensed against Telemachus, requests of Jupiter that he may perish; but this not being permitted by the Fates, the goddess consults with Neptune how his return to Ithaca, whither Adoam is conducting him, may be prevented. They employ an illusive divinity to deceive Acamas the pilot, who, supposing the land before him to be Ithaca, enters full sail into the port of Salentum. Telemachus is kindly received by Idomeneus in his new city, where he is preparing a sacrifice to Jupiter, that he may be successful in a war against the Mandurians. The entrails of the victims being consulted by the priest, he perceives the omens to be happy, but declares that Idomeneus will owe his good fortune to his guests..... 297

BOOK IX.

Idomeneus acquaints Mentor with the cause of the war: he tells him that the Mandurians ceded to him the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his new city as soon as he arrived; that they withdrew to the neighboring mountains, where having been ill-treated by some of his people, they had sent deputies with whom he had settled articles of peace; and that after a breach of that treaty, on the part of Idomeneus, by some hunters who knew nothing of it, the Mandurians prepared to attack him. During this recital, the Mandurians, having already taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalanthus, whom Idomeneus supposed to be neuter, appear to have joined them with their forces. Mentor goes out of Salentum alone, and proposes new conditions of peace. Telemachus seeing Mentor in the midst of the allies, is impatient to know what passes between them. He causes the gates of Salentum to be opened, and joins his friend. His presence inclines the allies to accept the terms that Mentor has offered on the part of Idomeneus. The allies enter Salentum as friends. Idomeneus confirms the propositions of Mentor; hostages are reciprocally given; and all parties assist at a sacrifice between the city and the camp, as a solemn ratification of the treaty..... 314

BOOK X.

Nestor, in the name of the allies, demands succors of Idomeneus against their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who is desirous to establish proper regulations for the internal government of Salentum, and to employ the people in agriculture, finds means to satisfy them with a hundred noble Cretans, under the command of Telemachus. After their departure, Mentor proceeds to a minute examination of the city and the port; and, having acquainted himself with every particular, he prevails upon Idom-

eneus to institute new principles of government and commerce,—to divide his people into seven classes, distinguishing them with respect to their rank and quality by different habits,—to retrench luxury and unnecessary arts, and to employ the artificers in husbandry, which he brings into just reputation..... 339

BOOK XI.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor his confidence in Protesilaus, and the artifices of that favorite, in concert with Timocrates, to betray him and destroy Philocles. He confesses, that being prejudiced against him by these confederates, he sent Timocrates to kill him while he was abroad with the command of a fleet upon a dangerous expedition. Timocrates having failed in his attempt, Philocles forbore to avenge himself by taking his life, but, resigning the command of the fleet to Polymenes, who had been appointed to succeed him in the written orders for his death, he retired to the isle of Samos. Idomeneus adds that he at length discovered the perfidy of Protesilaus, but that, even then, he could not shake off his influence. Mentor prevails upon Idomeneus to banish Protesilaus and Timocrates to the island of Samos, and recall Philocles to his confidence and councils. Hegesippus, who is charged with this order, executes it with joy. He arrives with his prisoners at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles in great indigence and obscurity, but content. He at first refuses to return, but the gods having signified it to be their pleasure, he embarks with Hegesippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who now sustains a new character, receives him with great friendship..... 366

BOOK XII.

Telemachus, in the camp of the allies, gains the friendship of Philoctetes, who was not at first favorably disposed to him, on his father's account. Philoctetes relates his adventures, and introduces a particular account of the death of Hercules by the poisoned garment which the centaur Nessus had given to Dejanira. He relates how he obtained from that hero his poisoned arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for betraying his secret, by various sufferings, in the island of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to engage him in the expedition against Troy, where he was cured of his wound..... 396

BOOK XIII.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalanthus about some prisoners, to which each of them lays claim: he fights and vanquishes Hippias, who, despising his youth, had seized the prisoners in question for his brother; but being

afterwards ashamed of his victory, he laments in secret his rashness and indiscretion, for which he is very desirous to atone. At the same time Adrastus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the allies were wholly taken up in reconciling Telemachus and Hippias, marches to attack them by surprise. After having seized a hundred of their vessels to transport his own troops to their camp, he first sets it on fire, and then falls upon Phalanthus' quarters. Phalanthus himself is desperately wounded, and his brother Hippias slain. Telemachus, having put on his divine armor, runs to the assistance of Phalanthus; he kills Iphicles, the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have put an end to the war if a tempest had not intervened. Telemachus orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes great care of them, particularly of Phalanthus. He performs the solemnities of the funeral of Hippias himself, and having collected his ashes in a golden urn, presents them to his brother..... 413

BOOK XIV.

Telemachus being persuaded, by several dreams, that his father Ulysses was no longer alive, executes his design of seeking him among the dead. He retires from the camp, and is followed by two Cretans as far as a temple near the celebrated cavern of Acherontia. He enters it, and descends through the gloom to the borders of the Styx, where Charon takes him into his boat. He presents himself before Pluto, who, in obedience to superior powers, permits him to seek his father. He passes through Tartarus, and is witness to the torments that are inflicted upon ingratitude, perjury, impiety, hypocrisy, and above all upon bad kings. He then enters the Elysian Fields, where he is known by his great grandfather, Arcesius, who assures him that Ulysses is still alive, that he shall see him in Ithaca, and succeed to his throne. Arcesius describes the felicity of the just, especially of good kings, who have reverenced the gods and given happiness to their people. He makes Telemachus observe that heroes, those who have excelled only in the arts of destruction, have a much less glorious reward, and are allotted a separate district by themselves. Telemachus receives some general instructions, and then returns back to the camp..... 443

BOOK XV.

Venusium having been left as a deposit by both parties in the hands of the Lucanians, Telemachus declares against seizing it in an assembly of the chiefs, and persuades them to be of his opinion. He discovers great penetration and sagacity with respect to two deserters, one of whom, Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him; and the other, Dioscorus, had offered to bring him Adrastus' head. In the battle which soon after follows, Telemachus strews the field with dead in search of Adrastus.

Adrastus, who is also in search of Telemachus, engages and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor; Philoctetes comes up, and, at the moment when he is about to pierce Adrastus, is himself wounded, and obliged to retire. Telemachus, alarmed by the cry of his friends, among whom Adrastus is making a terrible slaughter, rushes to their assistance. He engages Adrastus, and prescribes conditions upon which he gives him his life. Adrastus, rising from the ground, attempts treacherously to kill his conqueror by surprise, who engages him a second time, and kills him..... 47

BOOK XVI.

The chiefs assemble to deliberate upon the demand of the Daunians, that one of their own nation may be given them for a king. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, where some are of opinion that the conquered lands should be divided among them, and allot the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Telemachus rejects this offer, and convinces the chiefs that it is their common interest to appoint Polydamas king of the Daunians, and leave them in possession of their country. He afterwards persuades the Daunians to bestow Arpi upon Diomedes, who had accidentally landed upon their coast. Hostilities being now at an end, the allies separate, and every one returns to his country 496

BOOK XVII.

Telemachus, on his return to Salentum, is surprised to see the country so well cultivated, and to find so little appearance of magnificence in the city. Mentor accounts for these alterations, and points out the principal causes that prevent national prosperity. He proposes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model. Telemachus discovers to Mentor his desire to marry the daughter of Idomeneus, Antiope. Mentor approves of the choice, and assures him that she is designed for him by the gods; but that at present he should think only of returning to Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from her suitors. Idomeneus, fearing the departure of his guests, proposes several embarrassing affairs to Mentor, and assures him that without his assistance they cannot be adjusted. Mentor lays down general principles for his conduct, but continues steady in his purpose of departing with Telemachus for Ithaca. Idomeneus tries another expedient to detain them: he encourages the passion of Telemachus for Antiope, and engages him and Mentor in a hunting party with his daughter. She is in the utmost danger from a wild boar, but is delivered by Telemachus. He feels great reluctance to leave her, and has not fortitude to bid Idomeneus farewell. Being encouraged by Mentor, he surmounts his difficulties, and embarks for his country..... 510

BOOK XVIII.

Telemachus, during the voyage, prevails upon Mentor to explain many difficulties in the art of government, particularly that of distinguishing the characters of men, so as to employ the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad. During this conversation, a calm obliges them to put into a little island where Ulysses had just gone ashore. Telemachus sees and speaks to him without knowing who he is; but, after having seen him embark, feels a secret uneasiness, of which he cannot imagine the cause. Mentor explains it, and comforts him, assuring him that he shall soon meet with his father again. He puts his patience and piety to another trial, by detaining him to sacrifice to Minerva. Finally, the goddess, who had been concealed under the figure of Mentor, resumes her own form, and is known and acknowledged by Telemachus. She gives him her last instructions, and disappears. Telemachus arrives in Ithaca, and finds his father at the house of his faithful servant Eumenes 539

University Library Of California

LIFE OF FENELON.

BY LAMARTINE.

A. D. 1651—1715.

Of all modern men, Fénelon bears the strongest resemblance to the sages of antiquity. His countenance is beautiful as that portrayed by Raphael when he represents St. John slumbering upon the bosom of his Divine Master. His conversation while traversing the gardens of Versailles resembles that of Plato amid the shades of Academus. He holds the lyre of Homer, and sings, like one inspired, the sacred records of the past; he inhabits the dwelling of a monarch illustrious as Cyrus, or Sesostris, where he gives lessons of wisdom, heroism, and divine morality to the young prince. He walks clothed in the sacred robe of the temple, through the corridors of a palace. He passes from the court to the altar, from solitude to the encounter of wit with politicians and learned men, to the society of courtiers and favorites of his royal master. We behold him as a legislator and a poet, a statesman and a pontiff, desirous of associating Christian love and charity with the councils of government; and of seeing, as in ancient Egypt, religious and civil law hand in hand with the politics of empire. In the antechamber of despotic power, he meditates upon the institutions of liberty. He penetrates as it were from the sublime height of his piety, the perfections and chimeras of that political code, which became the germ and sometimes the snare of those philosophic legislators, the parents of the French Revolution. His lamentations over the condi-

tion of the people, and the lessons he inculcates in his youthful pupil, disquiet the king, who, fearing to see the spirit of royalty degenerate in his heir, from that exaggerated virtue which, desirous of changing an empire into a Utopia, opens (though with good intent) a yawning gulf of destruction, banishes Fénelon from the seat of government. The philosopher retires weeping over the destiny of his country and his prince. He seeks and finds the consolations of religion, and in his solitude shows an example of that virtue so difficult of attainment to men of genius—humility. Unable to improve the legislature, he seeks but to govern and sanctify his own spirit, and dies in his retreat the victim of inactivity and a holy sadness. His works and noble qualities expand and multiply from his tomb, as the liquid rushes from a vase, broken and crushed beneath the feet of its destroyers; while his name becomes the type of poetry, of political wisdom, and of all goodness, during two centuries.

Such is Fénelon. Shall he not be called the Pythagoras or Plato of France? Let us now trace this life, one of the most beautiful of the latter ages.

Fénelon was a descendant of a noble military family of Perigord, who, living sometimes in the camp, sometimes in the retirement of their native province, and surrounded only by rustics, were untainted by the air of courts. His father, Pons de Salignac, Comte de Fénelon, retired from the army, and married Isabelle d'Esparbès, by whom he had several children. A widower and somewhat advanced in years, he entered into a second alliance with Louise de Saint-Abre,[1] the daughter of a noble house in the same province. This union was the cause of much annoyance to his children, who murmured against the conduct of their father. They feared that the probable increase of family would so diminish the inheritance of each, as to cause their decline from the high rank they had hitherto held in the country. Antoine de Fénelon, the uncle of these young people, having been informed of their com-

[1] Louise de la Cropte, sister of the Marquis de Saint-Abre.—Ed.

plaints, wrote to his nephews, rebuking their opposition in a letter, preserved amid the family archives.

"Learn," said he, "to bow with deference and respect to the wishes of your father: Providence has ever its secret intentions, unfathomable to the eyes of men. Often the fortune and exaltation of a house proceed from causes opposed to the desires of our short-sighted wisdom." It might have been said, that this uncle, gifted with prophecy, foresaw in the child still unborn, the lasting glory of their name.

The first offspring of this marriage was Francis Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray. The son of an old father and a youthful mother, he was endowed by nature with the mature wisdom of the one and the graces of the other. Cherished in the paternal mansion, like a late and delicate fruit, till the age of twelve years, he was brought up beneath the eyes of his parents. As he grew to maturity, the clear sense of his father and the sweet tenderness of his mother reappeared in his mind, his conduct, and his writings.

Under a domestic preceptor the first food offered to his imagination was the study of sacred literature, with the Greek and Latin classics. His heart and reason, thus modelled upon all that was good and beautiful in antiquity, naturally took a noble form and coloring. It may be said that though this child was born in France during the seventeenth century, his genius was conceived at Athens in the age of Pericles. His education was finished at the University of Cahors. The fame of his brilliant qualities, resounding from the precincts of his school, reached the ears of Antoine de Fénelon, the same uncle who had proved so true an augur before the infant's birth. This relative, having now attained a high rank in the army, invited his nephew to join him in Paris. The youth was destined to the priesthood, being looked upon as a burden on the family, which they were desirous of transferring to the Church. His philosophical and theological studies were pursued with increased success in the eminent schools of Paris. His natural, versatile, and precocious genius developed itself more brilliantly there than at Cahors, while his talents and

graceful accomplishments gained the attachment of many eminent friends. The lustre of glory and admiration, by which the young Fénelon was surrounded, excited the apprehensions of his venerable uncle, who hastened to withdraw his nephew from the seductions of friendship and society, by sending him to the seminary of St. Sulpice, where he was to enter on his novitiate.

While Fénelon pursued his sacred studies, his uncle, desirous of teaching his own son the rudiments of war, conducted him to the siege of Candia, against the Turks. The young man fell in the first assault, struck by a ball, and expired in his father's arms. The old warrior returned to Paris, bringing with him the body of his son. He now only possessed a daughter, whom he bestowed in marriage upon the Marquis de Montmorency-Laval, of the illustrious house bearing the same name. The loss of his only son attached Antoine de Fénelon still more strongly to his nephew. Good and pious himself, he desired for the young neophite no ecclesiastical honors, but only the reward of piety and virtue.

The ardent imagination of the young priest carried him to the point of enthusiasm in his profession. He formed the resolution of leaving the cloister, to enroll himself among the missionaries who were endeavoring to convert Canada to Christianity, and of consecrating his life like the first preachers of the Gospel, to the rescue of heathen souls in the forests of the New World. He was irresistibly attracted by the resemblance which the devotion and self-denial of these modern Thebaids bore to the apostles of old. His ardent imagination from early youth, and throughout his entire existence, mingled itself with all his dreams, and even with his virtues. Thus, one destined to improve courts and to instruct monarchs, desired only to civilize savages in the solitude of a desert. The Governor of St. Sulpice, a wise and prudent man, informed M. Antoine de Fénelon of the resolution taken by his young pupil. The uncle remonstrated affectionately with his nephew upon this mistaken vocation, which would extinguish in the forests of America, a flame lighted by the Almighty to shed

radiance upon an accomplished age. Fénelon was obstinate; his family insisted, and sent him to the house of another uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, who solemnly forbade his embarking upon this perilous enterprise, and commanded him to return to St. Sulpice, to complete his novitiate, and take the final vows of his sacred order. The young man obeyed, became a priest, and remained in Paris, where for three years he employed himself on Sundays and holidays in the vestry of the Church of St. Sulpice, by instructing the children of the poor. His uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, summoned him to his diocese from these humble avocations, to offer himself as representative of the clergy of his province at the General Assembly. The youth of Fénelon defeated his uncle's ambition, and another ecclesiastic of high birth gained the necessary votes.

Fénelon, while at Sarlat, revived his earnest desire of becoming an errant apostle for the conversion of the heathen. He wrote thus: "I meditate a great voyage. Greece opens to my footsteps; Mohammedanism recoils; the Peloponnesus becomes again free; the Church of Corinth flourishes once more, and the voice of the Apostles is heard within her walls. I behold myself transported to those glorious lands, where amid sacred ruins I raise together the monuments and the spirit of the past. I visit the Areopagus where St. Paul announced to the sages of the world 'the unknown God.' But the profane follows the sacred, and I disdain not to descend to the Piræus, where Socrates formed the plan of his republic. I shall not forget thee, O blessed Patmos, isle consecrated by the visions of the beloved disciple! There will I kiss that earth which bore the traces of St. John's feet; and like him perchance I shall see heaven opened, and behold the East and West, so long divided, once more united, and Asia, after her long night, awake to the light of day!"

This letter, written to the then young Bossuet (his friend in the beginning of life, but antagonist at the end), contained a dream never destined to realization. The Bishop of Sarlat appeared to consent, but turned the thoughts of his nephew to another channel by indirect means. Fénelon, recalled to

Paris by the archbishop, M. de Harlay, was nominated, despite his youth, Superior of the new converts to Catholicism, whose number had rapidly increased through the persecutions of Louis the Fourteenth. Fénelon was then only twenty-seven years of age. The austerity of his habits, the intensity of his faith, the power of his oratory, and the stern upright bent of his mind, already bestowed upon him the authority of age. Living in the Abbey of Saint-Germain des Prés (the home of his uncle, the Marquis Antoine de Fénelon, who had retired to the shade of the cloister); aided by the experience of the Superior of St. Sulpice, M. Tronson; encouraged by Bossuet, his rival and friend; holding intercourse with the rigid Duke de Beauvilliers, and the most austere intimates of Louis the Fourteenth; his society sought by the Archbishop of Paris, who beheld in this young ecclesiastic an ornament to his diocese;—Fénelon governed the order committed to him with premature and consummate wisdom. Beneath the auspices of M. de Harlay, he might rapidly have aspired to the highest dignities of the Church; but he rather preferred the then sterile friendship of Bossuet, the pursuits of science, and the acquirement of theological eloquence. Instead of cultivating the favor of M. de Harlay, he became the disciple of Bossuet, estimating fame beyond preferment. M. de Harlay became jealous of Bossuet, and resented this negligence on the part of the young priest. "Monsieur l'Abbé," said he to him one day, after complaining of the little desire exhibited by Fénelon to please him, "you wish to be forgotten, and you shall be so!"

In truth, Fénelon was passed over in the distribution of Church preferment. His uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, was compelled, in order to support his nephew in Paris, to bestow upon him the small living of Carénac, which belonged to his own diocese. A revenue of 3000 francs, which barely sufficed for the necessities of an ascetic life, constituted the sole income possessed by Fénelon until he had reached the age of forty-two. He passed some weeks in this rural priory, and distributed to the surrounding poor all that he could retrench from his own moderate expenses. He there composed verses which

prove that the contemplation of nature increased his veneration for that Mighty Creator whose presence filled his solitude. Like many great spirits of all ages,—Solon, Cæsar, Cicero, Montesquieu, J. J. Rousseau, Chateaubriand,—he sang before he thought. In man, the music of numbers is the forerunner of eloquence, as the emotions of the heart ever precede the exercise of the reasoning faculties. Fénelon's verses have all the tenderness and grace of youth, but do not display that vigor of a truly poetic soul which surmounts, at the first step, all the difficulties of metrical composition, and creates, with the same effort, sentiment, word, and verse. He felt this himself, and after one or two attempts, resigned poetry to Racine, the Virgil of France. He next essayed prose, which he found a less laborious, less perfect, but a more complaisant instrument of thought, and did not cease to be the greatest poetical genius of his age.

Fénelon once more returned to Paris, and resumed for ten years the direction of the establishment which had been committed to his care, nourishing and ripening in the shade, talents and virtues which were soon to be unveiled. He prepared himself by speaking and writing upon sacred subjects, and composed for the Duchess of Beauvilliers, the mother of a young and numerous family, a treatise upon the education of daughters. This work is far superior to the "Emile" of J. J. Rousseau: it displays no Utopian dream, but points out a practical and reasonable mode of education, suited to the epoch at which Fénelon wrote. We see at once that the author writes not for fame, but for the true benefit of his fellow-beings. The labors and duties of his profession were lightened by a correspondence full of pious ardor and chastened happiness, which he carried on with his most intimate friends, of whom he now possessed an extensive circle; but the dearest and most constant of all was the young Abbé de Langeron, whose memory is well worthy of being associated with that of Fénelon. Bossuet was more than a friend: he was a preceptor also; but a master beloved as much as he was admired. This great man, then in his full vigor, and endowed with the au-

thority which had increased with years, possessed at Germigny, near Paris, a country house, where he enjoyed ease and relaxation from his labors.

Fénelon, the Abbé Fleury, the Abbé Langeron, and other chosen luminaries of the Church and of sacred literature, were admitted to the retreat of Bossuet. They there shared his severe leisure, listened in confidence to his sermons, his funeral orations, and his polemic discourses. They submitted to him their own essays, and enriched their minds by familiar intercourse with that exalted spirit, who was more sublime in private than in his pulpit, simply because he was more natural. The association of such intellects ripened the ideas, enlarged the views, polished the style, and cemented the affections. As the river of knowledge had flowed through ancient Rome, so had a flood of genius, philosophy, and piety rolled into Germigny, with this difference, that the latter was superior, both in its men and their objects. Thus passed the happiest years of the life of Fénelon, in the enjoyments of friendship and retirement. In this retreat, his fame attracted neither the applause nor the envy of the world. His own renown had merged in the reputation of Bossuet, and his personal ambition in the friendship of these illustrious men. His genius became the sweeter to himself from being displayed only in private. How little did Fénelon imagine that the thunderbolt was soon to burst on him from this cherished banqueting hall, where hitherto he had breathed only peace, retirement, and happiness!

Religious warfare had scarcely been quelled in France, when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes struck a fatal blow at liberty of conscience, by violating the treaty between opposing creeds, solemnly accorded by Henry the Fourth. Three hundred thousand families were expelled, deprived of their children, and their property confiscated. Millions of others, in the Protestant provinces, were placed under constraint. Some were persuaded, others compelled by force, to renounce the religion of their fathers, and adopt that of the State. Bossuet approved of these internal crusades against the Reformation. In his eyes the end sanctified the means. Missionaries, sup-

ported by troops and officers of the law, scoured the provinces, compelling faith, converting the weak, strengthening the doubtful, and punishing the obstinate. That part of the kingdom where Protestantism had taken the deepest root, presented only the appearance of a vast battle-field after the victory, where ambulatory ecclesiastics, armed with the tongue and the sword, brought back all by zeal, by seduction, or by terror, into unity of faith. This was the work of Louis the Fourteenth, now become old and fanatical. He thought to gain heaven himself, by offering to the Church this vast spoil of souls, crushed and terrified under his authority. Bossuet was the private counsellor of this government, so absolute in the disposal of consciences. Uniting in himself the double character of a controversial priest and a statesman, he served with his whole heart and soul the Church for the king, and the king for the Church. His vast ambition, which he concealed from himself beneath the cloak of pious zeal, induced him to maintain an equal balance between the court of Rome and the pride of Louis the Fourteenth; swaying skilfully the alternate favor of these two powers, who mutually served while they feared each other. In the name of the king he reduced Protestant France to Catholicism; but claimed in return from this French Catholicism, some temporal advantages and immunities for the king, almost verging upon the point of schism. A zealous, yet haughty servant, Bossuet commanded Rome by his services to the Church, Versailles by his ascendency at Rome, and the world by the sublimity of his genius. Without the title, he possessed all the patriarchal power in France. The Court feared while it respected him. Madame de Maintenon, though forbearing to gratify the ambition of Bossuet (who aspired to the Archbishopric of Paris and the Cardinal's hat, but who, if raised to such an exalted position, might become too absolute, and possibly unmanageable), guided, in him, the oracle of the Church and the keeper of the king's conscience. She who had been torn from her cradle by the persecutions of the reformed faith (which her family professed), sought now, with all her influence, to imbue Louis with the same cruel spirit

of intolerance. The authority of Heaven and that of the king united, sanctified, in her estimation and in the opinion of the Court, any severities used for the conversion of the multitude. A persecution, the horrors of which two centuries have been powerless to efface from the memory of the provinces, ravaged a portion of Languedoc and Vivarais. This excess of cruelty called aloud for vengeance. The cry of their victims became embarrassing to the Court, who sought to silence them, not by restoring to the sufferers liberty of conscience, but by bestowing upon them more insinuating and humane ministers.

Bossuet cast his eyes upon Fénelon. No man was so capable of reassuring the terror-stricken people, of making the yoke imposed upon them appear light and easy, and of restoring amnesty of conscience in the provinces where persecution and preaching had so discreditably contended. At the first presentation of Fénelon to Louis the Fourteenth, by Bossuet, the sole favor he demanded of the king was, to disarm religion of all coercive power; to release Protestants from the terrors which petrified their souls, and to allow them once more to breathe; to banish troops from the provinces he was about to visit; and to let persuasion, charity, and mercy alone operate upon the minds he desired rather to enlighten than to subdue. Louis, who looked only to the end, cared little for the means that were adopted. He was charmed with the grace, modesty, and eloquence of the young ecclesiastic, and at once bestowed upon him the mission of Poitou. In this work Fénelon was aided by his two friends, the Abbé de Langeron and the Abbé Fleury, both of whom were animated by his own spirit. His presence, his mildness, and his preaching in the country, soothed turbulent spirits, and gained numerous recantations. He allowed neither the king nor Bossuet to credit the sincerity of the forced abjurations which had preceded his ministry, and which had imposed a political faith upon these provinces. In his correspondence with the Court, he courageously upheld the right and dignity of conviction. When accused by the advocates of persecution, of a lenity which allowed freedom of belief to all, Fénelon wrote thus to

Bossuet: "If they desire the people to abjure Christianity and to adopt the Koran, they need but to send them a troop of dragoons." Such language addressed to Bossuet himself, by a young minister aspiring to the dignities of his order, proved that he was at least two centuries in advance of his time.

"Continue," wrote he again to the king's ministers, "to supply corn; you cannot adopt a more persuasive controversy. The people are only to be gained through conviction. Let them find as much advantage in remaining at home as peril in leaving the kingdom." Nevertheless, we discover with regret at a later period, in Fénelon's letters to Bossuet, some traces of weak concession to the merciless zeal of the pontiff, and a timid acquiescence in forcing people to heaven through the royal authority. It must be remembered, that no man escapes entirely from the prevailing opinions of his time; least of all one who belongs to a body which trains its members in the sentiments and passions of an epoch.

Upon his return from Poitou, Fénelon was recommended to Louis the Fourteenth, by the Duke de Beauvilliers, and Madame de Maintenon, as an eligible preceptor for the Duke of Burgundy, the king's grandson. The Duke de Beauvilliers held the office of governor to the youthful heir to the throne. The choice reflected equal honor upon the king, the governor, and Madame de Maintenon. Fénelon seemed predestined by nature for this duty. His mind was essentially royal, and it needed but to transfuse his own spirit into that of the child born to a throne, to render him an accomplished monarch and the pastor of his people in the most ancient acceptation of the title. Fénelon never courted this elevation. Fortune herself had found him in the twilight where he sought concealment. His associates rejoiced for him, but mourned for themselves; the Court was about to deprive them of his society. When Bossuet heard of this appointment, respecting which he had certainly been consulted, he expressed his pleasure in a short letter to Madame de Montmorency-Laval, the cousin and friend of Fénelon.

"Yesterday, Madame," he wrote, "I was occupied with the cares of Church and State. To-day I have leisure to think of your happiness, in which I warmly participate. Your father (the Marquis Antoine de Fénelon), my kind and good friend, is with me in spirit. My imagination pictures his feelings upon this occasion—could he witness the public exaltation of a merit which sought so carefully to conceal itself. Do not think, Madame, that we lose our friend. You can still enjoy his intercourse, and I, though forced by my duties to quit Paris, can sometimes return and embrace him."

In this note the whole character of the man is displayed. The joy, untainted with envy, of a master who beholds his own triumph in that of his pupil; the memory of an old friendship with the head of the family which refills his heart and would open the tomb to congratulate the dead; and the manly tenderness of a father who in his old age sometimes needs the presence of his son. Bossuet's heart was, at times, hardened by controversy and inflated by pontifical authority, but naturally it was tender. Devoid of this sensibility, he would have been a mere rhetorician, but how could he have possessed true eloquence? whence would have proceeded those accents which, penetrating the souls of men, drew from them cries and tears?

Fénelon's other friend, the Abbé Tronson, Director of St. Sulpice, and his spiritual adviser, addressed him in a long congratulatory letter, anxious and affectionate, one in which joy and fear were mingled. "The portals of earthly grandeur are opened to you," said this holy man, "but beware lest they shut out the more solid greatness of heaven. Your friends, doubtless, felicitate you with the assurance of this post having been bestowed unsought, and this is truly a source of consolation; but do not plume yourself too highly upon it, we have often more to do with our own elevation than we like to believe. Unknown to ourselves we assist in removing obstacles. We do not absolutely court those who can serve us, but we willingly display ourselves to them in the most favorable point of view. It is to these natural revealings, in which we suffer our

merit to appear, that may be attributed the commencement of promotion. Thus no man can say he has not contributed to elevate himself."

It is easy to be seen, that the scrupulous director of the conscience knew the secrets of his disciple's heart, and warned him against an ambition, created by the gift and desire of pleasing, which formed at once the charm and danger of Fénelon.

The first thoughts of Fénelon upon attaining his new honors, were directed to friendship. He appointed the Abbé Fleury, and the Abbé de Beaumont (his nephew), sub-preceptors to the young prince; and to the Abbé de Langeron he assigned the office of reader. Thus he concentrated all his affections in his employment, and multiplied around his pupil the same spirit under different names. The Duke de Beauvilliers, his first patron, and on whom the management of the young prince depended, left his uncontrolled education to Fénelon, and retained merely the title of his appointment. Equally delicate and important were the duties of that office which comprised in the destiny of this child, confided to Fénelon, the future fate of a nation.

It is difficult at this remote period, when the overthrow of thrones and manners have still further increased the distance, to comprehend thoroughly the court of Louis the Fourteenth. It represented a sort of Christian monarchy of Olympus, in which the king was the Jupiter, around whom revolved inferior gods and goddesses, deified by the adulation of the great and the superstition of the ignorant. Their virtues and their vices were alike extravagantly displayed with an audacious superiority that seemed to place between the people and the throne, the difference exhibited in the moral system of the gods as opposed to the moral system of men. Louis the Fourteenth was looked upon as an exception to every thing, even to humanity itself. This king was not judged like other sublunary beings; he seemed to have a conscience, a virtue, a God, apart from the rest of mortals. It was a unique period in the history of the greatness of courts, the intoxication of courtiers, and the prostration of the people.

The lustre of the throne proceeded less from the sovereign who reigned, than from the events which that reign brought forth. Complete and absolute sovereignty was ripe at this epoch, and Louis had but to gather the fruit. Of two great ministers, Richelieu and Mazarin, the former had aided despotism by abating the power of the nobles; the latter had obtained peace and obedience by lightening the yoke of the oppressed people, by winning the parliaments, by purifying factions, by seducing the Court, by corrupting princes, and by placing, through the power of his *smooth Machiavelism*, France, vanquished, bought, pardoned, and wearied, within the hands of a child. The energetic and dominant nature of the Gaul displayed by Richelieu, the Greek and Italian finesse of Mazarin, seemed to have been created in concert for the purpose of moulding the kingdom to servitude and tranquillity.

The entire reign of Louis the Fourteenth is contained in the lives of these two men: the one the terror, the other the attraction of royalty. Richelieu has been fully appreciated, and, it may be, somewhat too highly lauded; but history has not yet accorded to Mazarin his just meed. He was the Machiavel, unspotted with crime, of the French monarchy. After his death, Louis the Fourteenth had neither to struggle for power nor respect; he was only called upon to reign.

Owing to these two antecedents, he was not required to be a great man in order to become a great king.

It was sufficient to possess an exalted heart with an upright mind, and both dwelt in Louis. His intellect was enlightened, not by genius, but by good sense. His heart was elevated, not by grandeur of soul, but by pride. Mazarin had taught him to despise men, and to believe in the divine character of his power. He did so believe, and therein lay his strength. The idolatry he bore towards himself served as an example for that incense which he expected to breathe, and commanded in his Court. He had well learnt from his first minister, the most penetrating of statesmen, to discern the true value of men. To reign well, for Louis the Fourteenth, was but to be served well. He seldom made a mistake in his selections for office.

His kingdom represented nothing more than his house, the ministers his domestics, the State his family; in fact, the government was but a reflection of his own individual character.

This character, embellished upon the surface by a remnant of the chivalry of the race of Valois, which adorned egotism in the monarch and servility in his Court, possessed nothing great beyond its personality. He thought only of himself; he was born a master, he well understood the art of command, he was polished in manners, steady in all political relations, faithful to those who served him, capable of appreciating merit, and desirous of absorbing in what he considered his own glory, the fame of all who were renowned either for great virtue or great talent. Troubles of long continuance were appeased, civil wars extinguished, peace established, and literature revived: nature, ever more productive after storms, assigned to this reign the date of French genius in literature and art. Louis, like a fortunate man, and one worthy of his fate, seized the advantages of his time, which he stimulated and encouraged by his munificence and condescension. He claimed every rising genius as a new subject.

With regard to religion, he professed two faiths,—the one exclusively political, which consisted in fulfilling literally, by force if necessary, his part of most Christian king, crowned son and lictor of the Church; the other was altogether private, an inheritance from his mother, brought from Spain,—scrupulous in conscience, literal in practice, and superstitious in creed. Such a piety as this, up to advanced age, exercised but little influence over his conduct; it had no true elevation, no independence of soul, no sublime view of the Creator. It was more that of a slave who trembles, than of a king who prays. He accommodated it to all his inclinations, and profaned it by his many weaknesses. Devoted to love more by the senses than the intellect, his intrigues were numerous; nevertheless, they partook but little of a libertine character. A certain sincerity of admiration, and constancy of regard, invested them with comparative purity. It was less

vice than passion; but such an oriental passion resembled more the attachment of a sultan to his favorite, than the devotion of a lover to his idol. He flattered, he adored, he insisted upon the Court, the army, and the people, worshipping the object of his fancy, which he soon crushed to exalt another. Thus he lived, environing his wife with his mistresses, and never thinking himself sufficiently adored unless his weaknesses were included in the worship. At length came maturity, and remorse succeeded to voluptuousness. He sought to reconcile the necessity of a favorite with the demands of devotion. A woman formed expressly by nature and art to fill such a position, attracted his regard; he cultivated her society, but when he sought to conquer, found he could do so only by marrying her. This woman was Madame de Maintenon.

At the period when Fénelon was summoned to the Court, Madame de Maintenon had reigned for several years. Her destiny was less the result of a fortunate chance, than of an ably-studied calculation. Thus crafty though virtuous women make respect an auxiliary of intrigue, and adopt this eminent example as the saint and patron of ambition. Men do not sympathize with her, as passion held no sway in her capitulation with the king. If she negotiated for a long time, it was but to sell herself at the highest price to a man whom she had never loved.

Descended from a family persecuted and ruined for their attachment to Protestantism, brought as a child from the colonies by a relation without a home, increasing with years in all those charms which expose a young girl so early to temptation, inspiring those who beheld her with an admiration increased by her misfortunes, educated amid the usages of an equivocal society, living in domestic familiarity with the most celebrated courtezan of the time, Ninon de l'Enclos, marrying finally the old, infirm, and burlesque poet, Scarron, her chaste and melancholy beauty contrasting with the age and ill-temper of her husband, her poverty so nobly endured, her strict and irreproachable conduct amid surrounding license and seductions, the severe graces of her mind cultivated in the shade, a

cheerful yet sincere piety, which formed at once the safeguard of her youth and the foundation of that respect which the world entertained for her;—all these combining causes attracted towards her the attention of those who came from the Court to relax themselves at the house of the Diogenes of the day. Having soon become the widow of Scarron, during the period of mourning she concealed herself in a convent from the injurious remarks of the world. Compelled to supplicate for the small pension to which she was entitled, as surviving her husband, she approached the Court, where she formed various connections, when a fortunate opportunity occurred. A sure and devoted confidante was required, to whom could be confided the Duke du Maine, the invalid child of Madame de Montespan. Upon the presentation of the young widow to the favorite, the latter became fascinated at once, and Madame de Maintenon received the young prince from the hands of the king and his mistress. She conducted him to the baths of the Pyrenees, in order to re-establish his health, and commence his education. The correspondence she was obliged to carry on from thence with Madame de Montespan and the king, dissipated any prejudice Louis had formed against her. She gained his confidence and won his interest. No woman of her time, or perhaps of any other, wrote in a style so simple, varied, and forcible: her pen displayed the solidity of her judgment, and the capability of her mind. Good sense, clearness, and force were her muses; these were the qualities which accorded well with the rigid and precise spirit of Louis the Fourteenth, and were at the same time those which the favorite least dreaded in a confidante. The superiority of her own imagination, the brightness of her sallies, her strength of passion, the sparkling flow of her conversation, secured her from all rivalry. She possessed genius and the arts of seduction, and looked without alarm upon a simple esteem.

It was beneath the mask of this modest temperament and this humble assumption of the part of confidante, that the widow insinuated herself more and more into the friendship of

the favorite and the intimacy of the king. This accordance with a *liaison* which scandalized all Europe, demanded concessions from the virtue of the confidante which were scarcely compatible with the rigor of her piety. But we have already said that the king was an exception to the recognized rules of morality. The new friend of Madame de Montespan and of the monarch satisfied her conscience by blaming, in gentle words, a guilty intercourse which she sanctioned by her actions. Her complaisance never extended absolutely to approbation or connivance, and in the interviews which her charge and her residence in the house of the favorite rendered frequent with the sovereign, she reproached him for his weakness, and urged him to repentance. Her ripened beauty, preserved in all its freshness by the coldness of her temperament, had at least as much effect in the king's conversion as the sternness of her language. When at length liberated by the death of the queen, he asked himself if a calm, sincere, and virtuous attachment to a woman at the same time attractive and sensible, would not offer to his mind and his senses a felicity as superior as it would exceed in virtue the voluptuous love of his unreformed years. The charm augmented with every interview, and the jealousy and angry reproaches of Madame de Montespan served only to increase it. She accused the friend whom she had raised from so low a condition, of ingratitude and domestic treachery, and declared she had but availed herself of her intimacy to suborn the heart of the king by pious seductions, and to gain the place of Esther in the royal bed, from whence she should be driven with opprobrium and infamy.

The predictions of despairing love were fulfilled; the accusation of ingratitude proved only too just. Before many years had elapsed, Madame de Montespan was disgraced, and dragged out her sorrowing existence in exile, while the widow of Scarron became queen. Still, the dignity of the throne and the pride of the monarch prevailed sufficiently over his love, to prevent the public announcement of his slavery to this new wife. He was contented to satisfy the demands of the Church

by obtaining the benediction of the Archbishop of Paris on the night of his marriage, in presence of a few trusty courtiers. The ceremony was secret, but the connection public. Madame de Maintenon occupied in the people's eyes, the equivocal position of the king's revered favorite. The royal family, the court, the ministers, the clergy, the sovereign himself, all became subservient to her influence. Favorite, wife, arbitress of the Church, oracle of the council, she was at the same time the Richelieu and the Mazarin of the king's old age. Her clever humility bowed in outward appearance to the royal authority, and while her will became the king's law, she ever induced him to draw forth her opinions as if by compulsion. It was as if a monarch had espoused his prime minister.

Piety, which had succeeded to love, formed the lasting bond of this union. The Court, inspired by the example of a religious woman,—governed by a master alarmed for his salvation,—domineered over by such stern bishops as Bossuet,—reprimanded by confessors, sometimes terrible as Letellier, at others, gentle as Lachaise,—agitated by opposing factions,—divided between ambition and mysticism,—resembled more a synod than a government. Versailles at that period recalls to mind the palace of the Blacquernal at Byzantium, under the sway of the Greek rulers of the Lower Empire; where metaphysical quarrels distracted the Court and the people, and left Constantinople open to the advance of destruction and the legions of her conquerors.

The king had a son who bore the title of Monseigneur. This prince, who had been educated by Bossuet and Montausier, was gifted by nature with courage and intelligence; but the Eastern jealousy of Louis withdrew him from the camp the moment he displayed ability, and banished him to Meudon, where he resided, with a single companion, almost in a state of indigence. The son ultimately consented to occupy this obscure position in order to remove from Louis the insupportable presence of an heir to the throne. The king trembled less before the shadow of death, than before the knowledge that one day he must cease to reign. The Duke of Burgundy,

the guidance of whose studies had been confided to Fénelon, was the son of Monseigneur, and grandson of the king, who, following the custom of grandfathers, preferred this child to his own son. His extreme youth removed all unpleasant feelings, as the great disparity of years placed a wide distance between the monarch's reign and that of this youthful successor.

Some of the courtiers attached themselves to these different branches of the royal family. The greater number surrounded the king, and all paid homage to Madame de Maintenon.

Such was the Court of France when Fénelon entered upon his functions as preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy.

The disposition of this child inspired more fear than hope. "He was terrible from his birth," said St. Simon, the untaught but impressive Tacitus of the end of this reign. "In his earliest years he caused those about him to tremble; unfeeling, displaying the most violent passion, which extended towards inanimate objects, incapable of bearing the slightest contradiction, even from the hours or the elements, without giving way to a whirlwind of rage sufficient to break all the blood-vessels in his body—I speak of what I have often witnessed: opinionated to excess; absorbed in the pursuits of pleasure, fond of good living, following the chase with furious impetuosity, enjoying music with a sort of delirium, madly attached to play, but unable to bear loss, and when defeated, becoming positively dangerous; in fact, abandoned to all the evil passions, and transported by every corrupting pleasure; often savage, naturally cruel; bitter in raillery, ridiculing with a remorseless power, regarding all men (irrespective of merit), from his high position, but as atoms with whom he could have no affinity. Wit and powers of penetration shone through all he did or said, even in his paroxysms of extreme violence. His repartees were marvellous, his replies always just and profound. He but glanced superficially at the most abstruse points of learning; the extent and vivacity of his powers were so varied that they prevented his fixing upon any distinct branch of knowledge, and almost rendered him incapable of

study. From this abyss came forth a prince," &c. This prince was the child confided to Fénelon to remodel.

The king, Madame de Maintenon, and the Duke de Beauvillier had been admirably guided, either by chance or discernment, in the selection of such a master for such a disciple. Fénelon had been endowed by nature with the two attributes most requisite in those who teach—the power of command and the gift of pleasing. Dignity and fascination emanated from his whole being,—nature had traced in his lineaments the beauty of his soul. His countenance expressed his genius even in moments of silence. The pencil, the chisel, and the pen of his cotemporaries, some of whom were his enemies, all agree in their delineation of Fénelon. D'Aguesseau and St. Simon have been his Vandyck and his Rubens. He lives, he speaks, and enchants in their hands.

His figure was tall, elegant, and flexible in its proportions as that of Cicero. Nobility and modesty reigned in his air and governed his motions; the delicacy and paleness of his features added to their perfection. He borrowed none of his beauty from the carnation, owed none of it to color; it consisted entirely in the purity and grace of outline, and was altogether of a moral and intellectual cast. In moulding his expression, nature had employed but little physical material. We feel while contemplating this countenance, that the rare and delicate elements of which it was composed, afforded no home to the more brutal and sensual passions. They were shaped and moulded only to display a quick intelligence, and to render the soul visible. His forehead was lofty, oval, rounded in the centre, depressed and throbbing towards the temples; surmounted by fine hair of an undecided color, which the involuntary breath of inspiration agitated like a gentle wind, as it curled around the cap that covered the top of his head. His eyes, of a liquid transparency, received, like water, the various reflections of light and shadow, thought and impression. It was said that their color reflected the texture of his mind. Eyebrows arched, round, and delicate, relieved them; long, veined, and transparent lids covered and unveiled

them alternately with a rapid movement. His aquiline nose was marked by a slight prominence, which gave energy of expression to a profile more Greek than Roman. His mouth, the lips of which were partly unclosed, like those of a man who breathes from an open heart, had an expression, wavering between melancholy and playfulness, which revealed the freedom of a spirit controlled by the gravity of the thoughts. It seemed to incline equally to prayer or to smiles, and breathed at the same time of heaven and earth. Eloquence or familiar conversation flowed spontaneously from every fold; the cheeks were depressed, but unwrinkled, save at the two corners of the mouth, where benevolence had indented lines expressive of habitual graciousness. His chin, firm and somewhat prominent, gave a manly solidity to a countenance otherwise approaching to the feminine. His voice corresponded, in its sweet, grave, and winning resonance, with all the harmonious traits of his countenance. The tone conveyed as much as the words, and moved the listeners before the meaning was conveyed to them.

"This exterior," continues d'Aguesseau, "was rendered more imposing by a lustre of distinction which spread around his person, and by an indescribable expression, at once sublime and simple, which impressed upon his character and his features an almost prophetic air. Without effort he gave a new turn to all his conceptions, which made his hearers fancy that inspiration had rendered him master of every science, and that instead of acquiring he had invented them. He was always new, ever original, imitating none, and himself inimitable. The theatre in which he performed was not too great for so great an actor; he held no place there but that assigned to him by the public, and his position was worthy of his genius."

To these endowments of nature, Fénelon added all those which are bestowed by a natural power of pleasing, without an effort to beguile or flatter. The desire of being loved as he himself loved, was his sole art of flattery and seduction; but in this also lay all his power. "This power," said his friends, "became an irresistible fascination, in proportion as it was

involuntary." This ardent inclination to please was no effort of his mind, it was simply his good fortune. Drawn towards all by his love, he drew all in turn to himself. Benevolence was so completely his essence, that in breathing he imparted it to others. The universal regard which he met with, was but the rebound of that affection he displayed towards his fellow-creatures. This desire to please was no artifice; it was a spontaneous emotion. He did not, like the ambitious, exert it only where interest beckoned, towards those who by their friendship could aid his advancement or his schemes; it extended to all, without other distinction than deference to the great and condescension to the humble. Equally anxious, said St. Simon, to delight his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors, in this desire of reciprocal love he recognized no distinctions of great and small, high or low; he sought only to conquer hearts with his own; he neglected none, and noticed even the humblest domestics of the palace: nevertheless, this prodigality of regard had nothing vulgar or uniform in its expression which might have vulgarized or deteriorated its value. It was marked, distinctive, and proportioned, not in tenderness, but in familiarity of manner, according to the rank, the worth, and the degree of the individual. To some respectfully affectionate, to others displaying ardent friendship; giving a smile here, and a word there;—a kindly glance, a natural benevolence, spontaneously governed all his motions: his guide was sentiment, not form. A faultless tact (that instinct of the mind) involuntarily prevented his evincing too much consideration for one person, or too little for another. The measure bestowed on each was correctly proportioned. To all other charms, he joined a marvellous grace,—a grace the gift of nature, and to which good taste was added by gentle birth. Born within the ranks of the aristocracy, educated amid the distinguished, accustomed from infancy to move in a sphere above the crowd, his manners bore that undeniable stamp of superiority which raises by its condescension, and flatters by its love. His politeness never seemed an attention to all, but a peculiar notice bestowed on each; it imparted its own char-

acter to his genius. He never sought to dazzle by display those who might have felt obscured or humiliated under the ascendency of his talents. He suited his discourse to the capacity of his associates, equalling always, but never trying to surpass them. The conversation which forms the true eloquence of friendship was supereminently his. Ever adapted to the man, the hour, and the subject, it was grave, flexible, luminous, sublime, or playful, but always noble and instructive. In his most unstudied flights there was something sweet, kind, and winning, which the most humble comprehended, and which compelled them to pardon his superiority. None, continues St. Simon (who dreaded his genius), could leave, or deprive themselves of the charm of his society, without wishing to return to it again. His conversation left that impression on the soul which his voice left on the ear, and his features on the eyes,—a new, powerful, and indelible stamp, which could never be effaced, either from the mind, the senses, or the heart. Some men have been greater; none have been more adapted to humanity; and none have swayed more by the power of the affections.

Such was Fénelon, when he appeared at Court, in his forty-second year. He speedily obtained dominion over all except only the envious, who could not endure superiority, and the king, who, in opposition to genius, possessed only the gift of plain common sense, and could not endure that any other than himself should be an object of general regard. Madame de Maintenon, a woman of truly superior discernment wherever ambition did not obscure her faculties, recognized at once in Fénelon the dominating mind of this secondary Court which surrounded the heir to the throne. His gentle, pure, and sincere piety, prevented any danger from the universal influence he exercised. She drew him into intimacy, and even wished to render him the confidant of her thoughts, in choosing him for her spiritual director. Such a confidence would have rendered the will of Fénelon the arbiter of the will of Madame de Maintenon, who herself ruled the disposition of the king. The oratory of a female would have become the

oracle of an age. It is believed that the comparative youth of Fénelon, and the instinctive repugnance of the monarch to such an alarming superiority, deterred her from the fulfilment of this intention. She confided her conscience to another, but still bestowed all her favors upon Fénelon. No mind in the Court so quickly understood, admired, and loved him. With the exception of Bossuet, all connected with the pious intercourse of Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de Maintenon, were persons of middling capacity. The genius of Fénelon soared far above this circle; but we have already said that no man could so well adapt himself to those whom he could never raise to his own height. The greatest triumph of his genius consisted in forgetting itself.

He confined himself, under the patronage of the Duke de Beauvillier, and the intimacy of the Duke de Chevreuse, both rather his friends than his superiors, to the delicate functions of his charge: the recital of those endeavors and successes by which the master achieved the transformation of his pupil, belong rather to the studies of philosophy than the records of history. The first process adopted by Fénelon was the influence of his own character. He succeeded in persuading, because he had succeeded in making himself loved; and he became loved, from having begun by bestowing love himself. In a few years he had remodelled this rude nature, at first sterile and unproductive, but afterwards ductile and fruitful, into the Germanicus of France. This Germanicus, like he of Rome, can only be exhibited to the world for a moment; we shall meet him again on the borders of the grave.

It was in the midst of the studious leisure of this royal education, which forced upon Fénelon's mind the contemplation of the philosophy of societies, that he secretly composed, in a poetical form, his moral and political code of government. We speak of "Telemachus," which perpetuates the genius of Fénelon to all posterity. If he had merely been the lettered and elegant courtier of Madame de Maintenon's private circle, the exemplary and eloquent pontiff of Cambray, the tutor of a prince, carried off from his regal inheritance while yet under

age, his name would already have been forgotten. But he has moulded his soul and genius into an imperishable poem. His mind is his immortal monument, and lives in this work.

The exact period and method adopted by the poet in the composition of "Telemachus," have been subjects of much discussion. Some have thought that the intentions of the writer never destined it to assume the form of a book, and that it was transcribed without forethought, a page at a time, to afford introductory subjects upon Greek and Latin studies to his pupil. The scope, the regularity, the continuity, and sublimity of the work, evidently composed from a sustained train of ideas, defeat these puerile suppositions. They are no less falsified by the nature of the subjects which Fénelon discusses in Telemachus. Can any one suppose that a sensible instructor, a scrupulous guardian of the imagination of his pupil, would have bestowed upon him as the subject of his studies, and as an example of the best theories of government, the equivocal fables of the mythology, and the soft images of the amours of Eucharis? Such a conclusion is to calumniate the good sense and modesty of the poet. This book, which was in truth composed expressly for the young prince, was evidently written with the intention of fortifying his mind, when formed by manhood, against the doctrines of tyranny and the snares of voluptuousness,—pictures which the master presented to his pupil, to arm him beforehand against the seductions of a throne, and the allurements of his own heart. The truth of this hypothesis is, that the instructor detached from time to time, a page of his manuscript suited to the age and faults of the pupil, and made him translate it, with the intention of presenting to him in his composition, either the maxims he sought to inculcate, or the portraits of those vices he was desirous of counteracting by indirect lessons. But the entire poem, as a whole, formed the relaxation, the treasure, and the secret of the poet.

All the world are acquainted with this poem—Christian in its inspiration, pagan in its form. This original defect corresponds perfectly with the man and the period. Fénelon, like

his book, possessed a pagan genius and a Christian spirit. Despite this vice of composition, which destroys the character of co-existence and nationality,—which all truly monumental books ought to display, if they seek to be the living and eternal memorials of true and original thoughts,—it is the most perfect treatise upon education and political economy that exists in modern times: and this treatise has the unusual merit of being, at the same time, a poem, a moral essay, and a narrative! It bears a threefold existence: it instructs, it interests, and it charms. It is true, it lacks the melody of verse. Fénelon never possessed sufficient power of imagination to exercise over his ideas that force of composition which embodies them in rhythm, or, as we may say, blends together words and images by throwing them into the mould of poetry. But his prose was intrinsically poetical; and if it has not the perfection, the cadence and harmony, it has, nevertheless, the full charm of measured numbers. It is always music, although of an uncertain sound, which flows softly and freely through the ear. This poetry may be less durable, but is also less fatiguing, than that of Homer or Virgil. If it possesses not the lasting quality of metal, neither is it encumbered with the weight. An ordinary comprehension can follow it with less effort. Fénelon and Chateaubriand are poets as much through sentiment as by the power of imagery. They possess that which forms the essence of poetry, and makes the greatest poets. The only distinction is, that they speak instead of singing their stanzas.

The true imperfection of this beautiful book consists not in its being written in prose, but rather in its being a copy from the antique, instead of a modern original. We can fancy ourselves reading a translation from Homer, or a continuation of the Odyssey, by a disciple equal to his master. The places, the names, the customs, the people, the events, the images, the fables, the deities, the men, the earth, the sea, and the heaven, —all are Greek and pagan; there is nothing French, and nothing Christian. The whole work is a caprice of genius—the disguise of a modern imagination beneath the fictions and vestments of the ancient mythology. We feel it to be a sub-

lime imitation, but an imitation in every line. Fénelon is here, like a second Homer, living amid another people and in another age, singing fables to a generation who no longer believe them. Herein lies the fault of the poem. This was also the vice of the period, which, not having yet created its own poetry or its own imagery, and finding itself surrounded, upon the revival of letters, by the monuments of Greek inspiration, thought nothing could be more beautiful than to copy these vestiges; and thus original thought remained impotent from the force of admiration.

But this error explained and excused, does not render the work of Fénelon less sublime. It seems the dictation of filial piety; we may almost say, that it is a poem containing every virtuous and religious emotion belonging to man. The poet tells us that the young Telemachus, the son of Ulysses and Penelope, conducted by Wisdom, in the shape of an old man, denominated Mentor, navigates the eastern seas in search of his father, who has been driven for ten years, by the anger of the gods, from his kingdom, the small island of Ithaca. Telemachus, during this long voyage, sometimes auspicious, occasionally the reverse, landing or driven upon numerous coasts, is often present at different forms of civilization, explained to him by his attendant guardian, Mentor. He encounters many dangers, experiences many passions; is exposed to the snares of pride, of glory, of voluptuousness, and triumphs over all, through the assistance of that invisible Wisdom which counsels and protects him. Matured by years, and instructed by experience, he becomes an accomplished prince; and, having encountered in the countries he has traversed, sometimes good kings, sometimes tyrants, and occasionally republics, he reduces the lessons which he has been taught by example, to the practical government of his own people.

Like Emile, the plebeian Telemachus of J. J. Rousseau, this poem is exclusively social and political. It is at once the critic and theorist of society and governments. It was intended to furnish the programme of a future reign, in which the Duke of Burgundy was to be the Telemachus, and Fénelon the Men

tor. It is chiefly under this point of view that this book has exerted such a powerful influence over the mind of man. Fénelon was not only a poet, but also a political legislator; a modern Solon; a living date throughout all the revolutions of society which have agitated the world since the appearance of his poem. We may say, without romance or exaggeration, that all good and all evil, all that is true, all that is false, all that is real and all that is chimerical, in the great European revolution of opinions and institutions, of which we have been the instruments, the spectators, and the victims, during a century, has flowed from this book, as from the fountain of good and evil. Telemachus is at once the grand *revelation* and *Utopia* of all classes of society. When we follow the chain attentively, link by link, from the most fanatic tribunes of the Convention to the Girondins, from the Girondins to Mirabeau, from Mirabeau to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, from Bernardin de Saint-Pierre to J. J. Rousseau, from J. J. Rousseau to Turgot, from Turgot to Vauban, from Vauban to the preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy, we shall discover in Fénelon the first revolutionist, the first tribune of the people, the first reformer of kings, the first apostle of liberty; and in Telemachus we shall acknowledge the evangelist of the truths and errors of modern revolutions. The politics of Fénelon were virtuous, but chimerical. Hence the summits and precipices upon which this revolution rises, or down which it plunges lower and lower at each effort to become practical. The moral principles inculcated by Telemachus are admirable, but the ideas upon government are absurd. In Fénelon, the political transformation of the world possessed its prophet; but it was compelled to wait another century for its statesman. The good sense of Louis the Fourteenth, sharpened by the exercise of government, taught him at once the true estimate of the man and the book. "Fénelon," said he, "is the most chimerical individual in my kingdom."

All his general maxims, healthy in theory, have been destroyed in practice, by the imperfections inseparable from humanity. People ruled by their own wisdom; patrician and

plebeian republics; royalties tempered by the sacerdotal or popular authority; representative government; triennial assemblies of the states-general of the nation; provincial administrations and assemblies; the election and deposition of princes; the sovereignty of the people in action; the suppression of hereditary succession to the throne and magisterial offices; liberty of conscience; perpetual peace among nations; fraternity and equality among the citizens; the destruction of individual wealth, under the pretext of advantage to the community; the arbitrary dictation of the State, as to the fortunes of its subjects; the distribution of lands and professions by the government; public education enforcing equalizing principles, which all the children of the kingdom were compelled to undergo; the community of benefits; the condemnation of luxury; the sumptuary laws, operating upon houses, lodgings, food, and elementary trades, such as agriculture, where the toils of the lower orders met with the strongest incitement from the suppression of luxury and the arts; the *maximum* of price and of consumption in provisions; a system of political economy, by turns the best or the worst; truth, error, Utopias, inconsistencies, contradictions, illusions, possibility, impossibility, extended views, short-sighted systems, dreams, undefined ideas, aspirations devoid of any solid foundation, without aim or possibility of being reduced to action;—all contribute to render the political code inculcated by Telemachus merely the *pastoral* of government. All is confused; we feel ourselves floating in an ocean of human imagination, without compass to direct us,—tending towards neither pole, and without a coast to land upon. It resembles the *Contrat Social* of J. J. Rousseau, the *Utopia* of Plato, or that of Thomas More; and is, in fact, a *Pandemonium* of empty speculations. Every thing in it is a shadow, and nothing substantial. While contemplating these four books—the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of More, the Telemachus of Fénelon, and the Contrat Social of J. J. Rousseau—we can repeat with conviction the saying of Frederic the Great, "If I had an empire to punish, I would bestow the government of it upon the philosophers."

These philosophers, despite the grandeur of their genius, the elevation of their views, and the virtue of their designs, plan systems for humanity at large which are suited only to an abstract portion. Minds, without practical experience, construct their imaginary institutions upon clouds, and the moment these clouds touch the earth, their institutions melt into vapor, or fall to ruins. Fénelon, in "Telemachus," proves himself one of those philosophers who have created for the age which they imagine, the most beautiful, but the most mistaken perspectives; who equally mingle sound and unsound opinions; and who have confounded a passion for ameliorating the condition of humanity with a passion for attaining the impossible. It is against such practical impossibilities that inexperienced revolution (of which they are the parent) wounds, struggles, and always destroys itself; and it is also from the anger created by the resistance which reality offers to chimera that spring the deceptions, the frenzies, the tyrannies, and the crimes of this very spirit of change. The visionary Utopiasts, who advocate a purely metaphysical form of government, and the annihilation of power, produced the crimes and anarchies of the revolution of 1793. The Utopiasts of levelling property and social communism produced the panic, the disavowal, and the adjournment of the revolution of 1848. These two dreams of Fénelon have been looked upon as serious practicalities by short-sighted reasoners. The saintly poet has unintentionally been the first radical and the first communist of his age.

The influence of this book in matters of political economy, has been no less powerful and equally fatal; but its errors in this respect are more easily demonstrated. The declamations against art and luxury, the sumptuary laws to regulate the consumption of articles produced by labor, which are useless in our epoch, were applicable to the primitive condition of that antiquity from which Fénelon unfortunately drew his examples and imbibed his ideas. Upon the first establishment of any community strictly pastoral and agricultural, where the earth is cultivated with difficulty, and scarcely supplies the necessary aliment of man, it becomes the enforced law and

virtue of citizens to consume as little as possible, that their sobriety and abstemiousness may thus leave a larger portion to satisfy the wants of their brethren. The aim of such laws was to prevent scarcity, that scourge of new-born empires, whose existence depends upon abundance of provision. Under this view, temperance, which is now a virtue confined to ourselves, became a benefit conferred on society. Abstinence was an act of devotion—luxury a crime. We can thus comprehend the usefulness of sumptuary laws in the remote periods of antiquity; but when a community is firmly established, and has increased its productive powers by clearing land, by the acquisition of flocks and machinery, when it no longer fears scarcity, and supports its immense population by the wages paid for the various products of art, intellect, and industry; when the luxury of one class creates the riches of another; when each pleasure, each vanity, and each caprice of the rich, pays, voluntarily or involuntarily, a reward for the labor which has supplied it,—the system of Fénelon, of Plato, and of J. J. Rousseau, appears no longer a mere absurdity, but assumes the serious aspect of a ruinous injury to the people. Consumption then becomes a virtue, and luxury proportioned to fortune supplies the necessities of the rest of mankind. This error of "Telemachus" is one of those which produced the worst evils of the Revolution, and its impression is still uneffaced from the minds of the people, much as it has misguided and injured them.

Such is "Telemachus,"—virtuous in maxim, deplorable in application. But as this poem responds by anticipation to the most noble and most legitimate instincts of justice, equality, and purity in the government of empires—as it was inspired by a pious mind, and written by a poetical genius—we can imagine the effect such a book was likely to produce upon the world.

But "Telemachus" contained also the secret of Fénelon. He wrote it in the palace of Louis the Fourteenth, and concealed it from the notice of the king and the courtiers until near the close of the reign. In this book there was a terrible

accusation, which he reserved for the period when his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, should have attained the years of maturity, and have approached more closely to the throne. It was a sealed confidence, to remain until then unbroken, between the master and the pupil. Perhaps this book was also destined at the moment of the young prince's accession, to proclaim a new political system—to be, in fact, the programme of a Fénelonian government. It was also a sort of indirect aspiration to the post of first minister, for which Fénelon might have felt a presentiment, without even acknowledging it to himself. The ambition which his friend, the Abbé Tronson, had warned him against, as we have already seen,—that species of ambition which does not seek to aggrandize its possessor, but which is involuntarily created and revealed by intellectual ability,—such was that of Fénelon. There are certain men whom nature has endowed with distinct privileges. Their ambition, instead of being the offspring of passion, is the emanation of mental power. They do not aspire, but they mount by an irresistible force, as the aërostatic globe rises above an element heavier than itself, by the sole superiority of specific ascendency. The very goodness of Fénelon caused him to desire some future elevation, where his benevolent spirit could shed itself with more effect upon all around him. But envy now began to penetrate into the shade where he had sought concealment. People began to be alarmed at the influence exercised by him, not only in the capacity of master, but as a friend, over the mind of his pupil. The increasing interest daily evinced by Madame de Maintenon for the charms of his conversation, had a powerful influence at Court. The correspondence between her and Fénelon was as frequent as it was intimate. These letters display the boldness of those councils which Fénelon gave to the woman who in her turn counselled the king. He encouraged her to reign. "You have more resolution than you believe yourself to possess." (He wrote thus in obedience to an expressed wish of hers that he would speak the truth, no matter how severe.) "You distrust yourself, or rather, you fear entering into dis-

cussions opposed to the inclination you have always felt for a life of tranquillity and retirement. . . . . As the king is guided much less by the force of principles than by the impulsion of those individuals who surround him, and upon whom he bestows his authority, it becomes essential that he should be influenced upon all occasions by truly good men, who, acting in concert with you, will induce the fulfilment, in their most extended view, of those duties which he never contemplates. Since he must be surrounded, the grand point is, how to surround him; since he must be ruled, how to rule him. His welfare consists in his being influenced by those who are upright and disinterested. You must, then, apply yourself to the task. Give him views of peace; induce him to ameliorate the condition of the people; above all, to adopt principles of moderation and equity; to suppress all harsh and violent counsels, and to hold in abhorrence acts of arbitrary authority. . . . There are at Court many people of virtuous and noble qualities, who merit your kindness and encouragement; but you must exercise great precaution, for thousands would become hypocrites to please you."

We see that Fénelon speaks of the errors of the king, as a man who places himself entirely in the power of Madame de Maintenon, the future mistress of his confidences; we also see that, faithful to friendship, he sought to draw towards the virtuous section of the Court, the Dukes de Chevreuse and Beauvillier, all the favor of the sovereign ruler. We must not, however, forget that the cause of virtue was at the same time the cause of his friends and patrons.

This correspondence, and this pious intercourse between Madame de Maintenon and Fénelon, gained more and more for the future author of "Telemachus" the regard and esteem of one who reigned with uncontrolled power: she frequently reverted with pleasure, in her advanced years, to the sentiments she had then experienced.

"I have often since wondered," writes she, "why I did not select the Abbé de Fénelon as the guide of my conscience, when his manners charmed me so much, and when his mind

and virtues had so influenced me in his favor." She, more than any other woman in her position, required the society of a man in all points equally attractive and superior, surrounded as she was by common-place spirits, and by empty coldness. "Ah!" (she wrote at one period to her favorite niece), "alas that I cannot give you my experience, that I could only show you the weariness of soul by which the great are devoured; the difficulty which they find in getting through their days. Do you not see how they die of sadness in the midst of that fortune which has been a burden to them? I have been young and beautiful; I have tasted many pleasures; I have been universally beloved. At a more advanced age I have passed years in the intercourse of talent and wit, and I solemnly protest to you, that all conditions leave a frightful void."

This friendship of Madame de Maintenon for the most fascinating man in the kingdom, inspired the monarch with the idea of recompensing Fénelon for his success in the education of his grandson, by the gift of the Abbacy of Saint-Valery. The king in person announced to him his gracious intention, and made many excuses for bestowing upon his services so tardy and disproportionate a reward. All things seemed to smile upon Fénelon. The heart of Madame de Maintenon seemed to have gained for him the love of the entire Court.

But a snare was upon his path, and this snare lay in himself, in his pure soul, and in his poetic imagination. He allowed himself to be seduced, not by his success, but by his piety.

We have already stated at the commencement of this narrative, that the court of Louis the Fourteenth, in his advanced age, resembled rather a synod than a seat of government; and that the most subtle dogmas of orthodoxy and theology occupied the place of war and politics. We must now proceed to name the period when the fortune of this bright genius, and, perhaps the destiny of France, were overthrown by the hallucinations of a woman and the anger of Bossuet.

About that epoch there resided at Paris a young, beautiful,

and rich widow, Jeanne-Marie de Lamothe. She had been married to M. Guyon, the son of the constructor of the canal of Briare, whom she had lost at the early age of twenty-eight. Madame Guyon was gifted by nature with beauty of a dreamy and melancholy order, a passionate soul, and an imagination so exalted that earth could not satisfy it; but seeking for love it mounted to heaven. She had been acquainted in Paris, before her marriage, with a young Barnabite recluse, of the name of Lacombe. The tender piety and mystic exaltation of this monk, produced upon the heart and mind of the young neophyte, one of those sudden impressions wherein grace and nature seem equally mingled; as in the friendship of St. François de Sales and Madame de Chantal, where it was impossible to discern whether admiration was most yielded to celestial virtue or human attraction. Madame Guyon, who had always kept up a correspondence with her religious instructor, no sooner became a widow than she retired to Gex, a little village of Bugey, on the declivity of the Jura, where Father Lacombe awaited her. The Bishop of Geneva, who held as a fief the small village of Gex, was acquainted with the name, the attractions, the talent, the fortune, and the already notorious sanctity of the young widow. He considered it as an added glory to his Church, that a woman so endowed with natural and supernatural gifts should bury all in this solitude in order to consecrate them to the service of God. He therefore resolved to bestow upon Madame Guyon, the direction of a convent of young girls, converted by his exertions from the schismatic doctrines of Calvin. Madame Guyon selected Father Lacombe for the superior of her convent. The intimacy of the widow and the monk, consecrated by the pious intercourse of their mutual residence, became exalted almost to a sort of ecstasy. The ardent imagination of the woman soon surpassed that of the man; the master changed places with the disciple, and received from the eyes and lips of his penitent, inspirations and revelations as direct manifestations from heaven.

This mystic commerce appeared suspicious to the minds of

the unsophisticated. The Bishop of Geneva, after having involuntarily favored it, became alarmed, and removed the monk in disgrace to Thonon, another small village in his diocese, upon the banks of the lake of Geneva. Madame Guyon immediately followed her spiritual friend, and retired to an Ursuline convent at Thonon, where she constantly received Father Lacombe without restraint, and continued that ecstatic intercourse which gave her complete dominion over his feebler spirit, which it both subdued and charmed. From thence she went to Grenoble, to expand the fame of her heavenly love in conference with a small number of sectarians. The forests and rocks of the Grand Chartreuse attracted her by their sublime grandeur, and she there seemed to resemble the Sibyl of the desert. Finally, hoping to find on the other side of the Alps, the Italian imagination more susceptible of the fire of her new doctrines, she sent her disciple, Lacombe, to preach her faith at Verceil, in Piedmont. Thither she again followed him, and wandered about in his company for several years, from Gex to Thonon, from Thonon to Grenoble, from Verceil to Turin, from Turin to Lyons, leaving the world undecided between admiration and scandal. Admiration prevailed with all who examined closely the sincerity of her enthusiasm, the austerity of her life, and the purity of her habits. Upon her return from this long pilgrimage, she published at Lyons an exposition of the Song of Solomon, and several other works upon meditation. The doctrines they inculcated were drawn from Plato, and the first Christian commentators, chiefly those belonging to Spain, that country of enthusiasm. Their object was to inculcate upon pious minds, as the type of true perfection, the love of the Deity for himself alone, devoid of all desire of reward or fear of punishment. She recommended also a profound and absorbing contemplation of God, wherein the soul, drowned in the ocean of the divine essence, would contract the sinlessness of a purely innocent spirit, and becoming incapable of ascent or fall, would cast the body aside as a worn-out vestment, leaving it at liberty to fulfil its simply material functions, while the soul, exalted to heaven, would cease

to be held responsible for its earthly tenement. It was in fact the virtue of Divinity transplanted into man, by the indissoluble union of man to the Divinity; the dream of every soul upon earth, and the anticipated condition of heaven. These maxims contained sublimity and sanctity for saints, but they were replete with dangerous snares for vulgar minds.

The Church became alarmed at the rumor of such doctrines, and the Cardinal Lecamus, Bishop of Grenoble, denounced them to M. de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, at Court. Madame Guyon and Father Lacombe returned to the capital. The apostle and disciple were both arrested; the monk was interrogated, thrown into the Bastille, afterwards confined in the Isle of Oléron, and ultimately incarcerated in the Castle of Lourdes, amid the roughest wilds of the Pyrenees, there to linger through many long and dreary years of expiation. Madame Guyon, confined in a convent in the street of Saint-Antoine, underwent the most strict examinations of the Church, and cleared herself triumphantly from all the accusations of scandal and impiety, by which she had been assailed upon her return to Paris. She became the example, the worship, the delight, and the admiration of the convent, which had been selected as her prison. Madame de Miramion, a person at that time also celebrated for her fervent light and zeal in the cause of piety, heard of the female captive, sought an interview with her, and became fascinated. She interceded with Madame de Maintenon to obtain the liberty of a woman so unjustly persecuted. Madame de la Maisonfort, a relative of Madame de Maintenon, the Duchess of Béthune, daughter of the unfortunate Fouquet, and Madame de Beauvillier herself, the daughter of Colbert, united their entreaties to those of Madame de Miramion; Madame de Maintenon granted liberty to the protégée of such irreproachable women. In the first moment of her freedom, Madame Guyon flew to express her gratitude to her liberator. Madame de Maintenon succumbed to the universal fascination; she felt drawn towards Madame Guyon as to the focus of piety, eloquence, and grace, which had been only obscured by the vapors of an effervescing imagination. She in-

troduced her to Saint-Cyr, an establishment where she had assembled beneath her own inspection the élite of all the nobly born young girls in the kingdom; and engaged her to hold discourses there upon the mighty gifts of God, and to communicate her contemplative and pious thoughts upon divinity to the youthful residents. Madame de Maintenon stimulated this good work by her presence. She became the innocent accomplice of all the pious subtilties in which a mystical spirit indulged when rhapsodizing on divine love; and infected the sternest men about the Court with the same degree of admiration, including the Duke de Beauvillier, and the Duke de Chevreuse; and she admitted Madame Guyon to a confidential intimacy inaccessible to others. It was in such a position, and beneath such auspices, that Fénelon encountered Madame Guyon. The resemblance in gentleness and elevation of these two spirits, equally pious, and guided by imaginations equally ardent, established at once between Fénelon and Madame Guyon a spiritual intercourse, in which there was no seduction but piety, and nothing to be seduced but enthusiasm.

The mystic recitals of Madame Guyon, while affording such ecstasy to Fénelon and Madame de Maintenon, appeared to them as the exhalations of a peculiar devotion, the exercise of which was suited only to the privacy of the sanctuary, and which must be carefully veiled from the gaze of the vulgar, as likely to produce only intoxication in the uneducated mind. The king, whose faith was as simple as his imagination, held a sterner opinion.

"I have read extracts from the works of our friend, to the king," writes Madame de Maintenon, "but he tells me they are mere ravings; he is not yet sufficiently advanced in piety to appreciate their perfection." She adds, in another place: "The maxims of the Abbé Fénelon should not be published to those who cannot understand them. As regards Madame Guyon, we must be content to monopolize her to ourselves. The Abbé Fénelon is right in advising that her works should be kept private, for they would preach of the liberty of the

children of God, to those who have not yet become his children."

We see that Fénelon opposed himself to the display of an ideal perfection likely to become a cause of offence to the weak-minded; his spiritual accordance with Madame Guyon was less complete than that of Madame de Maintenon and the Court, and his admiration, held in check by prudence, though enthusiastic, never reached the point of fanaticism.

His strong attachment to these doctrines proceeded from his peculiar mental organization, and from a leaning to that mystical love of the Deity, in which tenderness is mixed with subtilty. Let us listen to him speaking of St. Teresa, and we shall discover in his admiration the peculiar bent and natural source of his own devotion. We shall at the same time perceive the reserve, the judgment, and the prudence which ever pervaded his lofty mind.

"From the simple worship in which Teresa was at first absorbed, God elevated her mind to the most sublime height of contemplation. She entered into that union where the virginal marriage of husband and wife commences, where she becomes all to him, he every thing to her. Revelations, the spirit of prophecy, visions which assumed no tangible form, raptures, ecstatic torments, as she herself said, in which the spirit is overwhelmed, and the body succumbs, and in which the presence of God is so realized that the soul sinks overwhelmed and consumed, unable to support its burden of sublime awe; in fact, every supernatural gift seemed poured upon her. Her directors were at first sight mistaken. They judged of her capability for the practice of virtue by the nature of her prayers, and by the remains of that weakness and imperfection which God left, in order to humiliate her. They concluded her to be under the influence of a dangerous illusion which they desired to exorcise. Alas! what trouble for a soul simply desirous of obedience, and influenced, as that of St. Teresa was, by terror, when she felt her mental powers completely overturned by her instructors. 'I was,' said she, 'like one in the midst of a river, on the point of being drowned without hope

of succor. She no longer recognized herself, nor knew what she said when praying. That which had formed her consolation for so many years now added bitterness to her distress. In order to obey, she tore herself from her inclination, but involuntarily returned without the power to abandon or resume it. Assailed by these doubts, she experienced all the horrors of despair. Every thing seemed confused and terrifying; every hope appeared to desert her. God himself, upon whom she had hitherto reposed with such confidence, had become to her as a dream; and in her agony she cried, like Mary Magdalene, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.'

"Oh! ye anointed of the Lord, cease not to study by incessant prayer and meditation the most profound and mysterious operations of his grace, since ye are its dispensers! What does it not cost the souls that you instruct, when the coldness of your peculiar studies and your ignorance of internal guides cause you to condemn all that has not come within the course of your experience! Happy are the souls who find men of God, as St. Teresa ultimately did—the holy Francis de Borgia and Peter of Alcantara, who smoothed the difficulties of her path. 'Till then,' said she, 'I felt more shame in declaring my revelations than I had ever experienced in the confession of my greatest sins.' And shall we, too, shrink from speaking of these revelations in a century when incredulity is considered wisdom? Shall we blush at the mention of praise for that grace which effected so much in the heart of St. Teresa? No, no; be silent, O century! in which even those who believe the truths of religion, pride themselves upon rejecting without examination, as mere fables, all the miracles which God has displayed in his elected instruments.

"I know that these emotions must be experienced in order to feel that they come from God. God forbid that I should sanction a weak credulity in extravagant visions! But let me neither hesitate in faith where he directly sends the revelation! He who poured miraculous gifts in a stream from on high, upon the first believers, has he not promised to shed his spirit

upon all flesh? Has he not said, 'On my servants and on my hand-maidens?' Although these latter times are less worthy than an earlier period of such celestial communications, must we therefore look upon them as impossible? Is their source exhausted? Is heaven closed against us? Is it not rather that the unworthiness of our age renders such mercies more necessary, to enlighten the faith and increase the charity now almost extinct?

"Ah! rather would I forget myself than forget the writings of Teresa. So simple, so earnest, so natural, that in the act of reading we forget that we read, and fancy ourselves listening to her voice. Oh! how wise and gentle are those counsels in which my soul has tasted of the hidden manna! with what ingenuousness does she recount facts! It is not a recital, but a picture. What a power does she possess of describing various conditions! I behold with ecstasy, that like St. Paul, words failed to express all that she conceived. What a living faith! The heavens lay open before her. She comprehended all things, and discoursed as familiarly of the sublimest revelations as she did of the commonest occurrences. Imbued only with a spirit of obedience, she spoke incessantly of herself and her sublime gifts without pride or ostentation, without allusion to any personal superiority. Mighty soul, which estimates itself as nothing, and beholding God in all things, abandons itself without fear to the instruction of others! Oh! how dear are these instructions to all who seek to serve God in prayer, and how highly have they been lauded by the voice of the Church! I dare not display them to the gaze of the profane. Away, away, haughty and prying spirit, seeking to read these works only to tempt God, and to despise the riches of his goodness! Where are ye, simple and meditative souls to whom they belong? . . . If ye fully comprehend the happiness of dwelling in God and seeking to dwell in him only, ye will taste the centuple promise of this life; your peace will flow on like a river, and your justice will be fathomless as the depths of the ocean."

Despite the intention of the Abbé Fénelon and Madame

Guyon to keep the new doctrines which so kindled their ardent souls, confined within the precincts of St. Cyr and Versailles, their fame transpired and reached the Archbishop of Paris, Bossuet, and the Bishop of Chartres, the spiritual director of Madame de Maintenon. These three oracles of the Church united, and denounced Fénelon as a dangerous abettor of new and presumptuous opinions, whom it was necessary, for the safety of that religion so lately re-established, to remove from the king and his grandson. Bourdaloue, a celebrated and venerated pulpit orator, consulted upon these doctrines, replied in a stern letter: "Silence on these subjects is the best guardian of peace: they should only be mentioned in sacred confidence with spiritual directors." This private conspiracy of harsh condemnation against Fénelon smouldered for a long time before it burst into flame.

Nothing up to this period indicated any plan on the part of Bossuet to lower his cherished disciple in the king's estimation; he displayed only the alarmed suspicions incidental to a believer in tradition who repels with contempt and pride all new opinions; and the anxious grief of a doctrinal instructor who beholds his pupil's faith wavering. The explosion of Bossuet's holy indignation was caused by the feelings we have described, and not by the impulse of petty jealousy; a passion which has no existence in a haughty mind. Bossuet was equally exalted in his nature and his pride; he envied not, he crushed at once. With the thunderbolt in hand, ambuscade is unnecessary.

Bossuet likewise sought in the beginning of this quarrel rather to suppress than condemn. He treated the visions of Madame Guyon as the errors of a diseased mind. He consented to see this celebrated female, and listened with indulgence to her explanations, and expressions of regret for the troubles she had unintentionally caused. He invited her to participate in the solemnities of his private chapel, and counselled her to silence, obscurity, and absence from Paris and the Court, during some months. He undertook in the mean time to examine personally, and at his leisure, her writings, and to

pronounce upon them a final decision, to which she should submit with voluntary deference. He fulfilled his promise, read, and censured the books of his fair penitent. He wrote to her, and pointed out with pious benevolence passages opposed to reason and dangerous to morality. He conversed confidentially with Fénelon upon the aberrations of his spiritual friend, and conjured him to join in their condemnation. Fénelon, convinced of Madame Guyon's orthodoxy, and distressed at the persecutions by which she was menaced, attempted, with more magnanimity than policy, to justify her in the estimation of Bossuet. He refused to condemn as a theologian that which he admired as a man, a poet, and a friend. He replied that God often chose the feeblest instruments for the manifestation of his glory; that the spirit was impelled according to his will; that the lofty eloquence of prophets and sibyls acknowledged not the laws which regulate the language of the schools; and that before pronouncing the sentence of madness upon those inspired by God, time should be allowed to prove their revelations. Bossuet was overwhelmed with grief.

The king, who meddled with theology, but comprehended only the discipline and infallible authority of the Church, now displayed his indignation. Madame de Maintenon, the introducer of all this scandal to St. Cyr, to the Court, and the Church, trembled at the thought of appearing before his Majesty as the accomplice and abettor of those who had alarmed the royal conscience. She immediately abandoned her friends and withdrew from them her countenance. She did not, however, at first unite with their persecutors, and continued to render in secret, justice to their intentions and their innocence; but she pressed for the assembling of a doctrinal synod to judge the question, and to relieve her of a responsibility in this affair which had become too weighty.

"Yet another letter from Madame Guyon," she writes; "this woman is very troublesome; it is true she is also deeply unfortunate! She entreats of me to-day to procure the nomination of M. Tronson, a friend of Fénelon, as one of the judges.

I am not certain that the king would like to offer such a mortification to the Archbishop of Paris . . . M. l'Abbé de Fénelon has too much piety not to feel that it is possible to love God for himself alone, and he has too great a mind to allow of his believing that we can associate this love with the most shameful vices. He is not solely the advocate of Madame Guyon. Although he is her friend, he is the defender of religion and Christian perfection. I repose upon his truth because I have known few men equally sincere, and I permit you to communicate this to him."

The conferences opened under the superintendence of Bossuet, who, a stranger to all subtilties, entreated of Fénelon again to initiate him into the mystic flights of various French, Spanish, and Italian works which the Church had tolerated, and which he, in his rude common sense, denominated amusing extravagances. Fénelon analyzed for Bossuet all the books which contained the source from whence Madame Guyon had drawn her peculiar enthusiasm, and the letter which he wrote upon them proves that he was still restrained by deference to the opinion of the Bishop of Meaux. "No longer feel anxiety on my account" (thus he writes when forwarding the volumes); "in your hands I am a mere child; these doctrines pass by me without leaving an impression; one form of belief appears to me as good as another. From the moment that you spoke, all has been effaced. When even what I have read appears to me as clear as that two and two make four, I behold it less distinctly than the necessity of rejecting the guidance of my own judgment, and of preferring to it that of such a pontiff as you are! . . . I hold too firmly by tradition ever to abandon that which in these days ought to be the chief column of our support."

Meantime the Archbishop of Paris, impatient of the length of these conferences, delivered separately his own opinion against Madame Guyon and her doctrines. Madame de Maintenon, fearing that Fénelon would be compromised in these denunciations of the Church of Paris, and torn from the Court, where she wished to retain him, had recourse to the seduction

of royal favor in order to detach him from Madame Guyon. The king appointed him Archbishop of Cambray. Under this title, Madame de Maintenon hoped to associate him with those bishops who were appointed as the judges of Madame Guyon, and to compel his condemnation as a pontiff of that which he had admired as a friend. The king at once entered into this well-meaning plot, and we see here mingled all the ability of a courtier and the affection of a warm adherent. She sought at the same time to reassure the king as to the soundness of Fénelon's doctrines, and to withdraw the latter from Madame Guyon, whom she abandoned to the bishops.

Fénelon, alarmed at the prospect of a dignity which would separate him from his pupil, represented to the king that the greatest honor, in his eyes, was the tender love subsisting between himself and his grandson; and that he would not voluntarily exchange it for any other. Louis the Fourteenth answered him with great kindness, "No; I intend that you shall still continue the preceptor of my grandson. The discipline of the Church only demands nine months' residence in your diocese. You will give the other three to your pupils here, and you will superintend at Cambray their education during the rest of the year as thoroughly as if you were at Court."

Fénelon, transported by such favors, resigned, contrary to custom, an abbey which he possessed, and resisted with the most exemplary disinterestedness all the persuasions and examples which encouraged him to retain these ecclesiastical revenues. He desired to carry to his bishopric no portion of the income which he considered as belonging to others, who were in necessity. The world admired, but hesitated to imitate his example.

The king, through the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, added him to the committee of bishops appointed to investigate the doctrines of Madame Guyon; but the conference was already dissolved, and Bossuet, sole reporter, and exclusive dictator, privately arranged the decision. Fénelon, after having discussed and succeeded in modifying the terms so far as to exclude all personal censure of Madame Guyon, signed the

exposition of the purely theological principles of this manifesto. Peace seemed so thoroughly cemented between these two oracles of the faith in France, that Bossuet desired to preside in person, as consecrating pontiff, at the installation of his disciple and friend. The king, his son and his grandson, with the entire Court, assembled in the chapel of St. Cyr, to witness the ceremony in which the genius of eloquence consecrated the genius of poetry.

But scarcely had this peace been re-established by the intervention of Madame de Maintenon, the forbearance of Bossuet, the humility of Fénelon, and the silence of Madame Guyon, when new causes of discussion sprang up between the bishops. Madame Guyon secretly evaded the offer made to her by Bossuet of a safe retreat in a convent at Meaux, the capital of his diocese. She had written to him that she would retire into solitude, far from the world and its storms; but she still lingered at Paris, concealed among her disciples, whose devotion daily became more fervent. In the number were included Fénelon and his two friends, the Duke de Beauvillier and the Duke de Chevreuse.

At this period the Archbishop of Paris died. He was a man of worldly habits, whose demeanor disquieted the conscience of the king. A successor of exalted virtue was now sought for, to purify the see. The Church nominated Bossuet, the public selected Fénelon. Madame de Maintenon hesitated between the two; one was more dreaded, the other more loved; suspicions of a tendency to new doctrines clung to Fénelon, and apprehensions of tyranny were associated with Bossuet. Madame de Maintenon bestowed the see of Paris upon M. de Noailles, an exemplary pontiff and one in favor at Court. Bossuet resented the injury with dignity, and neither abased himself to solicit nor refuse. "All things show," wrote he to his friends in Paris, "that God, as much from his mercy as his justice, designs to leave me where I am. When you desire that they should offer in order that I should refuse, you seek only the gratification of my vanity. It would be better to look for the increase of humility! there can no longer be a

doubt that, despite the empty disquisitions of men, and according to my own wishes, I shall be interred here at the feet of my saintly predecessors, and shall continue to work out the salvation of that flock which has been confided to me." The grandeur of this ambition lay in its frankness. Bossuet resented the indignity offered to his talents in the preference of M. de Noailles; but he condescended neither to murmur nor to regret. He did not even express a wish: he felt his vengeance in his superiority.

Nevertheless, whether from the humiliation he experienced in being weighed in the scale against the youth of Fénelon and the mediocrity of M. de Noailles, whether from any suspicion that the disloyal evasion of Madame Guyon and her continued residence in Paris was instigated by Fénelon, who thus betrayed the confidence he had placed in his disciple, the concealed resentment of his soul soon burst forth. He solicited from the king the arrest of Madame Guyon, who was consequently discovered in Paris, and incarcerated in a madhouse.

"How do you desire that she should be disposed of?" wrote Madame de Maintenon to the Archbishop of Paris: "and what are we to do with her friends and her papers?" "The king remains here all day; write to him directly."—"I am delighted at this arrest," also wrote Bossuet to Madame de Maintenon; "this mystery concealed many injuries to the Church."

Fénelon, then at Cambray, heard with grief that his friend was to be conveyed to Vincennes. The Duke de Beauvillier now began to fear that the education of the young Duke of Burgundy would be taken out of the hands of Fénelon.

"It is evident," wrote he, "that a powerful and determined intrigue exists against the Archbishop of Cambray. Madame de Maintenon obeys what has been suggested to her, and is ready to lend herself to any extreme measures in opposition to him. I behold him upon the verge of being torn from the princes, as a man suspected of inspiring them with dangerous doctrines. If this plan should succeed, my turn will follow;

but I feel no anxiety with regard to myself. . . . As to M. de Fénelon, I should not counsel him, even if he wished it, to announce any formal condemnation of the books of Madame Guyon. It would afford the greatest joy to the libertines of the Court, and at the same time confirm all the injurious reports which have been spread abroad to the prejudice of her sanctity. . . . . Would not such a step afford grounds of belief that he was an accomplice in all that they impute to this unfortunate woman, and that policy and fear of disgrace compelled his abjuration? I feel myself conscientiously forced on all occasions openly to declare whatever can justify M. de Fénelon; and when he is disgraced I shall do it still more loudly, because it will then be even more evident that truth and justice alone compel my vindication. . . . ."

After various examinations, Madame Guyon was transferred to the convent of Vaugirard, under the superintendence of the Curé of St. Sulpice. "For this mild treatment," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "we have not the approbation of Bossuet, but for myself I feel it to be my duty as much as possible to turn aside all severities."

"They desire me to condemn the person of Madame Guyon," wrote Fénelon at the same time. "When the Church issues a decree against her doctrines, I shall be ready to sign it with my blood. Beyond that, I neither can nor ought to agree to any thing. I have closely examined a life which has infinitely edified me. Wherefore should they wish me to condemn her upon other points of which I know nothing? Would it be right that I should help to crush an individual whom others have united to destroy, and one to whom I have been a friend? . . . .

"As regards Bossuet, I shall only be too glad to adhere to the doctrines of his book if he wishes it; but I cannot honestly or in conscience join him in attacking a woman who appears to me innocent, and writings which I have abandoned to condemnation without attaching to them my own censure. . . . . Bossuet is a holy pontiff, an affectionate and steadfast friend; but he seeks, by an excessive zeal for the Church and

friendship for me, to carry me beyond due bounds. . . . I believe Madame de Maintenon to be influenced by the same feelings. . . . She condemns and pities me by turns, with every new impression that others convey to her. . . . All, then, as regards myself, is reduced to this,—I will not speak against my conscience, nor will I consent to insult a woman whom, from what I have personally observed, I have reverenced as a saint. . . ."

"If I were capable," added he, afterwards, in another letter of tender reproach to Madame de Maintenon, who persecuted him from friendship,—"If I were capable of approving of a woman who preached a new gospel, I ought to be deposed and brought to the stake rather than supported as you sustain me. But I may very innocently have mistaken a person whom I believe to be devout. I have never felt any natural affection for her. I have never experienced any extraordinary personal emotion, that could influence me in her favor; she is confident to excess; the proof of this is manifest, since he (Bossuet) has related to you as impieties the particulars which she confided to him. . . . I count her pretended prophecies and her assumed revelations as nothing. I have never heard her use the blasphemous images which they attribute to her, in her mystical disquisitions upon divine love; I would wager my head that all this has been exaggerated; but Bossuet is inexcusable for having repeated to you as one of Madame Guyon's doctrines what in effect was nothing more than a dream or figurative expression. . . . . All that has been said against her conduct is mere calumny. I feel so persuaded of her never having designed any thing evil, that I undertake to say on her part that she will give every satisfactory explanation and retractation. . . . Perhaps you think I say this in order to obtain her liberty, but so far from that, I promise that she shall give her explanations without quitting her prison. I will not even see her; I will only write to her unsealed letters, which you and her accusers shall read . . . . After all that, leave her to die in prison; I am content that she should perish there—that we should never see her again, and never more hear her name mentioned.

"Wherefore, then, madame, do you close your heart against us, as if our religion were different from yours? . . . Fear not that I shall oppose Bossuet; I never even speak of him but as my master; I willingly look upon him as the conqueror, and as one who has brought me back from my wanderings; in all sincerity, I feel only deference and obedience towards him. . . ."

Fénelon, thus placed by his own imprudence, and by the sternness of his adversaries, in such a position that his only alternative was the crime of condemning one he believed innocent, or the humiliation of condemning himself and drawing upon his own head the thunders of Bossuet, who then ruled the Church of France,—retired in sadness, and foreboding the ruin of his cherished prospects, to the solitude of Cambray. There, in order to vindicate the purity of his faith and to clear himself from the accusations of Bossuet, he composed his book, entitled "Maxims of the Saints." This was a justification, through extracts taken from the works and opinions promulgated by the very oracles of the Church, of the disinterested love of God; the transcendent doctrine of the mystics of all ages. He humbly submitted his manuscript, page by page, to M. de Noailles, who promised that it should only be inspected by his theologians, and not communicated to Bossuet. He corrected from their notes every passage with which they did not agree, in the most minute point; and his friend the Duke de Chevreuse undertook to have the book published.

Bossuet, incensed at the rumor of the approaching appearance of a book which had been kept a profound secret from him, wrote as follows: "I feel sure that this work will be productive of enormous scandal. . . . I cannot in conscience suffer it to go forth! . . . . God guides me to the knowledge that they thus wish to establish presumptuous opinions, which would lead to the overthrow of religion. . . . This is the truth, for which I would sacrifice my life! . . . They exclude me on this occasion, after having proffered so much submission in words, simply because they feel that God, on whom I rely, will give me the power of exploding their mine! . . ."

The anger of Bossuet upon the appearance of this book was contagious. Fénelon's justification appeared a crime against the authority of the great oracle of the Church in France. The king adopted the cause of the episcopal leader. D'Aguesseau, an impartial and contemporary historian, attributed this manifestation of anxiety by Louis the Fourteenth, to the bitter aversion he cherished against the superior qualities of Fénelon.

"Whether the king feared," says D'Aguesseau, "minds of a superior order; whether it was a refined singularity, a peculiar reserve in the manner and habits of Fénelon, which were displeasing to a prince whose ideas flowed in a simple and ordinary current; whether it was that Fénelon, from a profound policy, sought to absorb himself in his immediate functions, and abstained from any attempt to insinuate himself into the confidence and favor of the king; it is quite certain that Louis the Fourteenth never loved him, and felt no repugnance against sacrificing him to his enemies." Bossuet strengthened this disposition by the fears which he excited in the king's conscience. He accused himself "*of a criminal complicity, in not having sooner revealed to the king the fanaticism of his pupil.*" The Court being made aware of the king's secret antipathy, now universally joined in condemning the presumptuous arch-heretic.

"A nature so happily endowed," again said D'Aguesseau, "was perverted, like that of the first man, by the voice of a woman. His talents, his ambition, his fortune, even his reputation, were all sacrificed, not to an illusion of the senses, but to a fascination of the mind. We behold this sublime genius, impelled to become the prophet and oracle of a sect, fertile in specious and seducing imagery. He seeks to be a philosopher, but we find him only an orator; a character which he has preserved in every work emanating from his pen to the close of his life."

Calumny went so far as to accuse Fénelon of having flattered the king's devotion, in order to render it instrumental in the advancement of his fortune; and of having planned a junction of politics and mysticism, in order to establish,

through the unseen ties of a secret language, a powerful cabal, at the head of which he would always reign by the force and mastery of his genius. These imputations fell at once before the courage displayed by Fénelon, in braving the anger of the king, and opposing Bossuet, to support a persecuted woman, and a calumniated doctrine. He was universally abandoned. The dread of being involved in the disgrace into which he had voluntarily precipitated himself, caused every one to fear and avoid, not only any attempt in his justification, but also every emotion of pity. He remained as much isolated at Versailles as he had been at Cambray, while he awaited in daily expectation an order to exile himself from the Court. It was in this crisis of mental distress that a fire consumed his episcopal palace of Cambray, with the furniture, books, and manuscripts, comprising all the wealth he had transported thither. He received this blow with his habitual serenity. "I had rather," said he to the Abbé Langeron, who hastened to inform him of this domestic calamity, "that the fire had seized my house than a poor man's cottage."

In the mean while Bossuet fulminated severe censures against Fénelon's book, but at the same time continued to display the feelings of old attachment. "It is hard," said he, "to speak thus of one accustomed till now to listen as readily to my voice as I listened to his in return. God, before whom I now write, is aware of the agony which has demonstrated my deep grief, that a friend of so many years should judge me unworthy of his confidence; I who have never even raised my voice in a whisper against him! the friend of my whole life! . . . . a beloved adversary, who, as God is my witness, I love and cherish in my inmost heart! . . . ."

At the moment when Bossuet wrote these lines, the king sent an order to Fénelon, commanding him to quit Versailles, and repair to Cambray, without pausing at Paris. He forbade his going to Rome to make any appeal to the Pope for a judgment upon his doctrines, fearing, doubtless, that his genius and virtue would exercise the same influence at Rome as everywhere else. The king, at the same time, wrote to Rome, to

demand from the sovereign pontiff the condemnation of the Archbishop of Cambray, promising to carry it into execution by all the power of his royal authority.

The separation between Fénelon and the Duke of Burgundy, his pupil, mutually lacerated their hearts. The tears of the Duke de Beauvillier, and of the Duke de Chevreuse, mingled with those of the young prince and his friend. The Duke of Burgundy in vain threw himself at the feet of the king his grandfather, imploring him to send a counter-order, a reprieve, a pardon. "No, my son," replied the king; "I have no power as a master to make this a matter of clemency. It touches the safety of our faith; Bossuet is a better authority on this point than either you or I!"

Madame de Maintenon was deeply distressed, but continued the more inexorable from having been an accomplice, and refused to see Fénelon.

The Duke de Beauvillier, faithful to virtue as to friendship, unbosomed all his feelings to the dispenser of grace. "Sire," said he to the king, "I am the work of your Majesty's hands; you have elevated and you can abase me. In the commands of my sovereign I recognize the commands of God. I shall quit the Court, Sire, with regret for having displeased you, but with the hope and prospect of a life of greater tranquillity."

Fénelon conjured the Duke de Beauvillier and his friends to adopt a different course, and not to involve themselves in his ruin. "I am here overwhelmed by the opprobriums which all have cast upon me," he wrote to these friends; "but let me alone be sacrificed. In a short time all the unreal dreams of this life will vanish, and we shall be reunited forever in the kingdom of truth, where we shall encounter neither error, division, nor censure; where we shall be partakers of the peace of God! In the mean time let us suffer, let us hold our peace, too happy if by being trampled in the dust our ignominy tends to his glory!"

Arrived at his diocese, Fénelon gave himself up entirely to study and to works of charity. From this solitude emanated thousands of pages breathing the literary genius of the purest

works of antiquity, and the modern inspiration of Christian benevolence. They treat of the Divinity with a lofty power of mind and language, and often display the tenderest enthusiasm. We feel that each word contains a prayer, or some incense of adoration, as heat pervades vitality. We may with truth say, that Fénelon could not name God without a prayer.

We shall present to the reader a few pages extracted at hazard from the multiplicity of treatises and letters in which he poured forth his thoughts: they depict his mind with more fidelity than any expressions we could select of our own.

"Every thing in the universe bears the stamp of Divinity; the heavens, the earth, plants, animals, and above all the human race. All things demonstrate a consistent design, a chain of subordinate causes, connected and guided in order, by one superior cause." . . . . "There is nothing left to criticise in this great work:—the defects which we encounter proceed from the uncontrolled and disordered will of man, who produces them by his own blindness; or they are designed by that God, who is always holy and just, for the punishment of the unfaithful; and sometimes he uses the wicked as instruments to exercise and draw the good to perfection. Often that which appears to our limited view an error, proves by its ultimate purpose to be a portion of the great universal design, the sublime whole which our finite intellects are incapable of comprehending. Does it not occur each day that certain portions of the works of men are hastily blamed? and does it not require a comprehensive mind to grasp the extent of their designs? This is continually evidenced in the productions of painters and architects."

"If the characters used in writing were of enormous size, when viewed closely one alone would occupy the whole vision of a man; it would be impossible for him to distinguish more than one at a time; he would be incapable of assembling them in a body, or of reading their collective sense. It is the same with the great features displayed by Providence in the entire guidance of the world during a long succession of centuries; only as a whole can it be intelligible, and the whole is too vast

for a close inspection. Every event resembles a single character, too great for the insignificance of our organs, and conveying no meaning if separated from the rest. When, at the end of all time, we shall behold God truly as he is, and comprehend the sum of events which have fallen upon the human race from the first day of the universe to the last, and their proportionate aim in the designs of the Almighty, then we shall exclaim, 'Thou only, O Lord, art wise and just!' "

"But after all, the greatest defects in this creation are merely the blemishes left by God, in order to show us that he raised it from a void. There is nothing in the universe which does not and should not display these two opposite characters:—on one side the sea of the Great Worker, and on the other the mark of that nothingness from which all has proceeded, and into which at any moment all may again be resolved. It is an incomprehensible mingling of baseness and grandeur, of frailty in material, and of art in construction. The hand of God shines through all gradations, down to the organization of an earthworm; while nothingness reveals itself everywhere,—even in the sublimest and most comprehensive genius."

"All that is not of God can possess only a limited perfection; and that which possesses only such a limited perfection remains always incomplete at the point where the limit reveals itself, and proves to us that much is still wanting. The creature would become the Creator himself, if nothing were wanting to him; for he would possess the fulness of perfection, which comprises actual divinity. Since, then, we cannot become infinite, we must remain limited in perfection; that is to say, imperfect in some particular point. We may possess more or less imperfection; but, after all, must be ever imperfect. It is desirable that we should always mark the precise point in which we are wanting, that penetration may declare, This is what we might still have, and what we do not possess. . . . ."

"Let us study creation in any way we may select;—whether we descend to the minutest detail; whether we ex-

amine the anatomy of the most insignificant animal; whether we closely inspect the smallest grain of corn sown in the ground, and the process by which this germ multiplies itself; whether we observe with attention the arrangement by which a rosebud expands under the rays of the sun, and closes towards the approach of night;—we shall discover a more perfect plan of arrangement and industry than in all the works of art. That which we even call the art of man, is nothing more than a feeble imitation of the great art which we denominate the laws of nature, and which the impious have not blushed to call blind chance."

"Must we, then, wonder if poets have animated the whole universe; if they have given wings to the wind, and arrows to the sun; if they have painted the great rivers which rush to precipitate themselves into the sea, and the trees, which, mounting towards heaven, conquer the rays of the sun by the depth of their shade? So natural is it to man to feel that art with which all nature is replete, that these figurative expressions have become colloquial. Poetry merely attributes to inanimate things the intents of that Providence which guides and sets in motion all their operations. From the figurative language of poets, these ideas have been transfused into the theology of pagans, whose ministers of religion were their bards. These have imagined the existence of an art, a power, a wisdom which they called a *numen* (divinity), even in creatures the most devoid of intelligence. With them the rivers were gods, and the fountains naiads. The woods, the mountains, possessed their peculiar divinities. The flowers had Flora, and the fruits Pomona. The more we study nature with an unprejudiced mind, the more do we discover in all things a deep and inexhaustible wisdom, which is, as it were, the soul of the universe."

"What follows from all this? The conclusion comes of itself. 'If so much thought and penetration is required,' says Minutius Felix, 'only to examine the order and wonderful design of the structure of the world, how much mightier must that wisdom have been which formed all! If we admire

philosophers to such an extent for having merely discovered a small portion of the secrets of that power which created, must we not indeed be blind if we do not admire the Creator himself?' "

"This is the grand object of the entire world in which God reflects himself, as it were, in a mirror before the human race. But these (I speak of philosophers) are lost in their own ideas, and all things for them are turned into vanity. From the effect of subtle reasoning, many of them have lost sight of a truth which simply and naturally, and unaided by philosophy, we may find in ourselves. . . . ."

"A traveller penetrating into the Saïs, the country of the ancient Thebes of a hundred gates, would find it now deserted, but would discover columns, pyramids, obelisks, and inscriptions in unknown characters. Is it likely that he would say, this place has never been inhabited by man; human hands have never labored here; it is chance which has formed these columns, which has placed them upon their pedestals, and which has crowned them with their capitals, all in such just proportion; it is chance which has so firmly united the different pieces that form the pyramids; it is chance which has hewn the obelisks from a single stone, and engraved upon them all these characters? No; would he not rather say with the most certain conviction of which the mind of man is capable,—'These magnificent ruins are the remains of the majestic architecture which flourished in ancient Egypt!' "

"This is what simple reason would utter at first sight, and without feeling the necessity of any argument on the question. The same applies to the first glance thrown upon the universe. We may confuse ourselves with vain reasonings, and render obscure that which was as clear as possible before; but the first simple impression is the true one. Such a work as the world cannot have formed itself; the bones, the tendons, the veins, the arteries, the nerves, and the muscles which compose the frame of man, display more art and nicety of proportion, than all the architecture of ancient Greece or Egypt. The eye of the smallest animal surpasses in its structure the most per-

fect human mechanism. If we found a watch amid the sands of Africa, we should not venture to declare seriously that chance had formed it in these deserts; and yet men have felt no shame in saying that the bodies of animals, the mechanical art of which no watch can ever equal, are merely the results of chance! . . . ."

"O my God! If so many do not behold thee in the sublime spectacle of creation which thou bestowest upon them, it is not because thou art far removed. Each of us can touch thee as it were, with the hands, but the senses and passions dwelling within us prevent all recognition of thee by the mind. Thus, Lord, thy light shineth in darkness, and the darkness is so profound that it comprehendeth it not. Thou displayest thyself in all things, and in all things heedless man neglects to perceive thee. All nature speaks of thee, and resounds thy holy name; but she speaks to those who do not hear, who are deaf because they confound themselves in their own mazes. Thou art about and within them, but they are as fugitives who fly from their own nature. They would find thee, oh, shining light! oh, eternal beauty! always old, and always new; oh, fountain of pure delight! oh, pure and blessed life of all those who truly live, if they would but seek thee within their own hearts. Yet the impious lose thee only by losing themselves. Alas, they are so absorbed in thy gifts, that that which ought to display, prevents their seeing the hand of the giver; they live by thee, and live without thinking of thee; or rather, die within reach of life, from imbibing no nourishment from life; for what a death it is to be ignorant of thee! . . . ."

"I am convinced that there is of necessity in nature a Being who exists by himself; and is consequently perfect. I know that I am not this being, because I am infinitely below infinite perfection. I feel that he is distinct from me, and that I live through him. Nevertheless, I discover that he has given me the true idea of himself in making me comprehend the existence of an infinite perfection, in which I cannot be mistaken, for I hesitate at no bounded perfection that presents itself to me. Its limit compels me to reject it, and I say to it in my

heart, Thou art not my God; thou art not infinitely perfect; thou art not created by thyself. Such perfection as thou hast is measured; there is a point beyond which thou hast nothing, and thou art but nothing."

"The same applies not to God; he is all; he is, and can never cease to be; he is, and for him there is neither degree nor measure; he is, and nothing is but through him. Such is my belief. Since then I know that he is, there is nothing marvellous to me in the existence of such a being. All things around me are but through him; but that which is wonderful and inconceivable, is that I should be able to comprehend him. It must be that he is not alone the immediate object of my thoughts, but as much their creator as he is the author of my entire being; let him raise that which is finite to the contemplation of the infinite."

"This is the prodigy that I bear continually within me. I myself am a prodigy. Being nothing, at least possessing only a dependent, limited, and transient existence, I hold by the infinite and immutable which I have conceived. This is where I am incapable of comprehending myself; I embrace all, and yet am nothing, a nothing which knows the infinite. Words fail me to express how much I at once admire and despise myself. O God! O Being beyond all beings! O Being before whom I am as if I were not! Thou showest thyself unto me, and nothing which is not of thee can resemble thee. I behold thee; it is thyself, and the light of thy countenance reaches me, and supports my heart while waiting for the great day of truth."

"I demand wherefore has the Almighty given us this capacity of knowing and loving him. It is manifestly the most precious of all his gifts. Has he accorded it to us blindly, without reason, purely by chance, not intending that we should use it? He has bestowed upon us corporal eyes to behold the light of day. Can we believe that he has given us spiritual eyes, capable of seeing his eternal truth, and yet desire that we should remain in ignorance? I confess we cannot infinitely know or love infinite perfection. Our loftiest recognition will

ever remain infinitely imperfect compared with a Being of infinite perfection."

"In a word, intimately as we may be acquainted with God, we can never comprehend him; but we know him sufficiently to recognize all things in which he is not, and to attribute to him those sublime perfections which are his without any fear of error. The universe holds no being that we can confound with God, and we know how to represent his infinite character as one, and incommunicable. We must seek to know him distinctly, since the clearness of our idea of him must force us to prefer him to ourselves. An idea which compels us to dethrone self must indeed be a powerful one—with blind mankind, so prone to self-idolatry. Never has any idea been so combated, never has any idea proved so victorious. Let us judge of its strength by the confession of weakness it tears from us. . . . ."

"We have preserved the book, which bears all the marks of divinity, since it is this volume which inculcates upon us the supreme love and knowledge of the true God. It is here that the Almighty speaks as God, when he says '*I am.*' No other book has painted God in a manner worthy of him: the deities of Homer are the opprobrium and derision of divinity. The volume which we hold in our hands, after having shown God to us such as he really is, inculcates the only faith worthy of him. It speaks not of appeasing him by the blood of victims; it tells us to love him better than ourselves; we must love him for himself alone, and for his love; we must renounce ourselves for him, and prefer his will to our own: his love will then create in us every virtue, and exclude each inclination to vice. This is such a renewal of the heart of man as man himself could never have imagined. He could not have invented a religion which would lead him to abandon his own thoughts and his own will, to follow implicitly that of another. Even when this religion is offered to him by the most supreme authority, his mind cannot conceive it; his inclination revolts, and his deepest feelings are agitated. We need not be surprised at such a consequence, since it is a faith which teaches

man to debase and crush the idol, self; to become a new creature, and to place God in the shrine which self has hitherto occupied, in order to make him the source and centre of our love. . . . ."

"God has united mankind in a society, where it becomes a general duty to love and succor each other, as the children of one family, owning a common father. Every nation is merely a branch of this numerous family, which is spread over the whole surface of the globe. The love of this universal parent ought to reign sensibly, manifestly, and inviolably, throughout the entire community of his beloved children. None of these should ever fail to say to those who proceed from them, 'Know the Lord, who is thy Father.' "

"These children of God are only placed in the world to acknowledge his perfection; to fulfil his will; and to communicate to one another the recognition of his power and divine love."

"There ought, then, to be amidst us a body devoted to the worship of God. This is true religion; that all men should instruct, edify, and love one another, in order to love and serve the common Father. The essence of religion consists in no external ceremony, but in perfect knowledge of truth and surpassing love."

"But merely to know God is not sufficient; we must also demonstrate our knowledge, and in such a fashion that none of our brethren can be so unfortunate as to continue in ignorance or forgetfulness. These visible signs of faith are merely the tokens by which men show their desire for mutual edification, and their wish of reawakening in each other the remembrance of the faith they bear within. Man, weak and inconsiderate as he is, requires the constant renewal of such outward signs, to reveal to him the presence of the invisible God whom he ought to love. . . . ."

"This, then, is what is denominated religion. Sacred ceremonies, the public worship of God our Creator, are the means by which man, who cannot recognize and love the Almighty without making his love evident, seeks to display his adoration

to an extent proportioned to the greatness of its object. He literally seeks to excite love by the signs of love itself."

The question of the book of "The Maxims" was long debated at Rome. Fénelon sent one of his most fervent disciples, the Abbé de Chantérac, thither, to defend him against the accusations of Paris. While the pontifical court deliberated with the slowness and prudence by which it was characterized, an excited controversy between Fénelon and Bossuet proceeded in France.

"What can be thought of your intentions?" said Fénelon to Bossuet. "*I am that beloved disciple whom you cherish in your inmost heart;* you go everywhere lamenting over me; and while you compassionate, you destroy. What can be thought of these tears, which tend only to give greater force to your accusations? . . . ."

"You compassionate me, and pervert the meaning and text of my words? . . . ."

"Who was the originator of this scandal? Who has written with such a bitter zeal? You; you, who no longer deserve that I should keep silence, while you bring against me the most atrocious accusations!"

——"Yes, I say it with grief," responded Bossuet, "you seek to refine upon holiness; you hold nothing of value but the beauty of God by itself. You complain of the force of my expressions? and they relate to new doctrines which you seek to introduce into the Church! . . . ."

"The world calls my language exaggerated, bitter, severe, and bigoted, because I will not allow a dogma to establish itself quietly without unveiling its error! Ought I to let it flow concealed, and, by such weakness, to relax the holy rigor of theological language? . . . . If I have done aught beyond this, show it to me! If I have done only this, God will be my protector against the weakness of the world and its hypocritical complaisance."

——"You and I are both," replied Fénelon, "the objects of derision to the irreligious, and the cause of mourning to good men! That all other men should act as fallible beings is not surprising; but that the ministers of Jesus Christ, the angels

of the Church, should offer such a spectacle to a profane and unbelieving world, calls for tears of blood! Too happy should we be if, instead of this war of doctrines, we had taught our catechism to the poor villagers of our dioceses, to lead them to the love and knowledge of God!"

Bossuet having sent to Rome, upon his part, one of his nephews, the Abbé Bossuet, to solicit the thunders of the Vatican against Fénelon, this young priest, possessed of none of his uncle's qualifications, save his violence and love of rule, incessantly spread abroad in Rome the shadows of calumny against Fénelon and his doctrines. "Press matters forward," he wrote to his uncle; "what do you wait for in order to deprive Fénelon of the title of preceptor to the prince? Make no delay in sending hither any one who can bear testimony to the attachment of M. de Cambray for Madame Guyon, for the father Lacombe, for their doctrines and their mode of life; this is of the greatest importance! . . . .

"I am enchanted with the little book" (a horrible calumny printed in Holland); "he has been named there, and well named; it has produced here a terrible effect to his disadvantage."

This future Jansenist was carried by zeal of sect and family so far as to call Fénelon in his correspondence, "*This ferocious beast!*"

During these negotiations, the calumnies circulated at Rome and Paris excited great animosity, and tended not only to cast a stain upon the conduct of Madame Guyon and the doctrines of the Archbishop of Cambray, but also upon his virtue.

The mind of the monk Lacombe, inclosed in the dungeons of the Château de Lourdes, in the Pyrenees, became weakened and confused by the torture of solitude. He had latterly written several letters to the Bishop of Tarbes, in which he appeared to acknowledge a guilty connection with Madame Guyon. As soon as these confessions of delirium were known at Paris, the monk was transferred to the Château of Vincennes. There he wrote a letter to Madame Guyon, either under suggestion or compulsion, in which he exhorted her as his accomplice to confess their mutual errors, and to repent.

The Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, read this letter to Madame Guyon, and also the sum of the confused avowals made by the monk. She suspected him of insanity, and said that the ravings of a prisoner were used against her and Fénelon. She at once defended herself from such horrible imputations. Her denial and indignation were looked upon as crimes. Transferred to the Bastille to undergo a stricter captivity, she persisted in declaring her innocence, and continued to endure her punishment. In the mean time, her accusers hastened to forward these infamous letters to Rome, in order to tarnish the fame of Fénelon, on whose ruin they were determined.

The Cardinal de Noailles, Bossuet, Madame de Maintenon herself, upon the evidence of these maniacal ravings, doubted no longer the guilt of the monk and Madame Guyon. "These letters," wrote the Abbé Bossuet, to his uncle, "make more impression than twenty theological demonstrations; these are the arguments that we required." The monk's insanity soon transpired; he was thrown into a lunatic asylum, where he died in delirium. They were forced to acknowledge that Fénelon had never seen the monk, nor entered into any correspondence with him.

They revenged this disappointment to their animosity by banishing all Fénelon's friends from the court of the Duke of Burgundy. Bossuet published a discourse on "Quietism," in which all his anger and his condemnation of their doctrines assumed a grave tone towards the sectarians themselves. Fénelon sought to keep silence, fearful of drawing the Duke de Beauvillier into his own ruin, who was now his only friend attached to the person of his pupil. The arguments of his representative at Rome at length induced him to reply, and his answer changed and melted all hearts.

The contrast of the stern severity of Bossuet to the patient forbearance of the accused, became evident to the eyes of all. "Can you compare," exclaimed Fénelon, at the close of his reply, "your proceedings to mine? You publish my letters only to defame me. I publish yours to show that you were

my *consecrator*. You violate the secrets of my most private correspondence only to cause my destruction! I make use of yours (but only after you have shown mine), and then not to accuse you, but to vindicate my oppressed innocence!

"These letters of mine which you have brought forward, contain, next to confession, the greatest secrets of my life, and render me according to your definition, the *Montanus* of a new *Priscilla*.

"Ah! why does such glory as yours descend to defame me? Who can refrain from being astonished that genius and elo quence are so far misled as to compare an innocent, legitimate, and necessary defence, to such an odious revelation of the secrets of a friend?"

"We find with grief," says the contemporary D'Aguesseau, "that one of these two great opponents *has spoken falsely;* and it is certain that Fénelon knew, at least, how to gain in the public estimation the advantage of consistency."

"Who will deny his ability?" exclaimed Bossuet, while reading this defence; "he has enough *to alarm any one!* his misfortune is being implicated in a cause calling for so much!"

Fénelon soon showed in this crisis of his life, that his soul was superior to his genius.

But the condemnation of the "Book of Maxims" did not arrive; Rome hesitated. Pope Innocent the Twelfth faintly concealed his secret conviction of the innocence of Fénelon, of the purity of his manners, and the charm of his virtue. The Cardinals who were appointed to examine his book were half in favor and half against it. Bossuet and Louis the Fourteenth interfered, and dictated the order of suppression in an imperative letter to the sovereign pontiff.

"I cannot learn, without grief," said the king to the Pope, "that this necessary judgment should be retarded by the machinations of those whose interest it is to suspend it. Quiet can only be obtained by a clear, plain decision, which admits of no ambiguous interpretation, and which will strike at the root of the evil. I demand this judgment for your own credit,

added to those great motives which ought to induce you to show that consideration which I beseech you to accord to my request," &c., &c.

While this objurgation was dispatched to the Pope, accompanied by a severe reprimand to the king's ambassador for his weakness, Louis the Fourteenth forestalled the condemnation by ordering the list of the officers of the household of the Duke of Burgundy to be brought to him, and with his own hand struck off the name of Fénelon from the office of preceptor, deprived him of his salary, and shut up his apartment at Versailles.

Thus prevented from exercising his office as teacher, and from entering the palace, Fénelon quickly discovered that the sentence of the Church would strike him even in his pontifical character. "*Lord, save us, or we perish!*" wrote his faithful friend, the Abbé of Chantérac from Rome, "though our sufferings will be blest if they serve to defend the true love of God." "And I rejoice to think that it will preserve our union throughout time and eternity. Ah! how often have I exclaimed in these troubled and gloomy days, '*Let us go and die with him!*' "

"Yes, *let us die in our innocence*," replied Fénelon. "If God desires my services no longer in my ministry, I shall think of nothing for the rest of my life but my own love for him, as I can no longer impress it on the minds of others."

At the same time, the death of Madame Guyon in the Bastille was announced to him. It was a false report, but Fénelon believed it to be true. "They have just told me," wrote he, "that Madame Guyon has died in her captivity. I must say now after her death what I have often repeated during her life, that I knew nothing of her but what was in the highest degree edifying. Were she an incarnate angel of darkness, I can only speak of her as I found her on earth. It would be an act of horrible cowardice to do otherwise for the sake of delivering myself from personal apprehension. I have nothing to conceal for her sake: truth alone restrains me."

At length, the condemnation obtained with so much trouble

from the mild justice of Innocent the Twelfth arrived in Paris, accompanied by a shout of joy from the enemies of Fénelon at Rome. "We send you the skin of the lion we have had much trouble in catching," wrote they, "and who has for many months astonished the world by his roaring."

At the moment when Fénelon received at Cambray the first news of his condemnation, he was about to ascend his pulpit and address the people on a sacred subject, upon which for some days he had been meditating. He had not time to exchange a syllable with his brother, who had been the bearer of the information, that he might soften this heavy blow. Those who were present could not observe that he either colored or grew pale at the fatal intelligence. He knelt for a moment with his face buried in his hands, that he might change the subject of his discourse; and rising with his usual calm inspiration, he spoke with impressive fervor upon the unreserved submission due under all conditions of life to the legitimate authority of superiors.

The report of his condemnation spreading from mouth to mouth in whispers throughout the cathedral, caused all to fix their eyes upon him, and his resignation drew tears from many. The whole flock appeared to suffer with their pastor. He alone felt himself sustained by the hand that had just struck him, for his grief was not caused by pride, but by the uncertainty of his conscience. The authority which he recognized, in freeing him from this doubt, at the same time released him from his mental agony. He had submitted his conscience to the Church; she had pronounced her sentence; he believed it to be the voice of heaven, and submitted to the decision.

"The supreme authority has eased my conscience," wrote he, on the evening of the same day. "There remains nothing for me now but to submit in silence, and to bear my humiliation without a murmur. Dare I tell you that it is a state which carries with it consolation to an upright man who cares not for the world? The humiliation is without doubt most painful, but the least resistance would cost my heart much more."

The next day he published a declaration to his diocesans, in which he accused himself of error in his book of "Maxims of the Saints." "We shall console ourselves," said he in this avowal, the most Christian act of his life, "for our mortification, provided that the minister of the word sent by God for your edification be not weakened, and that the humiliation of the pastor may increase the grace and fidelity of his flock."

This great action and these beautiful words were interpreted by the enemies of the living Fénelon as a sacrifice of his pride as a bishop to the still greater pride of the courtier. They saw in it an artful desire to raise a pretext by which his rivals might lose favor, an advance towards reconciliation at the expense of his conscience, with Louis the Fourteenth, a base and pretended disavowal of those religious opinions which he still held intact in his soul, and which he only condemned from policy. Impartial judgment must free his memory from these calumnies. If Fénelon had possessed sufficient worldly ambition and dissimulation to disavow an opinion displeasing to the king and Court, he would also have had enough of the same qualities to prevent his expressing his views openly before them, and thus risking a disgrace voluntarily incurred. He had been out of favor for several years, therefore it is not likely that at the end of his martyrdom he would have renounced his faith. The truth is, that he suffered for his transcendental philosophy and ethereal piety, as long as it was only reprobated by the king and the world; but the instant that religious authority had pronounced its opinion, he sacrificed to duty that which he had refused to immolate to ambition.

Undoubtedly the official sentence of Rome did not change in his inmost heart his sublime convictions of the disinterested and absolute love of God. He did not believe he was mistaken in what he had felt, but thought he might have gone too far in expressing it; above all, he imagined that the Church wished to impose silence with regard to those subtilties which might trouble the minds of the people, and interfere with ecclesiastical government; and he submitted in good faith, humility, and silence.

This humility and silence, which instructed the world, increased the irritation of his enemies. They wished to overthrow the author of a heresy, but in Fénelon they found only a victim to admire.

"It is astonishing," exclaimed Bossuet, himself, "that Fénelon, who is so keenly alive to his humiliation, should be insensible to his error. He wishes every thing to be forgotten except that which redounds to his honor. All this is like a man who seeks to place himself under the shelter of Rome, without perceiving the advantage."

The genius of this great man only served in this instance to illustrate his hatred, which he carried with him to the grave. His death speedily succeeded his triumph. "I have wept before God and prayed for this old instructor of my youth," wrote Fénelon, to a friend, when he heard of this event, "but it is not true that I celebrated his obsequies in my cathedral and preached his funeral sermon. You know that such affectation is foreign to my nature."

Bossuet's persecution of this most gentle of disciples has stained his memory. Nothing goes unpunished in this world, not even the weaknesses of genius.

The zealous ardor of the pontiff for the unity of faith cannot excuse the cruelty of the polemical controversialist. Bossuet was a prophet of the Old Testament; Fénelon an apostle of the Evangel;—the one an embodiment of terror, the other an emblem of charity. All admire Bossuet as a writer, but who would wish to resemble him as a man? It becomes the expiation of those who know not how to love, that their memory is not regarded with affection.

Madame Guyon, the cause of all these troubles, was liberated from Vincennes after the death of Bossuet, and resided in exile in Lorraine with one of her daughters. She died there after many years, still celebrated for that unchanging piety and virtue which justified the esteem of Fénelon.

All now appeared tranquil, and promised to Fénelon a speedy return to the charge of his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, whom the lapse of years had brought nearer to the

throne, when the treachery of a copyist who gave to the printers in Holland a manuscript of Telemachus, plunged the author once more and forever into disgrace at Court, and excited anew the anger of the king. Telemachus, thus pirated, burst forth like a revelation, and spread with the rapidity of fire. The times called for it; the vicissitudes of glory and tyranny, the servitude and misfortunes of the nation at the end of the wars of Louis the Fourteenth, had impressed the whole mind of Europe with a sort of presentiment of this book. It contained the vengeance of the people, a lesson to kings, the inauguration of philosophy and religion into politics. A brilliant and harmonious poetry served as the organ of truth as well as fiction.

All responded to the gentle voice of a legislative and poetical pontiff, who presented himself to instruct, console, and charm the world. The presses of Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, and England, could not issue enough copies of Telemachus to satisfy the avidity of its readers. It became in a few months the gospel of modern imagination; a classic in its birth.

The reputation of this great work reached Louis the Fourteenth. His courtiers, in pointing out to him his likeness, in the feeble and hard-hearted Idomeneus, the scourge of his people, said, "He who has thus painted your majesty's portrait, must be your enemy." They saw in the recitals and theories of paganism an injurious satire upon monarchs and government. Public malignity delighted to find in all the personages of which Fénelon's pictures were composed, resemblances to the king, the princes, the ministers, and favorites of both sexes. These portraits, conceived and executed in the palace of Versailles, at a time when Fénelon enjoyed all the confidence that the king placed in the preceptor of his heir, appeared as a flagrant instance of domestic treason.

The refined dreams of Fénelon, contrasted with the sombre realities of the Court, and the sadness of a reign in its decline, rose like so many accusations against the representative of royalty. Temerity and black ingratitude were attributed to

the mind of a poet, whose only fault amounted to his having indulged in creations of the fancy more surpassingly beautiful than those of nature herself. The instinctive antipathy of Louis the Fourteenth to Fénelon originated in indignation and resentment. When we compare the reign and the poem, we can scarcely feel surprised, or accuse the king of injustice. Such a book, composed under the shadow of the palace, and published without the knowledge of the prince, appeared in truth a most outrageous satire, as well as a cruel violation of the intimate confidence and majesty of the sovereign. The mind of Fénelon, in writing it, had never conceived the sinister allusions and ungrateful accusations which were attributed to him. He had innocently surrendered himself to his pure imagination, which colored every thing up to the level of his own moral perfection, his candor and love of human nature. He wished to prepare in silence, for the instruction of his royal charge, a model of a monarch, and of legislative government. It was neither his intention nor his fault that the resplendent virtue which shone forth in his speakers and personages should throw a deeper shadow upon the arbitrary, haughty, and persecuting reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The dread even of these remarks had made him conceal his poem, as a mysterious secret between himself and his pupil. He had no desire to make it the vehicle of personal fame; he reserved it for the instruction and glory of a future sovereign. He never sought literary publicity for his writings; they were intended for the contracted privacy of friendship or religion, and their own brilliancy was the cause of their more extensive circulation.

It was in this view that he had composed Telemachus. This poem, which he destined not to see the light until after the death of Louis the Fourteenth, he had written with his own hand in his private apartments, and afterwards had it copied by a person on whose fidelity he thought he could rely. He intended it as a legacy to his family, that they might make such use of it after his death as the times admitted. In his own private feeling, the publication of Telemachus caused him as much trouble as grief. He saw in it his certain condemna-

tion to a perpetual exile, and beheld himself in the situation of a public enemy in a court which would never forgive him.

He was not mistaken. The universal resentment against him was immediate. The Court had an intuitive feeling of the harm which this book would do them in the eyes of posterity, and unskilfully disguised their terrors under the semblance of disdain.

"Fénelon's book," said Bossuet, who was still alive at the time of its first reputation, "is a romance. Opinions are divided on the subject; the cabal admire it, but the rest of the world consider it scarcely serious enough to be worthy of a clergyman."

"I have not the least curiosity to read Telemachus," writes Madame de Maintenon. The king, who seldom read any thing, disdained to peruse it. The Court thought to smother it in silence. It was agreed at Versailles that they should not even mention the name before the king, and they believed the book forgotten by the world, because they chose to forget it themselves.

Sixteen years later, when Telemachus, printed in every form, and translated in every language, inundated all Europe, the orators of the French Academy, in speaking of the literary works of their time, were silent upon this, which held possession of the age, and will descend to all posterity.

The anger of the Court deeply grieved the Duke of Burgundy, whom separation, injustice, and adversity had more strongly than ever attached to his preceptor. To escape the jealous tyranny of his grandfather, he was obliged to make a secret of his attachment to Fénelon, and to conceal as a State crime his correspondence with his friend.

"At last," wrote the young prince, "I find an opportunity of breaking the silence which I have been forced to maintain for four years. I have suffered many evils, but one of the greatest was the not being able to tell you what I felt for you during this long interval, and how much my love has increased, instead of being diminished, by your misfortunes. I reflect with delight upon the time when I shall see you again, but I

fear that period is still far distant. . . . I continue to study alone, and I am fonder of reading than ever. Nothing interests me more than philosophy and ethics, and I am continually practising myself in those exercises. I have written several little essays, which I should like to send to you to correct. . . . I will not tell you in this, how angry I am at all that they have done to you, but we must submit for the present. . . . Do not show this letter to any person whatever, except only to the Abbé de Langeron, for I can depend upon his secrecy; and do not answer it. . . . ."

Fénelon replied from time to time by letters written at long intervals, containing the advice of a man of piety and a statesman, and filled with expressions of paternal tenderness.

"I speak to you only of God and yourself," wrote he; "you must not think of me. Heaven be praised, my mind is at peace; my most severe cross is not beholding you; but I bear you with me before God in a more intimate form than that of the senses. I would give a thousand lives as a drop of water, to see you all that Heaven intended you to be. Amen. Amen."

The Duke of Burgundy, in going to take command of the army in Flanders, during the campaign of 1708, passed by Cambray.

"The king was less concerned," says St. Simon, "with the equipment of his grandson, than with the necessity of his passing near Cambray, which place he could not avoid without an appearance of studied intention. He was strictly forbidden, not only to sleep there, but even to stop and dine; and to avoid the chance of a private interview with the archbishop, the king further commanded him not to leave his carriage. Saumery was instructed to see this order strictly complied with; he acquitted himself like an Argus, with an air of authority that scandalized everybody. The archbishop was waiting to receive them at the post-house, and approached his pupil's carriage as soon as it arrived; but Saumery, who had just alighted, and informed him of the king's orders, stationed himself at his elbow. The crowd surrounding the young prince

were moved at the transports of joy which escaped him, in spite of all restraint, when he beheld his preceptor. He embraced him repeatedly, and the warmth of the glances which he darted into the eyes of the archbishop, conveyed all that the king had interdicted, and expressed an eloquence which none could behold without emotion. The prince only stopped to change horses, but without hurry; then followed fresh embraces, and they parted. The scene had been too public, and had excited too much curiosity not to be reported on all sides. As the king had been strictly obeyed, he could not find fault with what had been so little concealed from those who pressed around, or with the looks that were exchanged between the prince and the archbishop. The Court thought much of this, and the army still more. The influence which, notwithstanding his disgrace, the archbishop exercised in his own diocese, and even in the Netherlands, communicated itself to the troops, and those who thought of the future, from that time forth passed more willingly by Cambray, in their journeys to and fro from Flanders, than by any other route."

It was at Cambray, during those sad years in which confederated Europe made Louis the Fourteenth atone for the splendor of his government, the long prosperity, and exalted glory of his entire reign, that we must chiefly admire Fénelon. In recurring to the past, posterity meets with nothing more beautiful, more simple, more devoted, more wise, more respectable, or more respected, than this supremely amiable man, devoting himself to the duties of his mission. As priest, bishop, administrator for the poor, friend, citizen, and man, all the noble sentiments which adorn human nature shone forth, collected with remarkable brilliancy in this single individual. Above all, throughout the vicissitudes of a complicated and unfortunate war, of which his diocese was the theatre and the victim, he appeared as the most touching personification of charity. The true qualities of Christian love, called forth each day by the miseries which increased them as they themselves augmented, caused the name, and above all, the presence, of Fénelon to be blessed by many voices. In his example, they

found a resource which assisted them to brave the common calamity with patience and resignation. Imagination became excited, and added a thousand particulars to the truths which were so naturally combined with it, that they only appeared to embellish facts to paint them with more fidelity. A kind of legend thus grew beneath the steps of the "*good archbishop*," and followed him like the sweet odor of his virtues. These true or exaggerated recitals of charity are commemorated in all the records of the time.

During the winter and scarcity of 1709, this charity was exercised with the most active zeal, and under the greatest variety of forms, in order to ameliorate the triple trials of war, cold, and famine. Disasters accumulated. The strong places, which had been fortified with so much care by the prudence of the king, fell into the enemy's power. The troops, badly paid, forgot their discipline and obedience, as they had also forgotten the way to victory. The treasury was empty. The inexhaustible imagination of the exchequer was thoroughly worn out, and knew not upon what pretext, or by what mercenary bait, to extract another crown from the country. The severity of the weather had everywhere rendered the grain which had been sown unproductive. During the winter, men expired of cold; and when the summer came, they might be seen lying dead of starvation, with a bunch of withered herbs in their mouths. In numerous towns and provinces, seditions unexpectedly burst upon the government, which found its resources everywhere exhausted. Executions followed on the mad extravagances of misery. Peace, which he had never known how to preserve, now fled from the humble solicitations of Louis the Fourteenth. The ambition of Prince Eugene and the avarice of Marlborough prolonged the war, which was profitable to them, and to their glory. After Hochstedt and Ramillies, Oudenarde, Lille, and Malplaquet, appeared to toll the funeral knell of France. She retained for a long time the cruel impression, and shudders still at the remembrance of that year when God appeared to punish men for their discord, in accumulating with a severe hand the full measure of

those evils which they had commenced by heaping on themselves.

But above this sad recollection, and inseparably connected with it, there still rises the remembrance of one of those great men, accorded as an example and consolation under the heaviest blows which it pleases the Divine Providence to dispense—an immutable law established by historical evidence. To alleviate anarchy, spring up virtuous patriots; to soothe calamities, heroes of charity; to temper the massacre of the Indians, there was Las Casas; to assuage the fury of the religious wars, L'Hôpital; amid the vices of his times, St. Vincent de Paul; at Milan, Charles Borromeus; at Marseilles, Belzunce; and to balance against the executioners during the reign of terror, there were the victims. Flanders, and the year 1709, possessed Fénelon. In these redeeming signs may be recognized the hand which only chastises to instruct.

The episcopal palace of Cambray was transformed into the common asylum of the unfortunate. When it became too small to contain them, Fénelon opened his seminary, and hired several houses in the town. The inhabitants of entire villages, which had been ravaged by the soldiers, took refuge under his protection. These poor people were received like children; and those who had suffered most, were treated with the first and greatest care. On the other hand, generals, officers, and soldiers, sick or wounded, were brought to this untiring charity, which never paused to count the numbers to be relieved. Let us give attention to what St. Simon says upon this subject. He praises rarely, and then against his will; but when he writes of Fénelon, he is forced to wipe away the gall from his pen:

"His open house and table had the appearance of those of a governor of Flanders, and of an episcopal palace, combined. There were constantly many renowned officers, and distinguished soldiers, sick, wounded, or in good health, living with him. All expenses were defrayed by him, and they were served equally, as if there was only one honored guest to attend upon. He himself was usually present at all the medical and

surgical consultations. He also exercised towards the sick and wounded, the functions of the most charitable pastor; and often went to the houses and hospitals in which the soldiers were lodged, to fulfil the same office. All these duties were performed without neglecting any thing, without any interested motive, and always with an open hand. A liberality well understood, a magnificence which never insulted, was showered alike on officers and men; and although he exercised this unbounded hospitality, his table, furniture, and equipages, were within the limits of his station. He gave in secret, with equal eagerness and modesty, all the assistance that could be concealed, and which was incalculable. He used such consideration towards others, as to make those on whom he conferred favors believe that he was the obliged party; and he showed a common politeness to all, so carefully modified that it appeared to each like a mark of personal consideration. In all things he acted with that nice delicacy in which he so singularly excelled. He was beloved by every one. Admiration and devotion filled the hearts of all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, throughout every district, who looked up to him as an object of universal love and veneration."

Behold, then, Fénelon in his true vocation. He devoted himself to the unfortunate. He did better than merely succor and nurse them; he lived with them entirely. In his own house, in the hospitals, in the town, he was to be seen wherever his presence was necessary. No miseries disgusted him, no infectious diseases deterred him from the motive which inspired him with the most earnest desire to soothe those who suffered; he bestowed what was better than alms or medicine—a look, a gentle word, a sigh, a tear. He thought of all, he foresaw all, he descended to the most minute details. Nothing appeared to him beneath his care, and nothing was beyond his ability to accomplish. This was only the natural exercise of his heart. He kept his mind at liberty, he prayed, he meditated like a monk in the cloister. As a man who sought to occupy his leisure hours, he continued an extensive correspondence, kind, useful, serious, and full of information,

with the most distinguished men, and often upon the most intricate and arduous questions. Theologian and bishop, he composed several works, instructions, and essays upon difficult subjects, which at the moment occupied the Church of France. His powers and resources appeared exhaustless, as if he had only to draw them from the depths of his own soul. Rigid and sparing in his habits, he was accustomed to eat alone, and live entirely upon vegetables. He did not even partake of the repast which he provided for his guests, and allowed himself nothing that he could spare for the benefit of others.

The veneration which his name inspired enabled him to cross the enemies' lines, through which our arms had been unable to force a passage. Alone and unprotected, he could traverse his entire diocese. The most disorderly of all the troops, the Imperial hussars, might be seen attending him as a voluntary escort in his pastoral journeys. The estates which belonged to him, respected by the orders of Eugène and Marlborough, became a refuge for the peasants of the neighborhood, who, at the approach of the soldiers, ran there with their families, and all that they could carry. Often, the better to protect their grain, woods, and fields from marauders, the generous enemy would place a guard over them.

On one occasion, carts laden with corn arrived in the square at Cambray, under the escort of some of Marlborough's soldiers. Fearing that the scarcity of provisions would not permit this supply to remain long in security in the little town of Cateau Cambrésis, where Fénelon had placed it, the English general caused it to be brought into the French city, within view of his own camp. It is the privilege of great minds to elevate others to their own standard, and to inspire as well as perform noble actions. The sanctity of the archbishop conferred reflected honor even on the enemies of his country, from the respect with which it inspired them for his character.

The devotion of Fénelon was not simply confined to private actions. He even assumed the noble part of a public deliverer, and brought succor to his country. The consequences of the admiration which he inspired, were useful to France. At the

moment when our army, without food, was nearly annihilated by hunger, he had the glory (and never was there a purer or more personal renown) of saving it. He opened his store-houses to the ministers of war and finance; and when the comptroller-general asked him to name the price of the corn which necessity had rendered so valuable, he replied, "I have given it up to you: order as much as you please; it is all yours."

At the same time, he wrote thus to the Duke de Chevreuse: "If money is wanting for pressing emergencies, I offer my service of plate, and any thing else that I possess, and also the small quantity of corn which still remains. I wish to serve my country with my money and my blood; and not simply to make myself popular at Court."

And when no sacrifice or effort could any longer supply the most urgent necessities of the army and inhabitants of Flanders, he addressed the following letter to the commissioner-general, in which he paints to the life the miseries against which he was struggling:

"I can no longer delay that which our desolated city and country compel me to communicate. It is to beg you instantly to have the kindness to procure us the succor which you have long promised in the king's name. This district and town have had no other resource for the entire year than the produce of the oat crops, the corn having entirely failed. Consider then, sir, that the armies, which are almost at our doors, and who can only subsist upon what is left, will consume a great portion of the oats still in the fields: and much more will be destroyed by waste and plunder than from regular foraging. . . . . Wheat is no longer to be procured; it has risen to such an enormous price that even the most industrious families cannot afford to buy it, and it is, moreover, extremely scarce. We have no barley; and the little oats we have left will not suffice for the men and horses alone. The people must perish; and a contagion is to be dreaded, which may extend from hence to Paris. . . . . Further, you understand, sir, better than anybody, that if the people can neither plant

nor live, your troops will not be able to exist upon a frontier whose inhabitants are unable to furnish them with the commonest necessaries. You see also that it will be impossible to carry on the war next year in a ruined country. That in which we now are has almost fallen into this last extremity; we can no longer assist our poor, for the rich are themselves reduced to poverty. You have done me the honor to inform me that the king will have the goodness to send into this district a large supply of grain, that is to say, barley and oats. There are no other means of preserving a frontier so close to Paris and so important to France. I should consider that I failed in my duty to God and the king, did I not represent our condition to you without disguise. We expect every thing from the compassion of his Majesty towards these people, who will not show him less affection and fidelity than his subjects of the ancient kingdom. . . . ."

Meanwhile the king was growing old, and a sudden illness carried off the father of the Duke of Burgundy, the son of Louis the Fourteenth, who would have succeeded to the throne before the pupil of Fénelon. The courtiers, who now saw no step between the monarchy and the young duke, began to turn their eyes towards the rising sun, and once more to perceive Fénelon in the background. The picture that the court lynx, St. Simon, has drawn of the death of the great dauphin, father of the Duke of Burgundy, exposes to the light of truth the darkest hearts. Never has the veil of interest, egotism, simulated grief, secret joy, fluctuating hope, hourly changing from the throne to the tomb, been so pitilessly drawn aside by the pen of a great satirist.

" While Meudon was overwhelmed with despair, Versailles remained tranquil and unsuspecting. Supper was over; some hours after, the company had separated, and I was conversing with Madame de St. Simon, who was preparing to retire to rest, when a valet de chambre of the Duchess de Berri entered in consternation, and told us that bad news had arrived from Meudon. I then immediately ran to the Duchess de Berri's apartments. Nobody was there. They were all gone to the

house of the Duchess of Burgundy, whither I followed immediately.

"I there found all Versailles either already assembled, or arriving. The ladies in dishabille, the greater number as they had been preparing for bed, the doors all open, and every thing in confusion. I learnt that Monseigneur, the dauphin, had received extreme unction, that he knew nobody, and that his condition was hopeless. The king had sent to inform the Duchess of Burgundy that he was going to Marly, and that she was to meet him in the avenue between the two stables, that she might see him as he passed.

"This assembly attracted all the attention that was not occupied by the various emotions of my soul, and by what at the instant presented itself to my imagination. The two princes and princesses were in a small cabinet in the space between the bed and the wall. The night toilet was usually held in the chamber of the Duchess of Burgundy, which was now filled by the whole Court in a state of utter bewilderment. She went backwards and forwards from the closet to the bedroom, waiting for the moment when she was to meet the king. She maintained her usual graceful demeanor, but filled with a sorrow and compassion that each individual present thought was caused by their own trouble. She spoke a few words to every one in passing to and fro. All had most expressive countenances, for even eyes that had never before beheld the Court could easily distinguish the eager expectations depicted on some features, from the inanition of those who looked for nothing. These latter remained tranquil, but the former were obliged to hide, under the appearance of excessive grief, the overflowing of their joy.

"My first impulse was to make many inquiries, and not to believe readily what I either saw or heard; my next, to think that there was not much cause for such great alarm; and finally, to consider within myself that misfortune is the common lot of all mankind, and that I too should some day find myself at the gates of death. A feeling of joy, however, crossed these momentary impressions of religion and human

ity, by which I was trying to recall myself. My own personal deliverance appeared to me so great and unexpected, that I considered it even a more perfect evidence than truth itself, that the State would be the gainer by this great loss. In the midst of these reflections, I could not help entertaining, in spite of myself, a fear that the sick man might yet recover, and I felt greatly ashamed of the feeling.

"Although thus apparently plunged in thought, I did not fail to remark to Madame de St. Simon, that it was fortunate she had come; and to cast peering but furtive glances upon every face, demeanor, and movement, to satisfy my curiosity; to feed the opinion that I had formed of each individual, which had never yet deceived me; and to draw just conjectures of the truth from those first impulses which people can so seldom master, and which, to those who know the machinery and the puppets, are sure indications of sentiments and feelings which are almost imperceptible in moments of greater self-possession.

"I saw the Duchess of Orleans arrive, but her composed ard majestic countenance told nothing. Some moments after, the Duke of Burgundy passed with a troubled countenance, full of care, but the glance which I quickly threw towards him showed me nothing tender in his expression. I only beheld the preoccupation of an absorbed mind.

"The valets and waiting-women were already weeping with indiscreet violence, and their grief showed fully the loss which their class were about to sustain. It was nearly half-past twelve when news arrived of the king, and I immediately saw the Duchess of Burgundy leave the little cabinet with the duke, whose countenance appeared more moved than when I saw him at first, and who quickly re-entered the closet. The princess, taking from her toilet-table her scarf and head-dress, deliberately crossed the apartment, her eyes scarcely moistened, but her real feelings betrayed by stealthy looks cast here and there as she passed along. Followed by her ladies alone, she reached her carriage by the grand staircase.

"I took advantage of her leaving the chamber to seek the

Duchess of Orleans, whom I was anxious to see. I ascertained that she was in the apartments of Madame; and proceeding through the other rooms, I found the duchess surrounded by five or six of her familiar ladies. I felt impatient at the presence of so large a company. The duchess, who was not less annoyed at it, took a light and went to the back of her room. I then proceeded to say a word or two privately to the Duchess de Villeroy. She and I held the same opinions on the present event. She pushed me away, and whispered to me in a low voice to restrain myself. I was forced to be silent, amid the complaints and surprise of the ladies, when the Duke of Orleans appeared at the door of the cabinet and called me.

"I followed him into an interior apartment, situated below upon the gallery; he, ready to faint, and I, with my legs trembling under me, at all that was passing before my eyes and in my mind. We seated ourselves accidentally opposite to each other; but what was my astonishment when soon after I beheld tears stream from his eyes! 'Monsieur!' cried I, rising in the excess of my surprise. He understood me instantly, and replied in a broken and truly lamentable tone of voice: 'You have a right to be surprised, and I am so myself; but this event touches me deeply. He is a good man, with whom I have passed my life; he has treated me kindly, and has ever shown me as much friendship as they would permit. I know perfectly well that this grief cannot last long: in a few days I shall find motives for consolation from the state in which I was placed with him; but at present, relationship, proximity, humanity, all touch me, and my heart is grieved.' I applauded this sentiment, and the prince rose, leant his head in a corner, his face turned to the wall, and wept, sobbing bitterly; a circumstance which, if I had not seen, I should never have believed. I besought him to calm himself; he tried to do so, and just then it was announced that the Duchess of Burgundy had arrived; he was obliged to join her, and I followed.

"The Duchess of Burgundy stopped at the avenue between the two stables, and had not to wait long for the king's arrival. As soon as he approached, she alighted and ran to the door of

his carriage. Madame de Maintenon, who was on that side, cried out, 'What are you about, Madame? Do not come near us, we are infected!' I do not know what the king did, who could not embrace her on this account. The princess instantly re-entered her carriage, and returned.

"On her arrival she found the two princes and the Duchess de Berri, with the Duke de Beauvillier, whom she had sent to summon. The princes, each with his princess at his side, were seated on the same couch, near the windows, with their backs to the gallery; the rest of the assembly were scattered about, some seated, some alone, and all in confusion throughout the apartment. The most confidential ladies were standing, or sitting on the ground near the sofa.

"Throughout the whole room every countenance might be clearly read. Monseigneur was no more; they knew it; they said it: there was no longer any restraint on his account, and these first moments were those in which the emotions could be viewed in their natural colors; for the instant, divested of all studied policy by the unexpected trouble and confusion of the night.

"Above all, might be heard the continual howling of valets; then followed the lamentations of the courtiers of every degree. The greater number, that is to say, the fools, drew sighs up from their very heels, and with wild and dry eyes praised Monseigneur, but always in the same words, lauding him for his goodness, and pitying the king for having lost so virtuous a son. The most cunning, or most considerate, became already alarmed for the king's health. They had wit enough to retain so much sagacity amid all this trouble, and did not leave room to doubt it by the frequency of their repetitions. Others, truly afflicted, and of the fallen party, cried bitterly, or tried to calm themselves by an effort as palpable as their sobs. Amid these various evidences of affliction, little or not at all appropriate, there was no conversation. A casual exclamation might now and then be heard to proceed from some unhappy individual, who received an answer from his sorrowful neighbor. A word in a quarter of an hour; haggard and sorrowful eyes; occa-

sionally an involuntary movement of the hand, while all the rest of their persons remained motionless. Those who were only curious and little uneasy were few; not counting the fools, who had nearly all the talk to themselves, asking questions and exhibiting despair enough for all the rest. Those who already looked upon this event as favorable, had great difficulty in carrying their demeanor to the necessary point of austere grief; but all was merely a transparent veil, which could not prevent quick eyes from ascertaining real feelings. These last were as careful as those who were really affected, but their looks betrayed how in reality their minds were agitated. Constant changes of position, like people who were not at ease either sitting or standing, a careful avoidance of each other from fear of a mutual encounter of eyes, the momentary embarrassment which occurred when they did meet, the appearance of a sort of indescribable freedom in their whole air in spite of their efforts to restrain and compose themselves; a quick and sparkling glance around betrayed them notwithstanding their utmost endeavors at concealment.

"The two princes, and the two princesses seated at their sides, taking care of them, were the most exposed to view. Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy, shed from real emotion and good feeling, with a gentle mien, natural, religious, and patient tears. The Duke de Berri also wept abundantly and bitterly, and uttered not only sobs, but cries and groans. These were carried to such an extent that they were obliged to undress him on the spot, and to have recourse to doctors and remedies. The Duchess de Berri was beside herself. The most agonizing despair, mingled with horror, was depicted on her countenance, on which might be seen, as if written in palpable characters, a perfect frenzy of grief; not caused by feelings of friendship, but by those of interest. Often roused by the cries of her husband, prompt in assisting and supporting him, she showed a lively anxiety for his sufferings, but soon after appeared again totally absorbed in her own thoughts. The Duchess of Burgundy also tried to console her spouse, and found it a less difficult task than that of appearing as if she

herself wanted consolation. A few tears drawn forth by the spectacle, and often with difficulty kept up, sufficed, with the aid of a handkerchief, to make her eyes red and swollen, and to disfigure her face, although frequent stolen glances fell upon all the assembly, and scrutinized separately the countenance of each.

"The Duke de Beauvillier stood near them, and with a cold and tranquil air, issued orders for the consolation of the other princes.

"Madame, re-attired in full dress, entered, crying loudly, not really recognizing anybody, but inundating all with tears as she embraced them alternately, causing the whole château to resound with renewed lamentations. She presented the grotesque spectacle of a princess arrayed in full costume, in the middle of the night, coming to mingle her tears and groans with a crowd of women, half undressed and entirely in masquerade.

"The Duchess of Orleans, and some of her ladies who regarded the event in the same light with herself, had retired into the little cabinet, and were shut in there when I arrived.

"I wished still to doubt, though all revealed itself in its true colors; but I could not make up my mind to abandon the belief that I might hear a confirmation of the truth from some one that I could trust. By chance I stumbled on M. D'O., to whom I put the question, and he replied distinctly. I then endeavored to appear as if I were not glad. I cannot tell if I succeeded; but it is at least certain that neither grief nor joy blunted my curiosity, and that in taking care to preserve every appearance of decorum, I committed myself to none of the unhappy assembly. I no longer dreaded a return of fire from the citadel of Meudon, nor the cruel conduct of its implacable garrison; and I restrained myself less than I did before the king's departure for Marly, to observe at freedom this numerous company; to cast my eyes upon the most grieved or on those who were not grieved at all; to follow both with my looks, and to scrutinize them with my stolen glances. It must be confessed, that to those who are quite *au fait* to the inter-

nal machinery of a Court, the first aspect of rare events of this kind, so interesting in their different characteristics, affords extreme satisfaction. Every countenance speaks of the cares, the intrigues, the labor employed to advance fortune, of the formation and progress of cabals, of the address necessary to maintain some and overthrow others, of the various means employed to carry on all these schemes; of combinations more or less advanced; of mutual repulses, coldness, hatred, and underhand baseness; of the manœuverings, advances, management, littleness, meanness, of some; of the overthrow of others in the midst of their career, or when on the point of realizing their hopes. I saw the utter consternation of those who were in full possession of their wishes, and the blow sustained by their opponents who were yet in expectation. I beheld the power of that elasticity which even in such a moment could profit by unlooked-for circumstances; I noted the extreme satisfaction of some (and I was one of the foremost), the rage of others, and their spiteful embarrassment in the endeavor to hide their real feelings. I saw eyes darted round in every direction to fathom souls under the first emotions of surprise, and under an unlooked-for overthrow. Astonishment, disappointment, suspicion, anxious inquiry, all were mingled and exhibited with characteristic variety. From this living mass of contradiction, a keen observer might extract intense enjoyment, which, however shadowy and fleeting, is nevertheless one of the most profitable as well as useful lessons which can be acquired in a Court."

"But he," continues St. Simon, "on whom this event produced the greatest impression, was Fénelon. How long he had prepared his mind for this catastrophe! How near was now his approach to a certain and complete triumph, which burst at once, like a powerful ray of light into the abode of darkness! Confined for twelve years to his diocese, this prelate had grown old under the weight of hopes deferred, and saw time roll on in unvarying uniformity, which reduced him to despair. Always obnoxious to the king, before whom nobody dared to pronounce his name, even on indifferent matters,

and more hateful still to Madame de Maintenon, because she had caused his ruin; . . . . more exposed than others to the terrible cabal which had disposed of the deceased dauphin, he had no other resource than in the unalterable attachment of his pupil, who had also been marked as a victim by this party; and who, according to the ordinary course of nature, was likely to continue so, longer than his preceptor could hope to survive. . . . . In the twinkling of an eye this pupil became dauphin; in another, he attained to a kind of regency."

The whole Court, on this event, internally thought of Fénelon; his name presented itself as a subject of remorse or hope, for all. They believed that they saw him reign in the background, which this unexpected and sudden death had brought closer to their imaginations. The conduct of the king towards his grandson, who until then had been kept in obscurity by his grandfather, redoubled the anxiety of some, and the expectations of others. Louis the Fourteenth one morning retained the young prince in his cabinet at the hour of council, and commanded all the ministers to consult with the Duke of Burgundy whenever he summoned them, and when he did not, they were to go of their own accord, and render him an account of state affairs, as if they were communicating with the king himself. "This order came like a thunderbolt upon the ministers, who were almost all Fénelon's enemies," says the author of the "Mysteries of the Palace." "What a fall for such men," he adds, "to have to deal with a prince who had now no obstacle between him and the throne, and who was clever, enlightened, just, and of a superior understanding; who weighed every thing conscientiously, and who, in addition to all this, was in the strictest confidential intercourse, both mind and heart, with Fénelon!"

This change was the work of Madame de Maintenon, towards whom the young prince, by Fénelon's advice, had ever shown a scrupulous deference, flattering to her pride, and promising well for the future. Mingled with the death of the dauphin, she had felt a shudder at the prospect of the future reign. To secure eventually a prolongation of her influence, she wished

to purchase the gratitude of the successor. On the day after the funeral, she passed over to the party which until then she had held estranged from favor. The king, who no longer thought except as she did, appeared himself to prepare the transition from his own tomb to the throne of his grandson.

Fénelon, relieved from his hopeless state by the hand of death, which he took for the hand of Providence, uttered a cry of deliverance and restrained joy, to his pupil. "God," he wrote to him, "has just struck a great blow! but his hand is often merciful even in its severest chastisement. This unexpected affliction is given to the world, to show to blinded men that princes, however great they may appear, are in reality but of trifling importance. Happy are those who have never looked upon authority in other light than that of a trust confided to them for the benefit of their people! Now is the time to render yourself beloved, feared, esteemed. You must endeavor more and more to please the king, to insinuate yourself into his heart, that he may feel a boundless affection for you. Watch over him and console him with all suitable assiduity and obliging attentions. You must become the king's adviser, the father of the people, the consoler of the oppressed, the resource of the unfortunate, *the support of the nation.* . . . . Discard flatterers, distinguish merit, seek it out, forestall it, learn to bring it into action; make yourself superior to all, as you are placed above all. . . . . You must endeavor to act as father, not as a master. All cannot belong to one, but one must belong to all, to promote the general happiness of the people."

This direct advice of Fénelon was enforced every day by the most intimate counsellors that he could attach to the prince, in the persons of his two friends, the Dukes de Beauvillier and Chevreuse.

"Let him undeceive the public," wrote Fénelon to them, "respecting the little matters of scrupulous piety which they impute to him; he may be strict as far as concerns his private feelings, but do not let him cause them to dread a severe reform, of which society is incapable. He ought only to talk

of that which he can carry through; no puerilities or trifling in religion. . . . . He can better learn to govern men, by studying them, than by studying books."

The palace of Fénelon, hitherto deserted, now became the vestibule of royal favor. The courtiers and place-hunters, who for twelve years had kept aloof as from a contagion, during his disgrace, crowded to Cambray upon every possible pretext. Each wished to receive the guarantee of future consideration. He received everybody with that natural grace which caused him to reign by anticipation in every heart, as he already in effect occupied every thought.

The notes upon government which he addressed through the Duke de Chevreuse to the dauphin, contain an entire monarchical constitution. His political reforms had passed from poetry into reality, but they were divested of the chimeras which brought them into disrepute in Telemachus, and bore the impress of maturity, reflection, and experience. The saint had become a minister, the poet a statesman. In his maxims were found all that has since been accomplished, attempted, or prepared, for ameliorating the condition of the people.

The term of military service was to be reduced to a period of five years.

The pensions to discharged soldiers were to be distributed among their families, to be spent in their villages, instead of being wasted in idleness and debauchery at the Palace of the Invalids in the capital.

France was never again to be engaged in a general war against the whole of Europe.

There was to be a system of alliances varying with the legitimate interests of the country.

A regular and public account of the receipts and expenses of the State.

A fixed and registered assessment of taxes; the votes for, and division of these subsidies, to be decided by the representatives of the provinces.

There were to be provincial assemblies.

The suppression of the reversion and right of inheritance of public offices.

The States-General of the kingdom were to be converted into National Assemblies.

The nobility were to be deprived of every feudal authority and privilege, and to be reduced to an importance derived only from their family title.

The office of judge was to be gratuitous, and not hereditary.

The right of commerce was to be regulated; manufacturers were to be encouraged.

Public pawnbrokers and savings banks were to be established.

All strangers who wished to become naturalized in France were to have full liberty to do so.

Church property was to be rated for the benefit of the State.

Bishops and ministers were to be elected by their peers or by their people.

There was to be perfect liberty of conscience.

Such were the plans of Fénelon, already prepared against the moment when he should be called upon to become a minister. If the Duke of Burgundy had lived, and if Fénelon had retained the same ascendency over him which for so many years he had maintained, 1789 would have commenced in 1716, and the reformed monarchy would only have been a Christian republic with a supreme head.

But it is never permitted to one man to step in advance of a nation. Providence was about to overturn, in the premature grave of the prince, all the ideas, plans, virtues, dreams, ambition, hopes, and existence of the philosopher.

The blast of death was upon the royal family; all fell under it before Louis the Fourteenth, who was ready to fall with the last. The Duchess of Burgundy, the delight of the Court, and the joy of her husband, unexpectedly struck, brought him with her to the grave. The blow was as sudden as it was terrible. Fénelon had no time to prepare his heart; he learnt almost at the same moment the illness and death of his pupil. This pupil had become the hope of France; his reign was looked forward to, as the revival of virtue and public happiness.

Fénelon had corrected and brought to perfection in this soul, the work roughly hewn by nature, of an accomplished prince.

"What a love of the truly good!" exclaims the least adulatory of historians. "What forgetfulness of self, what purity of intention, what proofs of divinity in this candid, simple, and powerful mind, which, as much as is permitted to man below, bore the impress of its sacred derivation! What sudden bursts of thankfulness during his last agony, for his preservation from the sceptre, and the account which he should have had to render of its use! What ardent love of God! what a lowly opinion of his own insignificance! what a magnificent idea of the infinity of mercy! what a modified confidence what profound peace! what invincible patience! what sweetness! what pure charity, which made him desire to be with his Creator! France at last sinks under this heavy chastisement. God showed her a prince that she did not deserve: the earth 'was unworthy of him!' . . . ."

This prince, his virtues, his holiness, the hopes revealed and then withdrawn, all were the work of Fénelon. The master had expired with the disciple; Fénelon died with the Duke of Burgundy.

He only allowed a few words to escape him. "All my ties are broken: there is no longer any thing to bind me to the earth!" His life from that moment was rendered desolate; he had lost its aim: this reign, of which he had dreamt, as a boon to the human race, was buried with the Germanicus of France. "He has shown him to the world, and he has taken him away," wrote he several weeks after to the Duke de Chevreuse, the confidant of his grief. I am struck with horror, and ill without a malady, from the shock. In weeping for the dead prince, I mourn for the survivors. The king must make peace. What will be our fate, if we should fall into the troubles of a minority? Without a mother! without a regent! an unfortunate war abroad, and all resources exhausted at home! . . . . I would give my life not only for the State, but for the children of our dear prince, who is dearer to me now than when he was spared to us." He urgently entreated the Duke

de Beauvillier to impress on Madame de Maintenon the urgent necessity that the king should form a council of government, at the head of which his most virtuous friends should preside. "I expect but little," said he, "from this superannuated favorite, full of the anger, jealousy, littleness, dislikes, spite, and artfulness common to women; but God makes use of many implements." He conjured the Duke de Chevreuse not to refuse, from ill-timed modesty, to become one of the council of regency. This government, composed of those whom he had for so many years inspired, would still have been that of the Duke of Burgundy. Fénelon pursued the dream of his life, for the happiness of the nation, even to the sepulchre of the prince for whom he had conceived it, and wished him to reign even after his death. In this thought, which actuated him to the end, he trembled lest the king should discover among the papers of the Duke of Burgundy a writing which would appear to him a more unpardonable crime than "Telemachus." This was entitled, "A Guide for the Conscience of a King,"—a code of piety, toleration, and of duty towards the people, every line of which was an accusation against the egotism, persecutions, and unprofitable personal glory of Louis the Fourteenth. But the friends of Fénelon had removed this manuscript from the papers of the king's grandson.

The death of Fénelon's two intimates, the Duke de Chevreuse and the Duke de Beauvillier, caused this last chimera of the public good to fade into nothing; the holy ambition of their friend died with them. Fénelon turned his thoughts from the decline and misfortunes of the reign about to end, and fixed them solely on things immortal. His writings and correspondence at this time bear the impress of that melancholy, which, in worldly men, shows the disappointment of a mistaken life, and in religious minds the transfer of their hopes from earth to heaven. He wrote, as Socrates in his last hour discoursed, upon the immortality of the soul. Friendship still remained, but he lost much by the death of the Abbé de Langeron, the pupil, confidant, and support of his heart through all his varying fortunes. The Abbé de Langeron

expired in the arms of his master. "Alas! I have not the strength you suppose," wrote Fénelon to a mutual friend who congratulated him upon not allowing his pious feelings to be disturbed by the grief of human separations; I confess that I have wept for myself while weeping for my friend. I feel a sort of internal languor, and can only derive consolation by giving way to the lassitude of my sorrow. Our dear departed friend died with an enlightened and consoling view of his end, that would have affected you deeply. Even when his ideas became a little clouded, his sentiments expressed hope, patience, and entire submission to the will of God. I tell you all this that I may not trouble you with my distress, without, at the same time, showing you the comfort which faith affords in grief, of which St. Augustin speaks, and which God has upon this occasion permitted me to feel. God has done as he thinks best; he has preferred the happiness of my friend to my earthly consolation. I offered up him whom I trembled to lose! . . . ."

"I live no longer but for friendship," exclaimed he afterwards, in reverting to this loss, "and friendship will cause my death. But we shall soon regain what we appear to have lost; in a little time there will be no longer cause to weep."

A fever caused by his distress of mind seized him on New-Year's day, 1715, and in six days after consumed the small portion of vitality which years, labor, and grief had spared in that heart which had been devoted to the cause of humanity. He died as a saint and a poet, causing to be read aloud to him from the sacred Canticles, the most sublime and soothing hymns, which carried at the same time his soul and imagination to heaven. "Repeat that passage again," said he to his reader, delighted with the songs of hope. "Again, again! I can never hear enough of these divine words!" cried he when they were silent, thinking that he slept. His desire for this foretaste of immortality was insatiable. "Lord," he once exclaimed, "if I am still necessary to thy people, I refuse not to labor for the rest of my days. Thy will be done!" These words afflicted those present, and the Abbé de Chantérac, his

first and last friend, said to him, "But why do you leave us? In this desolation to whom will you confide us? Perhaps ferocious beasts may come and devour your little flock." He replied only by a tender look and a sigh. He expired gently on the following morning, with a resignation which appeared like joy, surrounded by the prayers and affectionate offices of his weeping attendants.

The Abbé de Chantérac, as if he had nothing more to do on earth after the death of him for whom he had solely lived, expired of grief after the funeral of his friend. All France mourned in her soul for the loss of her saint and poet. Louis the Fourteenth himself appeared to discover at last, but when it was too late, that a mighty mind was wanting to his empire, and a great sustaining force to his old age. "Here was a man," he exclaimed, "who would have served us well under the disasters by which my kingdom is about to be assailed!" Vain posthumous regret, which appreciates not genius until it is extinct, nor virtue until buried in the tomb!

Such was the life and death of Fénelon. His name has become even more popular and immortal than his works, because the perfections of his soul exceeded those of his genius; adored for himself alone, his name is his immortality. Men are more just in their retribution than is generally believed. It was the nature of Fénelon to love; it was his glory to be beloved. Of all the great men of this grand age of Louis the Fourteenth, not one has left the recollection of so gentle a ministry. There is a tenderness in the accent of all when speaking of him, which describes the individual man. His poetry enchants our infancy, his religion breathes the gentleness of the lamb, the emblem of Christ; even his political doctrines show only the errors and illusions of mistaken love; and his whole life is the poetic history of a good man struggling with the impossibilities of the times.

It has been said that he has not worked out the good which he intended. He has done better: he has originated the idea; he has in thought applied the Gospel to society; he desired to see the reign of heaven upon earth; he taught kings the

sacred rights of man, while he showed the people the duties of subjects. He thirsted for Christian equality, regulated liberty, justice, morality, and charity, in the dealings of the government with the people, and of the people with the government; he was the tribune of virtue, and the prophet of social improvement; he has expanded his own soul over the souls of two centuries; sometimes the poet of imagination, but always the poet of charity, he has softened and Christianized the genius of France. Conscience owes him an additional virtue—toleration; thrones, another duty—the love of the people; republics, an added glory—humanity. France has possessed bolder natures, but she has given us none so full of tenderness. If genius acknowledged a sex, it might be said that Fénelon had the imagination of a woman to dream of heaven, and her soul to love the earth. When we pronounce his name, or open his book, we fancy that we look on his face, and persuade ourselves that we hear the voice of a friend. What quality of fame can surpass this love in veneration and solid value?

The epitaph of Fénelon might be written in these words:

"There are men who have made France more feared or renowned, but none have rendered her more beloved by other nations."

ESSAY

ON THE

CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF FENELON.

BY M. VILLEMAIN.

Fenelon, François de Salignac de Lamotte, of an ancient and illustrious family, was born at the *Château de Fénelon*, in Perigord, August 6, 1651. Under the eyes of a virtuous father, he pursued his literary studies with equal success and rapidity; and nurtured from childhood in classical antiquity, educated in solitude among the models of Greece, his noble and delicate taste appeared at the same time with his happy genius. Called to Paris by his uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, in order to complete his philosophic studies and commence the course of theology necessary for his destined vocation, he underwent, at fifteen years of age, the same trial as Bossuet, and preached before an auditory less celebrated, in truth, than that of the Hotel de Rambouillet, yet highly distinguished. This splendor of a premature reputation alarmed the Marquis de Fénelon, who, in order to remove the young man from the seductions of the world and of self-love, sent him to the seminary of St. Sulpice. In this retreat, Fénelon was penetrated with the evangelical spirit, and merited the friendship of a virtuous man, M. Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice. Here he received holy orders.

It was then that his religious fervor inspired him with the design of consecrating himself to the missions of Canada.

Crossed in his project by the fears of his family and the feebleness of his constitution, he soon turned his attention towards the missions of the Levant, towards Greece, where the profane and the sacred, where St. Paul and Socrates, where the Church of Corinth, the Parthenon and Parnassus, invited his poetic and religious imagination. Enchanted by the *souvenirs* of Athens, he was indignant at the thought that the native land of letters and glory should be the prey of barbarians. "When shall I see," he wrote, "the blood of the Persians mingling itself with that of the Turks on the fields of Marathon, in order to give Greece wholly to religion, to philosophy, to art, which re-claim her as their native land!" The enthusiasm of the young apostle, however, gave way to graver considerations. Fénelon, diverted from these foreign missions, devoted himself wholly to an apostleship which he did not believe less useful—to the instruction of the '*Nouvelles Catholiques*,' the newly converted women in Paris. The duties and the cares of this employment, in which he buried his genius during ten years, prepared him for the composition of his first work,—the *Treatise on the Education of Girls*,[1] a masterpiece of delicacy and of reason, which the author of *Emile* and painter of *Sophie* has not surpassed. This work was designed for the Duchess de Beauvilliers, the pious and wise mother of a numerous family. Fénelon, in the modest obscurity of his ministry, already enjoyed with the Dukes de Beauvilliers and de Chevreuse that virtuous friendship which was equally proof against favor and disgrace, the court and exile.

He had found in Bossuet an attachment that was to be less durable. Admitted to the familiarity of this great man, he studied his genius and his life. The example of Bossuet, whose wholly polemical religion was employed upon controversies and conversions, doubtless inspired Fénelon with the *Traité du ministère des pasteurs*,[2] a work in which he combated heretics with more moderation than his illustrious model exhibited. The subject, the merit of the work, and the all-

[1] *Traité de l'éducation des filles.* [2] *Treatise on the Ministry of Pastors.*

powerful influence of Bossuet led Louis XIV. to confide to Fénelon the care of a new mission in Poitou. The rigorous uniformity which Louis XIV. wished to extend over all the consciences of his kingdom, and the resistance that sprang from oppression, often obliged the monarch to have his missionaries sustained by soldiers. Fénelon did not limit himself to absolutely rejecting the odious assistance of dragoons; he reserved to himself the choice of ecclesiastical colleagues who should participate in a ministry of persuasion and gentleness. He converted without persecuting, and made the belief whose apostle he was, an object of love.

The importance then attached to such missions attracted, more than ever, attention to Fénelon, who happily acquitted himself of his task. A great object then presented itself to ambition and talent. The dauphin, the grandson of Louis XIV., was no longer a child; and the king was seeking a person to whose hands he should confide this precious deposit.[1] Virtue, aided by the favor of Madame de Maintenon, obtained the preference. M. de Beauvilliers was named governor; and he chose Fénelon, with the consent of the king, as preceptor of the young prince. These virtuous friends, seconded by the cares of some men worthy of imitating them, commenced the noble task of educating a king. History attests that never was there seen a more perfect co-operation of wills and efforts. Fénelon, by the natural superiority of his genius, was the soul of this re-union. It was he who, transported by the hope of some day placing virtue upon the throne, and seeing the happiness of France in the education of her king, destroyed with an admirable art all the dangerous germs that nature and the premature sentiment of power had implanted in that young heart, and made the defects of a stubborn character yield to the habit of most salutary virtues. This education, whose immortal monuments remain to us in the writings of Fénelon, would seem the masterpiece of genius consecrating itself to the happiness of men.

---

[1] 1689.

Fénelon, brought into the midst of the Court, and only half giving himself up to it, made himself admired by the graces of a brilliant and facile mind, by the charm of the noblest and most eloquent conversation. There was in him something of the seducing and the inspired. Imagination, genius, escaped him on all sides; and the most elegant politeness adorned the ascendency of genius, and made it pardoned. This personal superiority excited much more admiration than the small number of works that he had produced. He was praised on this account at the period of his reception into the Academy; and, a little time afterwards, La Bruyère painted him still under the same traits, recognizable by all contemporaries. "One feels," he said, "the force and the ascendency of that rare spirit, whether he preaches from his genius and without preparation, whether he pronounces a studied and oratorical discourse, or explains his thoughts in conversation,—always master of the ear and heart of those who listen to him, he does not allow them to envy so much elevation, so much facility, delicacy, and politeness."

This ascendency of virtue, grace, and genius, which excited in the hearts of Fénelon's friends a tenderness mixed with enthusiasm, which had won Madame de Maintenon, in spite of her mistrust and reserve, were unavailing against the prepossessions of Louis XIV. This prince doubtless esteemed the man to whom he confided the education of his grandson; but he never had any liking for him. It has been thought, that the brilliant and facile eloquence of Fénelon disturbed a monarch who was displeased with any sort of pre-eminence except his own. But, if we look at a letter in which Fénelon, in the overflow of confidence, informed Madame de Maintenon that Louis XIV. had no idea of his duties as a king, it will be easily supposed that an opinion so severe, with which Fénelon seems to have been too deeply penetrated never to have let some indiscreet revelation of it escape him, could not remain wholly unknown to a monarch accustomed to praise, and who could be offended at a less severe judgment. History has not participated in the extreme rigor of this opin-

ion upon a prince who, in the exercise of a power in truth absolute, always bore about him propriety and grandeur, and preserved honor under despotism—his greatest enemy. Fénelon had preserved at Court the most irreproachable disinterestedness. He spent five years there, in the prominent place of preceptor to the dauphin, without asking, without receiving any favor. Louis XIV., who knew how to reward nobly and appropriately, desired to repair this oversight, and named Fénelon to the Archbishopric of Cambray.[1] This moment of favor and prosperity was that in which Fénelon was destined to receive a blow that would have mortally wounded a less inviolable reputation.

Fénelon, whose natural temperament led him to cherish a lively and spiritual devotion, had for some time fancied that he recognized a part of his principles in the mouth of a pious and insane woman, who doubtless had much persuasion and talent, since she obtained an extraordinary influence over several superior minds. Madame Guyon, writing and dogmatizing upon grace and pure love, at first persecuted and arrested, soon afterwards admitted into the intimate society of the Duke de Beauvilliers, received by Madame de Maintenon, authorized to disseminate her doctrines in Saint-Cyr, then suspected by Bos suet, arrested anew, interrogated and condemned, was the pretext of Fénelon's disgrace. The inexorable Bossuet did not relish the mystic subtilties, the refinements of divine love, with which the lively and tender imagination of Fénelon was too easily captivated. Bossuet wished to have the new Archbishop of Cambray himself condemn the errors of a woman whose friend he had been. Fénelon refused through conscience and delicacy, fearing to compromise opinions that were dear to him; wishing to deal gently with an unfortunate woman, who appeared to him only culpable of excess in the love of God. Perhaps, in fine—for he was human—he was shocked by the theological *hauteur* of Bossuet, who pressed him as if he had wished to convert him.

[1] In 1694.

Fénelon published that too famous book, of *the Maxims of the Saints*,[1] which may be regarded as an indirect apology, or even as a softened exposition (*rédaction atténuante*), of Madame Guyon's principles. In an age when a religious opinion was a political event, the first appearance of this work excited much astonishment and many murmurs. All those who could be secretly jealous of the rank and genius of Fénelon, declared themselves against the errors of his theology. Elevated above any mean sentiment, but inflexible, impatient of contradiction, negligent of mundane regards and proprieties when he believed religion compromised, Bossuet himself denounced to Louis XIV. in the midst of his Court, the heresy of the new archbishop. At the moment when Fénelon received this weighty blow, the burning of his palace at Cambray, the loss of his library, of his manuscripts, of his papers, put his soul to a new proof, and wrung from him no other complaint than these words, so touching, and in his mouth so true: "It is better that my mansion should be burned than the cottage of a poor laborer."

Nevertheless, Bossuet, committed by the *éclat* of his first declaration, prepared himself to pursue his rival, and seemed eager to wring from him a recantation. The admirer and friend of Fénelon, Madame de Maintenon, separated herself from him with an inconceivable coldness. Fénelon submitted his book to the judgment of the Holy See. Bossuet had already composed remarks, in which the bitterest and most vehement censure was coupled with pompous expressions of regret and friendship. He proposed at the same time a conference, which Fénelon refused, preferring to defend his book at the tribunal of Rome. It was then that he received orders to quit the Court, and retire into his diocese. News of this excited in the soul of the Duke of Burgundy a grief that was the eulogy of the education of that young prince. The cabal had wished to profit by the fall of Fénelon, in order to overturn the Duke de Beauvilliers; he was saved by the force

[1] *Des Maximes des Saints.*

of virtue, and his very devotion to the cause of an unfortunate friend interested the generosity of Louis XIV.

In spite of the manifest wish of this prince, the court of Rome hesitated to condemn an archbishop so illustrious as Fénelon. This delay and this repugnance, which honored Pope Innocent VIII., gave scope to the talent of the accuser and the accused; and while the judges were deliberating, the writings of the two adversaries succeeded each other with prodigious rapidity. The struggle changed its object. After having exhausted dogma, Bossuet threw himself back upon facts; and his account of quietism, wittily and sharply written, seemed destined to fasten upon Fénelon himself a part of the ridicule inseparable from Madame Guyon. The Abbé Bossuet, unworthy nephew of Bossuet, carried personal accusations still further; and, collecting the most odious rumors, he sought to tarnish the purity of Fénelon. Never did the indignation of a virtuous and calumniated soul show itself more eloquent. Fénelon, in an apology, demolished these vile accusations; and new letters from Louis XIV., written by Bossuet, new intrigues, and even threats, were necessary, in order to wring from the court of Rome a condemnation, which was even softened in form and expression. The interest of this controversy, so foreign to the ideas of our age, is perfectly preserved in the excellent history of Fénelon, by M. de Bausset; and in this work one will find an animated picture of the court of Rome and the court of France, which took a lively interest in this frivolous question, to which importance was given by the opinions of the times, and by the prodigious talent of the two rivals.

The long and glorious resistance of the Archbishop of Cambray had still further sharpened the resentment of Louis XIV.; and the hesitation of the Pope to condemn Fénelon[1] rendered

---

[1] *Peccavit excessu amoris divini, sed vos peccâstis defectu amoris proximi,*— "He has sinned by excess of love for God, but you have sinned by deficiency of love for your neighbor," wrote Pope Innocent to those prelates who had distinguished themselves as Fénelon's adversaries. A more pungent reproof cannot be found in ecclesiastical history.

his disgrace with the Court more irreconcilable than ever. When the brief so long deferred, obtained by so much discussion and intrigue, finally appeared [1699], Fénelon hastened to subscribe it, and to condemn himself by a most touching and simple mandatory letter, in which Bossuet did not fail to find much parade and ambiguity. The modest submission of Fénelon, his silence, his episcopal virtues, and the admiration which they inspired, would not, doubtless, have reopened to him the entrance of the court of Louis XIV., but an unexpected event more than ever irritated the monarch.

"Telemachus," composed some years before, at the period of Fénelon's favor, was published, some months after the affair of quietism, by the infidelity of a domestic charged with transcribing the manuscript. The work, suppressed in France, was reproduced by the presses of Holland, and obtained in all Europe a success that malignity rendered injurious to Louis XIV., by seeking in it allusions to the conquests and misfortunes of his reign. This prince, who had never liked the political ideas of Fénelon, and long since had called him a chimerical *bel esprit*, regarded the author of "Telemachus" as a detractor from his glory, who added the wrong of ingratitude to the injustice of satire. Fénelon in his dying hour protested his respect for the person and the virtues of Louis XIV. This formal testimony, compared with the severe judgment that Fénelon expressed in the letter of which we have already spoken, allows of only one explanation that respects his glory and truth. This sensible and virtuous man, preoccupied with the misfortunes that were mingled with the splendor of the reign of Louis XIV., unconsciously transferred to a work of imagination some traits of a picture which he had before his eyes, and which often afflicted his soul. How could he have helped it? How could he have spoken of peoples and kings without making allusions to contemporaries? The circle of human calamities and faults is more limited than it is supposed. There will be vices as long as there shall be men, says Tacitus; and as long as there shall be vices, the history of past times will appear to be the satire of the present.

"Telemachus" doubtless offers some reflections that can be distorted against Louis XIV., but it is an absurd injustice to search in this work for the allegorical and premeditated censure of this great king. It was even impossible to have better combined all the materials, in order to disconcert allusions, and as much as possible escape the inevitable fatality of resemblances. We believe that this generous precaution occupied the mind of Fénelon while composing his works, and that, writing for the happiness of peoples, he selected that poetic conception, those primitive manners, those antique societies, so remote from the picture of modern Europe. Why, moreover, should he have wished to paint Louis XIV. under the traits of the imprudent Idomeneus, or the sacrilegious Adrastus, rather than under the image of the sage and victorious Sesostris? But no; these different images are the plays of an imagination that seeks to multiply interesting contrasts,—no one, in particular, is the satirical portrait of the great king, whose reign formed the most beautiful epoch of modern Europe. Fénelon soon learned the indelible impression produced by "Telemachus" upon the heart of the king; he appeared to resign himself to his separation from the Court, which he sometimes had the weakness to call his disgrace, as if the prolonged sojourn of an archbishop in the midst of his flock, that he enlightens and sanctifies, could ever be associated in thought with humiliation and misfortune. Besides, if Fénelon sometimes recollected with bitterness the court of Louis XIV., he must have been consoled by the happiness that he diffused around him in his retreat at Cambray. The sanctity of the ancient bishops, the severity of the primitive church, the sweetness of the most indulgent virtue, the charm of the most captivating politeness, eagerness to fulfil the humblest duties of the holy ministry, indefatigable goodness, exhaustless charity,—such are the traits attributed to Fénelon by an eloquent and virtuous bishop, who was entitled to dwell long upon the image of that illustrious man. The first care of Fénelon was to instruct the clergy of a seminary which he had founded. He did not even disdain to teach their catechism to the children of his diocese. Like the

bishops of ancient days, he often ascended the pulpit of his church, and giving himself up to his heart and his faith, he spoke without preparation, diffusing all the treasures of his facile genius.

An unforeseen occasion allowed him to develope with more labor his natural eloquence. The sermon which he pronounced in the cathedral of Lille, for the consecration of the Archbishop of Cologne, is one of the most touching and most perfect pieces of Christian eloquence. The misfortunes of war, which finally chastised the ambition of Louis XIV., had brought hostile troops into the diocese of Fénelon: this was for the holy bishop the occasion of new efforts and new sacrifices. His wisdom, his firmness, his nobility of language, inspired the hostile generals with a salutary respect for the unfortunate provinces of Flanders. Eugene was worthy of listening to the voice of the great man, whose genius he appreciated.[1]

In the midst of so many cares and labors, Fénelon kept up a very extensive correspondence with the ecclesiastics who consulted him, with his friends, and his relatives. In his correspondence is always recognized that happy and facile genius, to which wise and noble ideas upon all subjects are perfectly natural. Several of his letters contain all the secrets of the knowledge of the world, analyzed with the delicacy of a courtier, and expressed in the style of La Bruyère, writing without effort. The situation of Cambray, on the frontiers of France, attracted about Fénelon many strangers, none of whom approached or left him without being penetrated with a religious admiration. To say nothing of Ramsay, who spent several

---

[1] It is now known that the *Vie du Prince Eugène*, though written in the first person, as if it were an autobiography, is the production of the Prince de Ligne. In this production the veteran is made thus to speak of the great preachers of his time: "When Bourdaloue makes me fear every thing, Masillon makes me hope every thing. We were born the same year, and I knew him at the beginning of his career, as perfectly amiable. Bossuet astonishes me: Fénelon touches me. I saw them also in my youth; and Marlborough and I rendered to the *latter* all possible honor when we had taken Cambray." (*Vie du Prince Eugène*, p. 225: Paris, 1810, 8vo.)

years in the palace of Fénelon, the famous Marshal Munich, and the unfortunate James III.,[1] felt the charm of his conversation, and the ascendency of his high wisdom. It was the privilege of Fénelon to appear equally admirable to the eyes of a priest, of a politician, or of a warrior,—an advantage in truth more easy to conceive, at an epoch when religion and ethics formed a common tie that united minds.

Fénelon, in the wise counsels which he gave to James III., showed his high esteem for the English constitution, so strong at once against despotism and anarchy. He was exempt from that narrow patriotism which undervalues every thing that exists beyond the frontiers. His virtuous soul felt the need of going forth into the world, and of seeking the happiness of men. "I love," he said, "my family better than myself; I love my country better than my family; I love mankind better than my country." Admirable progression of sentiments and duties! False and perverse spirits have abused this principle; it nevertheless was worthy of being sanctioned by Fénelon: it is the *caritas generis humani* that gushed from the soul of Cicero, but was contradicted by the ferocious conquests of the Romans, who, not less inconsistent than barbarous, enjoyed the wounds and the death of their gladiators in the same theatre where they applauded with transport this verse, more human than patriotic:

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Christianity was worthy of consecrating, by the mouth of Fénelon, a maxim that nature has put in the heart of man. The humanity of Fénelon did not limit itself to exaggerated speculations—to impracticable generalities, which imply ignorance of the details of human affairs. His politics were not simply the dream of a virtuous soul. He had seen and judged the court and men; he knew the history of all ages; he was endowed with a certain independence of mind, which placed him above the prejudices of state and nation. It is in the

[1] The Chevalier de St. George.

different memoirs which he addressed to the Duke de Beauvilliers, that may be studied the wisdom of his views upon the greatest interests, upon the succession of Spain, upon the policy proper for Philip V., upon the allies, upon the conduct of the war, upon the necessity of peace. Greatly to be desired is the publication of these precious writings, which are known only by the extracts given by Fénelon's last historian. That disastrous war of the Spanish succession, in bringing the theatre of combat near the residence of Fénelon, gave him the joy of seeing, after ten years of absence, the young prince whom he had formed, who had just taken command of the last troops of the vanquished Louis XIV. It cannot be disguised, however, that the pupil of Fénelon, in the commanding of armies, was below the promise of his youth and the opinion of France. The letters of Fénelon to the Duke of Burgundy, during this decisive period, while showing the severe frankness, the singular ascendency of the tutor, would themselves give rise to the suspicion that this young prince,—instructed, docile, virtuous,—had a genius too timid. One is not pleased that the heir of Louis XIV. needs to receive lessons upon all the details of his conduct. In spite of the respect that even the minutiæ of virtue deserve, one is not pleased that a young prince placed upon so great a stage, occupied with interests so important, should be disquieted and consult Fénelon, in order to know whether, in the movement of war, he could remain for some hours within the walls of a convent. One fears that such disquietudes may have left little place for great ideas, and that the education of the dauphin may, in some respects, have diminished his soul, in order the better to subdue it. Fénelon, it is true, always speaks to his pupil the language of an active and enlightened policy. But, when he reproaches him with a love of solitude and contemplation, a trifling piety, and a misplaced humility, it is difficult to believe that these defects, which seem so opposed to the impetuous childhood of the Duke of Burgundy, may not, in part, be the result of education upon a soul which had more ardor than light; which, too much subdued by religion, converted all its force into mildness and

virtue. In the letters of Fénelon to his virtuous pupil, we find severe judgments upon all the generals that then formed the hope of France. It may be remarked, in this regard, that Fénelon had much sweetness in character, and much domination in spirit. His ideas were absolute and decisive,—a habit that seems to pertain to promptness and force of mind. The continual attention that Fénelon paid to the political interests of France, did not in the least diminish his zeal for the affairs of religion and the Church. Those who particularly honor Fénelon as a philosopher will, perhaps, be astonished to see him entering into all ecclesiastical discussions with as much ardor as Bossuet himself. But if Fénelon had not been, before all, what he ought to have been by conscience and condition, bishop and theologian, he would merit less esteem; he would have lacked the leading characteristic of the century in which he lived—the sentiment of propriety and duty. When the unfortunate disputes of Jansenism were revived, after a long interruption, Fénelon wrote against the men who did not imitate his respect for the court of Rome; and he soon found himself engaged in a controversy that was scarcely briefer and less earnest than that of *pure love.* The courtiers, on this account, supposed in Fénelon views of ambition and flattery. If Fénelon had wished to gain the heart of the king, he employed at the same period a nobler way, by feeding, at his own expense, the French army during the disastrous winter of 1709; but he no more sought on this occasion than on the other to overcome unconquerable prejudices. He served religion and his country. The following year, the same sentiments inspired him with the eloquent picture of the ills of France, and the project of associating the nation with the government,—the proposition for convoking an assembly of the notables. This memoir is of the highest interest. Fénelon therein admirably judges of the force and the weakness of despotism, and the salutary power of liberty. We can scarcely conceive that this generous and provident policy, which anticipated the opinion of Europe, should have attracted on Fénelon reproach and hatred, even in the middle of our century. If it were for

this reason that the name of philosopher has been given to the most religious of bishops, Fénelon would disavow neither his panegyrists nor his accusers; and, for having desired happiness and liberty for nations, he would not believe himself less a Christian. The memoirs that Fénelon addressed to the Duke de Beauvilliers, were the prayer of a sage zealous for his country, but without the power to serve her. An unexpected event gave a glimpse of the moment when the counsels of Fénelon might govern France. The grand dauphin died, and the Duke of Burgundy, long oppressed by the mediocrity of his father, saw himself suddenly approaching the throne, whose heir he was, and the king, of whom he became the confidant and the support. His virtues, freed from a jealous tutelage, finally had scope for action. What joy must the virtuous tutor have felt, on seeing his work ready to be justified by the happiness of his country! Then, full of hope, he wrote to his pupil, who, according to the expression of Saint-Simon, reigned in advance: "It is not necessary that all should exist for one alone; but one alone ought to exist for all, to make their happiness." He communicated at the same time to the Duke de Beauvilliers different plans of administration and government, that ought to be proposed to the young prince.

While Fénelon was preparing the reign of his pupil, sudden death removed the heir of the old king, who remained immovably firm in the midst of all the humiliations of his glory, and all the disasters of his family. Thus ended the hopes of virtue: nevertheless, Fénelon, in spite of his grief, did not abandon the love of his country, even when he no longer saw between her and him the young prince whom he had trained up for her. Anxious for France, whose destiny rested upon a monarch of seventy-six and an infant in the cradle, he wished to prevent the ills of a long minority. In several confidential memoirs which he wrote upon that subject, we recognize the novelty of his political views, and that spirit of liberty which, in his century, was not the least of its innovations. One of these papers is devoted to a discussion of the suspicions that

accused the Duke of Orleans of a most frightful crime, and of an ambition eager to commit another. When we have read this memoir, whose author, without admitting the popular reports in all their horror, severely judges the scandals and vices of the Duke of Orleans, we feel some surprise at seeing Fénelon keeping up with this prince a philosophic correspondence. Doubtless Fénelon hoped to overcome, by virtue and truth, a soul abandoned to all vices, but incapable of a crime. It is Plato writing to Dionysius; and the resemblance is so much the more true, as, setting aside revealed religion, Fénelon endeavors, before all, to prove the principles of natural religion,—principles ordinarily feeble and ill-established in a heart that has lost all others, but to which his luminous and simple genius lends a form that must have astonished the frivolous incredulity of the Duke of Orleans. Such a discussion will appear, in our century, much more worthy of Fénelon than the theological debates in which the bull *Unigenitus* engaged him, near the close of his life. But this great man, faithful before all to his episcopal character, saw for himself no task more noble than that of combating opinions which troubled the consciences of men and disturbed the repose of the Church.

Malignity supposed that the zeal of Fénelon was animated by an old spite against the Cardinal de Noailles. But when the conduct of a virtuous man is authorized by his duty, it must not be explained by his weaknesses. It was to these abstract and difficult discussions that Fénelon devoted the last days of a life suffering and made desolate by mourning. This man, so sensitive to earthly friendships, and who desired that all good friends might die together, lost, at short intervals, nearly all those whom he loved. While, afflicted with several successive losses, he was writing—"I no longer see aught but friendship, and it will be friendship that will make me die—" death took from him the Duke de Beauvilliers: he died himself four months afterwards, at the age of sixty-four years (January 7, 1715). A light fall hastened the wished-for moment. His death, like his life, was that of a great and virtuous bishop.

Although Fénelon wrote much, he never appeared to seek fame as an author. All his works were inspired by the duties of his station, by his own misfortunes, or those of his country. Most of them escaped his hands without his knowledge, and were known only after his death. Some sermons—the first essay of his youth—have been preserved. The composition is not strong and elaborate, as in the masterpieces of the great pulpit orators; but in them reigns an amiable enthusiasm for religion and virtue, a facile and vivid imagination, a natural, harmonious, and poetical elegance. They are brilliant sketches traced by a happy genius, that uses little effort. Nevertheless, Fénelon had reflected much upon oratorial art and pulpit eloquence; and his studies, in this regard, are found in three dialogues, in the manner of Plato, filled with arguments borrowed from that philosopher, and above all, written with a grace that seems to have been stolen from him. We have in our language no treatise on oratorical art that contains more sound, ingenious, and new ideas, and a severer and bolder impartiality in judgments. The style is simple, agreeable, varied, fitly eloquent, and mingled with that delicate vivacity with which the ancients knew how to temper didactic severity. This production belongs to the youth of Fénelon: in it one everywhere feels that exquisite taste for simplicity, that love for *naïve* beauty, which constitutes the inimitable character of his writings. The *Letter on Eloquence*,[1] written towards the close of his life, contains only the same doctrine, applied with more extent, ornamented with new developments, everywhere enounced with the mild and persuasive authoity of a man of genius growing old, who discusses little, remembers, and judges; no shorter piece of composition presents a richer and happier choice of *souvenirs* and examples. Fénelon cites them with eloquence, because they come from his soul rather than from his memory. But, among so many beauties, he returns to those that are calmest, most natural, most *naïve;* and then, in order to express what he feels, he has words of an inimitable grace.

[1] *Lettre sur l'Eloquence.*

This *Letter to the Academy*,[1] the *Dialogues on Eloquence*,[2] some *Letters to La Motte on Homer and the Ancients*,[3] place Fénelon in the first rank among critics, and serve to explain the original simplicity of his own writings, and the composition, so antique and so new, of "Telemachus." Fénelon, charmed with the beauties of Virgil and Homer, searches in them for those traits of a *naïve* and passionate truth, which he found especially in Homer, and which he himself calls *that amiable simplicity of a new-born world.* The Greeks appear to him nearer that first epoch, and he prefers to study and imitate them; Homer, Xenophon, and Plato inspired him with "Telemachus." One would be deceived in believing that Fénelon is indebted to Greece for nothing but the charm of Homer's fictions: the idea of moral beauty in the education of a young prince, those philosophic conversations, those proofs of courage, of patience, of humanity in war, respect for oaths,—all these beneficent ideas are borrowed from the *Cyropedia.* In the theories regarding the happiness of a people; in the plan of a state government like a family, we recognize the imagination and the philosophy of Plato. But we may believe that Fénelon, correcting the fables of Homer by the wisdom of Socrates, and forming that happy mixture of the most pleasing fictions, of the purest philosophy, and of the most humane politics, is able to balance, by the charm of this union, the glory of invention which he cedes to each of his models. Without doubt Fénelon has participated in the faults of those that he imitated; and if the combats of "Telemachus" have the grandeur and the fire of the combats of the *Iliad*, Mentor sometimes speaks as long as one of Homer's heroes; and sometimes the details of a somewhat commonplace moral discussion remind us of the long interviews of the *Cyropedia.* Considering "Telemachus" as an inspiration of the Greek muses, it seems that the genius of Fénelon receives from them a force that to him was unnatural. The vehemence of Sophocles is completely

---

[1] *Lettre à l'Académie.* [2] *Dialogues sur l'Eloquence.*
[3] *Lettres à La Motte sur Homère et sur les Anciens.*

preserved in the savage imprecations of Philoctetes. Love burns in the heart of Eucharis as in the verses of Theocritus. Although the beauties of antiquity seem to have been gleaned for the composition of Telemachus, there remains to the author some glory of invention, without taking account of what is creative in the imitation of foreign beauties, inimitable before and after Fénelon. Nothing is more beautiful than the arrangement of "Telemachus," and we do not find less grandeur in the general idea, than taste and skill in the union and contrast of episodes. The chaste and modest loves of Antiope, introduced at the end of the poem, correct, in a sublime manner, the transports of Calypso. The interest of passion is thus twice produced,—once under the image of madness, and again under that of virtue. But, as "Telemachus" is especially a book of political ethics, what the author paints with most force, is ambition, that malady of kings which brings death to peoples,—ambition, great and generous in Sesostris, imprudent in Idomeneus, tyrannical and calamitous in Pygmalion, barbarous, hypocritical, and impious in Adrastus. This last character, superior to Virgil's Mezentius, is traced with a vigor of imagination that no historical truth could surpass. This invention of personages is not less rare than the general invention of a plan. The happiest character among these truthful portraits, is that of young Telemachus. More developed, more active than the Telemachus of the Odyssey, he combines all that can surprise, attach, and instruct;—in the age of passions, he is under the guard of wisdom, which often allows him to fail, because faults are the education of men; he has the pride of the throne, the transport of heroism, and the candor of early youth. This mixture of *hauteur* and *naïveté*, of force and submission, forms perhaps the most touching and most amiable character invented by the epic muse; and, doubtless, Rousseau, a great master in the art of painting and touching, felt this marvellous charm, when he supposed that Telemachus would be, in the eyes of chastity and innocence, the ideal model worthy of a first love.

Great critics have often repeated that the hero of a poem or

a tragedy should not be perfect. They have admired in the Achilles of Homer, in the Rinaldo of Tasso, the interest of faults and passions; but they have not foreseen the interest, not less new, and more instructive, of a character which, at first, is a mixture of all human weaknesses, but gradually disengages itself from them, and is developed while being purified. The character of Telemachus offers the charm of virtue and the vicissitudes of weakness; it has none the less movement because it tends to perfection. It is animated and perfected at the same time; and the interest that we feel is agitated like the strife of passions, and agreeable like the triumph of virtue. Doubtless Fénelon, in this form given to the principal character, sought before all the instruction of his pupil; but he created at the same time one of the most interesting and most novel conceptions of the epopee. In order to completely seize in Telemachus—that treasure of antique riches—the part of invention belonging to the modern author, it would be necessary to compare the Hades and Elysium of Fénelon with the same pictures traced by Homer and Virgil. Whatever may be the sublimity of Ajax's silence; whatever may be the grandeur, the perfection of the sixth book of the Æneid, one would feel all that Fénelon has created anew, or rather all that he has drawn from the Christian mysteries, by an admirable art, or by an unconscious remembrance. The greatest of these beauties unknown to antiquity, is the invention of pains and joys purely spiritual, substituted for the feeble or grotesque picture of physical ills and felicities. Herein Fénelon is sublime, and seizes better than Dante the aid, so new and so great, of Christianity. Nothing is more philosophic and more terrible than the moral tortures which he puts in the heart of the culpable; and, in order to represent these inexpressible griefs, his style acquires a degree of energy not expected from him, and found in no other. But when, delivered from these frightful pictures, he can allow his placid and beneficent imagination to repose upon the dwelling-place of the just, then are heard tones which the human voice has never equalled, and something celestial escapes from his soul

intoxicated with the joy that he describes. These ideas are absolutely foreign to the antique genius; it is the ecstasy of Christian charity; it is a religion wholly of love, interpreted by the sweet and tender soul of Fénelon; it is the *pure love* given as a reward to the just, in the Elysium of mythology. So, when in our days a celebrated writer sought to retrace the Christian paradise, he must have felt more than once that he had been preceded by Fénelon; and in spite of the efforts of a rich imagination, and the easier and freer employment of Christian ideas, he was obliged to throw himself back upon less happy images, and merited only the second rank. The Elysium of Fénelon is one of the creations of modern genius; nowhere does the French language appear more flexible and more melodious. The style of "Telemachus" has been subjected to much criticism; Voltaire has given an example of it with taste. It is certain that the diction so natural, so sweetly animated, sometimes so energetic and bold, is intermingled with feeble and languishing details; but they disappear in the happy facility of the style. The interest of the poem carries the reader along; and great beauties reanimate and transport him. As to those who are offended at some words repeated, at some negligent constructions, let them understand that beauty of language does not consist in a severe and careful correctness, but in a choice of simple, happy, expressive words,—in a free and varied harmony that accompanies style, and sustains it as the accent sustains the voice,—in a sweet glow everywhere diffused, as the soul and life of discourse.

The *Adventures of Aristinous*[1] breathe that melting charm which is given to but few men—to Virgil, to Racine, to Fénelon. In this *morceau* of a few pages, one would divine the author of "Telemachus," as in the *Dialogue of Eucrates and Sylla* we recognize Montesquieu. Only to really superior men belongs the power of thus embracing, in a very narrow compass, the essay of all their genius. After "Telemachus," the most important work of Fénelon, in subject and extent, is the *Treatise*

[1] *Aventures d'Aristinous.*

on the Existence of God.[1] We do not find in it the profundity and the logic of Clarke. Fénelon employs the argument of final causes, which is very favorable to descriptive imagination; he scatters the treasures of eloquence; he paints nature, whose richness and colors he equals with the splendor of his style; often he gives expression to that abundance of tender and passionate sentiments which is the natural language of his heart. Some passages are animated with that luminous and weighty logic of which he gave so many examples in his controversy with Bossuet. It is perhaps found in the highest degree, and freest from ornaments, in his *Letters on Religion*,[2] a model of sincere and convincing discussion. In fine, as style, according to the expression of one of the ancients, is the physiognomy of the soul, all the works of Fénelon bear the stamp of a rare and pathetic genius.

His style has always a recognizable character of simplicity, grace, and sweetness, whether in the passionate flights, in the eloquently mystic language of his *Entretiens affectifs;* whether in the gravity of his *Directions for the Conscience of a King*[3]*;* or in the marvellous fecundity, subtilty, and noble elegance of his polemical theology. His style is never that of a man whose object is to write; it is that of a man possessed of the truth, who expresses it as he feels it at the bottom of his soul. And although in our age we most admire careful composition, in which the labor is more perceptible, and the phrases, formed with more effort, appear to contain more thought; although the energetic diction of Rousseau appears to many judges the most perfect model, we may believe that the style of Fénelon, more in accordance with the character of our language, supposes a rarer and happier genius.

---

[1] *Traité de l'existence de Dieu.*

[2] *Lettres sur Religion.*

[3] *Directions pour le Conscience d'un Roi.*

CRITICAL OPINIONS

UPON

FÉNELON AND HIS WORKS.

Sir James Mackintosh, speaking of the controversy between Fénelon and Bossuet, in his Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, says: "Never were two great men more unlike. Fénelon in his writings exhibits more of the qualities which predispose to religious feelings, than any other equally conspicuous person;—a mind so pure as steadily to contemplate supreme excellence; a heart capable of being touched and affected by the contemplation; a gentle and modest spirit, not elated by the privilege, but seeing its own want of worth as it came nearer to such brightness, and disposed to treat with compassionate forbearance those errors in others, of which it felt a humbling consciousness. Bossuet was rather a greater minister in the ecclesiastical commonwealth; employing knowledge, eloquence, argument, the energy of his character, the influence and even the authority of his station, to vanquish opponents, to extirpate revolters, and, sometimes with a patrician firmness, to withstand the dictatorial encroachment of the Roman pontiff on the spiritual aristocracy of France."

Hallam thus speaks of "Telemachus:" "The Telémaque of Fénelon, after being suppressed in France, appeared in Holland clandestinely, without the author's consent, in 1699. It is needless to say that it soon obtained the admiration of Europe;

and, perhaps, there is no book in the French language that has been more read. Fénelon seems to have conceived that, metre not being essential, as he assumed, to poetry, he had, by imitating the Odyssey in Telémaque, produced an epic of as legitimate a character as his model. But the boundaries between epic poetry, especially such epics as the Odyssey, and romance were only perceptible by the employment of verse in the former; no elevation of character, no ideality of conception, no charm of imagery or emotion, had been denied to romance. The language of poetry had for two centuries been seized for its use. Telémaque must therefore take its place among romances; but still it is true that no romance had breathed so classical a spirit, none had abounded so much with the richness of poetical language,—much, in fact, of Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles having been woven in with no other change than verbal translation,—nor had any preserved such dignity in its circumstances, such beauty, harmony, and nobleness in its diction. It would be as idle to say that Fénelon was indebted to D'Urfé and Calprenede, as to deny that some degree of resemblance may be found in their poetical prose. The one belonged to the morals of chivalry, generous but exaggerated; the other to those of wisdom and religion. The one had been forgotten, because its tone is false; the other is ever admired, and is only less regarded, because it is true in excess,—because it contains too much of what we know. Telémaque, like some other of Fénelon's writings, is to be considered in reference to its object; an object of all the noblest, being to form the character of one to whom many must look up for their welfare, but still very different from the inculcation of profound truth. The beauties of Telémaque are very numerous; the descriptions, and, indeed, the whole tone of the book, have a charm of grace something like the pictures of Guido; but there is also a certain languor which steals over us in reading; and, though there is no real want of variety in the narration, it reminds us so continually of its source, the Homeric legends, as to become rather monotonous. The abandonment of verse has produced too much diffuseness; it

will be observed, if we look attentively, that where Homer is circumstantial, Fénelon is more so; in this he sometimes approaches the minuteness of the romancers. But these defects are more than compensated by the moral and even æsthetic excellence of this romance."

Dr. Hugh Blair, in one of his Lectures on the Epic Poets, thus speaks of the same work: "In reviewing the epic poets, it were unjust to make no mention of the amiable author of the Adventures of Telemachus. This work, though not composed in verse, is justly entitled to be held a poem. The measured poetical prose in which it is written is remarkably harmonious, and gives the style nearly as much elevation as the French language is capable of supporting, even in regular verse.

"The plan of the work is, in general, well contrived, and is deficient neither in epic grandeur nor unity of object. The author has entered with much felicity into the spirit and ideas of the ancient poets, particularly into the ancient mythology, which retains more dignity and makes a better figure in his hands, than in those of any modern poet. His descriptions are rich and beautiful, especially of the softer and calmer scenes, for which the genius of Fénelon was best suited; such as the incidents of pastoral life, the pleasures of virtue, or a country flourishing in peace. There is an inimitable sweetness and tenderness in several of the pictures of this kind which he has given.

"The best executed part of the work is the first six books, in which Telemachus recounts his adventures to Calypso. The narrative throughout them is lively and interesting; afterwards, especially in the last twelve books, it becomes more tedious and languid; and in the warlike adventures which are attempted, there is a great defect of vigor. The chief objection against this work being classed with epic poems, arises from the minute details of virtuous policy into which the author in some places enters; and from the discourses and instructions of Mentor, which recur upon us too often, and too much in the strain of commonplace morality. Though these were well suited to

the main design of the author, which was to form the mind of a young prince, yet they seem not congruous to the nature of epic poetry, the object of which is to improve us by means of actions, characters, and sentiments, rather than by delivering professed and formal instructions.

"Several of the epic poets have described a descent into hell; and in the prospects they have given us of the invisible world, we may observe the gradual refinement of men's notions concerning a state of future rewards and punishments. The descent of Ulysses into hell, in Homer's Odyssey, presents to us a very indistinct and dreary sort of object. The scene is laid in the country of the Cimmerians, which is always covered with clouds and darkness, at the extremity of the ocean. When the spirits of the dead begin to appear, we scarcely know whether Ulysses is above ground or below it. None of the ghosts, even of the heroes, appear satisfied with their condition in the other world; and when Ulysses endeavors to comfort Achilles by reminding him of the illustrious figure which he must make in those regions, Achilles roundly tells him that all such speeches are idle; for he would rather be a day-laborer on earth, than have command of all the dead.

"In the sixth book of the Æneid, we discern a much greater refinement of ideas, corresponding to the progress which the world had then made in philosophy. The objects there delineated are more clear and distinct, and more grand and awful. The separate mansions of good and bad spirits, with the punishments of the one and the employments and happiness of the other, are finely described, and in consistency with the most pure morality. But the visit which Fénelon makes Telemachus pay to the Shades is much more philosophical than Virgil's. He employs the same fables and the same mythology; but we find the ancient mythology refined by the knowledge of the true religion, and adorned with that beautiful enthusiasm for which Fénelon was so distinguished. His account of the happiness of the just is an excellent description in the mystic strain, and very expressive of the genius and spirit of the author."

Dr. Channing, in reviewing a book entitled "Selections from the Writings of Fénelon," says:

"We welcome a book from Fénelon; and we do so, because, if not a profound he was an original thinker, and because, though a Catholic, he was essentially free. He wrote from his own mind, and seldom has a purer mind tabernacled in flesh. He professed to believe in an infallible Church; but he listened habitually to the voice of God within him, and speaks of this in language so strong as to have given the Quakers some plea for ranking him among themselves. So little did he confine himself to established notions that he drew upon himself the censures of his Church, and, like some other Christians whom we could name, has been charged with a refined Deism. His works have the great charm of coming fresh from the soul. He wrote from experience, and hence, though he often speaks in language which must seem almost a foreign one to men of the world, yet he always speaks in a tone of reality. That he has excesses we mean not to deny, but they are of a kind which we regard with more than indulgence, almost with admiration. . . . . .

"Fénelon saw far into the human heart, and especially into the lurkings of self-love. He looked with a piercing eye through the disguises of sin; but he knew sin, not as most men do, by bitter experience of its power, so much as by his knowledge and experience of virtue. Deformity was revealed to him by his refined perceptions and intense love of moral beauty. The light which he carried with him into the dark corners of the human heart, and by which he laid open its most hidden guilt, was that of celestial goodness. Hence, though the severest of censors, he is the most pitying. Not a tone of asperity escapes him. He looks on human error with an angel's tenderness, with tears which an angel might shed, and thus reconciles and binds us to our race, at the very moment of revealing its corruptions.

"That Fénelon's views of human nature were dark, too dark, we learn from almost every page of his writings; and at this we cannot wonder. He was early thrown into the very

Court from which Rochefoucauld drew his celebrated Maxims—perhaps the very spot, above all others on the face of the earth, distinguished and disgraced by selfishness, hypocrisy, and intrigue. When we think of Fénelon in the palace of Louis the Fourteenth, it reminds us of a seraph sent on a divine commission into the abodes of the lost; and when we recollect that in that atmosphere he composed his Telemachus, we doubt whether the records of the world furnish stronger evidence of the power of a divine virtue to turn temptation into glory and strength, and to make even crowned and prosperous vice a means of triumph and exaltation. . . . . ."

The Edinburgh Review, vol. 107, in an article upon a work entitled *Mémoires et Journal sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Bossuet*, says: "Bossuet was born with all the vigor and fixity of age; Fénelon retained until death all the generous glow and boundless elasticity of youth. Bossuet preached the doctrine of fear,—Fénelon that of love. Bossuet's mind was petrified by ever looking back,—that of Fénelon was directed ever forward, in spite of the taunts and despair of skeptics and unbelievers. The one loved immutability, the other progress. In the heart of the one ruled mistrust, in that of the other confidence. Bossuet was a Conservative, Fénelon a Liberal. The genius of the former was Hebrew and Roman, that of the latter Grecian and Evangelical. The one had the stern majesty of a prophet by Michael Angelo, the other the ecstatic beauty of a martyr by Guido Reni."

THE WORKS OF FÉNELON.

I. Treatise on the Education of Girls (*Traité de l'Education des Filles*), 1681–1687.

II. Treatise on the Office of Pastors (*Traité du Ministère des Pasteurs*), 1688, in 12mo.

III. Explanation of the Maxims of the Saints (*Explication des Maximes des Saints*), 1697, in 12mo.

IV. Adventures of Telemachus (*Aventures de Telémaque*), 1699, the editions of which are innumerable.

V. Dialogues of the Dead (*Dialogues des Morts, Composés pour l'Education d'un Prince*), 1712, in 12mo.

VI. Dialogues on Eloquence in general, and on that of the Pulpit in particular, with a Letter to the French Academy (*Dialogues sur l'Eloquence en général et sur celle de la chaire en particulier, avec une Lettre à l'Academie Française*), 1718, in 12mo.

VII. Examination of a King's Conscience (*Examen de la Conscience d'un Roi*), 1734.

VIII. Letters on Different Subjects, pertaining to Religion and Metaphysics (*Lettres sur divers sujets, concernant la Religion et la Métaphysique*), 1718.

IX. Demonstration of the Existence of God (*Démonstration de l'Existence de Dieu*), 1713.

X. Selections from Sermons on Different Subjects (*Recueil de Sermons choisis sur differents sujets*), 1710.

XI. Spiritual Works (*Œuvres Spirituelles*).

The only complete edition of Fénelon's works is said to be that of Versailles, 34 vols. in 8vo, begun at Versailles, in 1820, by Lebel, as publisher, and finished in Paris in 1830 by Leclerc. In the edition of Besançon (27 vols. in 8vo, 1830), more than half of the correspondence is omitted. In 1782 the Assembly of the Clergy of France appropriated forty thousand livres to defray the expenses of publishing the works of Fénelon. The preparation of the edition was intrusted first to the Abbé Gallard, and afterwards to the Abbé de Querbeuf; but, from

whatever cause, in this collection of Fénelon's writings (9 vols. in 4to, Paris, 1787–1792), the reader will seek in vain for those on Quietism and Jansenism, his *Explication des Maximes*, and his *Mandements*. The edition of Toulouse (19 vols. 12mo, 1809–1811) contains Querbeuf's Life of Fénelon, and four *Instructions Pastorales*, and an *Abridgement of the Lives of the Ancient Philosophers*, omitted in the previous edition. A good selection from Fénelon's works was published by Perisse Frères, Paris, 1842, 4 vols. 8vo. Didot Frères have published the works of Fénelon in three large 8vo. volumes, which is a cheap (30 franc) and very good edition. The edition of Versailles mentioned above is the best.

Of the innumerable editions of "Telemachus," that of Lefèvre (1 vol. 8vo, Paris, 1853) is perhaps the best.

The most complete biographical account of Fénelon is that given by M. de Bausset in his *Histoire de Fénelon* (3 vols. 8vo, 1808). The Abbé Gosselin, director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, published an interesting book in 1843, entitled, *Literary History of Fénelon, or Historical and Literary Review of his Writings* (Paris, 1 vol. 8vo).

We intend in our collection of the French classics, to give either carefully revised or new translations of all the works of Fénelon that have an enduring interest.

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK I.

Telemachus, conducted by Minerva under the likeness of Mentor, lands, after having suffered shipwreck, upon the island of the goddess Calypso, who is still regretting the departure of Ulysses. The goddess receives him favorably, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and inquires after his adventures. He recounts his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; the danger he was in of being offered as a sacrifice to the manes of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor and he gave Acestes against an incursion of barbarians, and the gratitude of the king, who, to reward their service, gave them a Tyrian vessel, that they might return to their country.

Calypso was unable to console herself for the departure of Ulysses.[1] She regretted her immortality,[2] as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair. Her grotto no more echoed with the music of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance, with timidity and silence. She often wandered alone along the borders of her island, amid the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the memory of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walks. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and while her eyes were fixed on that part of the horizon, where the lessen-

---

[1] Ulysses had left Calypso by order of Jupiter. See the fifth book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

[2] Venus, in the idyl of Bion on the death of Adonis, complains of living and of being a goddess, and of not being able to follow her lover. "Oh wretchedness! that I must live and be divine, and unable to follow thee!" Calypso herself will say further on (Book vi.), "My divinity no more serves me but to render my unhappiness eternal. Would that I could end my misery with death!" Fénelon imitates the discourse of Inachus in Ovid (*Metam.*, i. 661): "Nor is it possible for me to end grief so great by death; but it is a detriment to be a god; and the gate of death being shut against me, extends my grief to eternal ages."

ing bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears.

Here she was one day surprised with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck: broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; a rudder, a mast, and some cordage were floating near the shore. Soon after, she perceived at a distance two men, one of whom appeared to be aged, and in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance of Ulysses. The same benevolence and dignity were united in his aspect; his stature was equally lofty, and his port equally majestic. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus; but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superior deities to conceal whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso.

Calypso, however, rejoiced in the happy shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son. She advanced to meet him; and, affecting not to know him, she said: "How hast thou presumed to land on this island? Knowest thou not, that from my dominions no daring intruder departs unpunished?" By this menace she hoped to conceal the joy which glowed in her bosom, and which she could not prevent from sparkling in her countenance.

"Whoever thou art,"[1] replied Telemachus; "whether thou art indeed a goddess, or whether, with all the appearance of divinity, thou art yet mortal; canst thou regard with insensibility the misfortunes of a son, who, committing his life to the caprice of the winds and waves in search of a father, has suffered shipwreck against these rocks?" "Who then is thy

[1] The discourse of Ulysses to Nausicaa (*Odyss.*, vi. 149) begins with a similar thought: "I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art some goddess or mortal." Æneas, in Virgil (*Æneid*, i. 327), says to Venus, whom he meets without knowing her: "O virgin, by what name shall I address thee? for thou wearest not the looks of a mortal, nor sounds thy voice human. O thou a goddess surely!"

father whom thou seekest?" inquired the goddess. "He is one of the confederate kings," answered Telemachus, "who, after a siege of ten years, laid Troy in ashes, and his name is Ulysses; a name which he has rendered famous by his prowess, and yet more by his wisdom, not only through all Greece, but to the remotest boundaries of Asia. He is now a wanderer on the deep, the sport of tempests which no force can resist, and the prey of dangers which no sagacity can elude. His country seems to fly before him.[1] Penelope, his wife, despairs at Ithaca of his return. I, though equally destitute of hope, pursue him through all the perils that he has passed, and seek him upon every coast. I seek him; but, alas! perhaps the sea has already closed over him forever! O goddess, compassionate our distress; and, if thou knowest what the fates have wrought, either to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe this knowledge to Telemachus his son!"

Such force of eloquence, such maturity of wisdom, and such blooming youth, filled the bosom of Calypso with astonishment and tenderness: she gazed upon him with a fixed attention; but her eyes were still unsatisfied, and she remained some time silent. At length she said: "We will acquaint you, Telemachus, with the adventures of your father. But the story will be long: it is now time that you should repair that strength by rest, which has been exhausted by labor. Come into my dwelling, where I will receive you as my son; come,—you shall be my comfort in this solitude; and, if you are not voluntarily wretched, I will be your felicity."

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs, among whom she was distinguished by the superiority of her stature,[2] as the towering summit of a

---

[1] Fénelon seems to remember those verses which Virgil (*Æneid*, v. 626) puts in the mouth of Beroe: "The seventh summer since the destruction of Troy is already rolled away, while we, having measured all lands and seas, so many inhospitable rocks and barbarous climes, are driven about; while along the wide ocean we pursue an ever-fleeing Italy, and are tossed on the waves."

[2] Homer (*Odyss.*, vi. 107), describing Diana in the midst of her nymphs,

lofty oak is seen, in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied with graceful[1] negligence behind her, and the vivacity and softness that were mingled in her eyes. Mentor followed Telemachus, modestly silent, and looking downwards.

When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprised to discover, under the appearance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, indeed, neither gold, nor silver, nor marble; no decorated columns,[2] no paintings, no statues were to be seen; but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles; and the want of tapestry was supplied by the luxuriance of a young vine, which extended its branches equally on every side.[3] Here the heat

---

says that she is a head taller than all: "Above all by her head and her forehead, for she is easily known, but all of them are fair." Virgil, speaking of Turnus (*Æneid*, vii. 784), uses the same image: "Turnus himself, a comely personage, moves on in the van, wielding his arms, and by a full head overtops the rest." Milton, too, has borrowed the image (*Par. Lost*, ix. 386):

—"but Delia's self
In gait surpassed, and goddess-like deport."

[1] "For whom dost bind thy golden hair, plain in thy neatness."—Horace, I., *Od.* v.

[2] "Nor ivory, nor fretted ceiling adorned with gold, glitters in my house: no Hymettian beams rest upon pillars, cut out of the extreme parts of Africa."—Hor. II., *Od.* xviii.

[3] These and some of the following details are taken from Homer's description of Calypso's grotto (*Odyss.*, v. 60–70): "He came to the great cave in which the fair-haired nymph dwelt, and he found her within. A large fire was burning on the hearth, and at a distance the smell of well-cleft cedar, and of frankincense, that were burning, shed odor through the island: but she within was singing with a beautiful voice, and going over the web, woven with a golden shuttle. But a flourishing wood sprung up around her grot—alder, and poplar, and sweet-smelling cypress. There, also, birds with spreading wings slept, owls, and hawks, and wide-tongued crows of the ocean, to which maritime employments are a care. There a vine in its prime was spread about the hollow grot, and it flourished with clusters. But four fountains flowed in succession with white water, turned near one another, in different ways; but around these flourished soft meadows of violets and of parsley. There, indeed, even an immortal coming would admire it when he beheld, and would be delighted in his mind."

of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze; the rivulets that with soothing murmurs wandered through meadows of intermingled violets and amaranth,[1] formed innumerable baths that were pure and transparent as crystal; the verdant carpet which nature had spread around the grotto was adorned with a thousand flowers. At a small distance, there was a wood of those trees that in every season unfold new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance, and ripen into golden fruit.[2] In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun,[3] and heightened the beauty of the adjacent meadows by an agreeable contrast of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the song of birds, or the sound of water, which falling from the summit of a rock, was dashed into foam below, where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily over the meadow.[4]

The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of a hill. It commanded a prospect of the sea, sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid; sometimes swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore.[5] At another view a river was discovered, in which were many islands, surrounded with limes that were covered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds. The streams which formed those islands seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness: some rolled along in translucent waves with a tumultuous rapidity; some glided away in silence with

---

[1] It is probable that Fénelon has used the word amaranth, without attaching to it any definite meaning, simply designating by it any agreeable flower.

[2] An orange grove.

[3] "A dense thicket, which neither the force of the moist-blowing winds breathed through, nor did the shining sun strike it with its beams, nor did the showers penetrate through it, so thick was it."—*Odyss.*, xix. 440.

[4] "A gentle rivulet swiftly running through the mead."—Virg. *Geor.*, iv. 19.

[5] "Leave the mad billows to buffet the shores."—Virg. *Ecl.*, ix. 43. "When the sea was aroused, and an enormous mass of waters seemed to bend and to grow in the form of a mountain, and to send forth a roaring noise, and to burst asunder at its very summit."—Ovid, *Metam.*, xv. 508. This hyperbolical comparison has been often employed, both by poets and by prose writers.

a motion that was scarcely perceptible; others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise[1] through which they flowed. The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapors that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with strange forms that were equally pleasing and romantic. The mountains that were less remote, were covered with vines, the branches of which were interwoven with each other, and hung down in festoons. Grapes, which surpassed in lustre the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain; so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden, of infinite variety and boundless extent.

Calypso, having displayed this profusion of nature's beauty to Telemachus, said to him: "Go now, and refresh yourself, and change your apparel, which is wet. I will afterwards see you again, and relate such things as shall affect your heart." She then caused him to enter, with his friend, into the most secret recess of a grotto adjoining her own. Here the nymphs had already kindled a fire with some billets of cedar, which perfumed the place, and had left change of apparel for the new guests.

Telemachus, perceiving that a tunic of the finest wool, whiter than snow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, were intended for him, contemplated the magnificence of his dress with a pleasure natural to a youth.

Mentor perceived his weakness, and reproved it. "Are these then," said he, "O Telemachus, such thoughts as become the son of Ulysses? Be rather studious to appropriate the charac-

---

[1] The French poet, Quinault, in his tragedy of *Armide* (II. 3), which Voltaire called a masterpiece, and which inspired Glück while composing his opera of the same name, precedes Fénelon in this beautiful imaginative picture:

"This river gently flows,
Regretfully leaving a region so charming."

ter of thy father, and to surmount the persecutions of fortune. The youth who, like a woman, loves to adorn his person, has renounced all claim to wisdom and to glory: glory is due to him only who can bear pain, and trample pleasure under his feet."

Telemachus answered with a sigh: "May the gods destroy me, rather than suffer me to be enslaved by voluptuous effeminacy! No; the son of Ulysses shall never be seduced by the charms of enervating and inglorious ease! But how gracious is heaven, to have directed us, destitute and shipwrecked, to this goddess, or this mortal, who has loaded us with benefits!"

"Fear rather," replied Mentor, "lest her wiles should overwhelm thee with ruin; fear her deceitful blandishments more than the rocks on which thou hast suffered shipwreck; for shipwreck and death are less dreadful than those pleasures by which virtue is subverted. Believe not the tales which she shall relate. The presumption of youth hopes all things from itself, and, however impotent, believes it has power over every event; it dreams of security in the midst of danger, and listens to subtilty without suspicion. Beware of Calypso's seducing eloquence, which, like a serpent, glides beneath flowers;—dread the concealed poison! Trust not thyself, but confide implicitly in my counsel."

They then returned to Calypso, who was waiting for them. Her nymphs, who were dressed in white, and had their hair braided, set before them a repast, which, though it was simple, and consisted only of such game as they had either taken with their nets, or killed in the chase, was yet of exquisite taste, and served up with elegance. Wine, more richly flavored than nectar, was poured from large silver vases, and sparkled in cups of gold that were wreathed with flowers; and baskets were heaped with all the variety of fruit that is promised by spring and bestowed by autumn. In the mean time four of the attendant nymphs began to sing. Their first theme was the battle of the Gods and Titans; then they celebrated the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his

education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta[1] with Hippomenes, by whom she was conquered with golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides:[2] the wars of Troy were reserved to the last; the prowess and the wisdom of Ulysses were extolled to the heavens. The principal nymph, whose name was Leucothoe, to the harmonious voices of the chorus joined the music of her lyre.

When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears which stole down his cheeks added new lustre to his beauty.[3] But Calypso, perceiving that he was too sensibly touched, and neglected to eat, made a signal to her nymphs. They immediately changed the subject to the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the descent of Orpheus to bring back his Eurydice from hell.

When the repast was ended, Calypso took Telemachus aside, and addressed him thus: "Thou seest, O son of the great Ulysses, with what favor I have received thee. Know, that I am immortal: no human foot profanes this island unpunished; nor could even shipwreck avert my indignation from thee, if my heart were not touched with more than thy misfortunes. Thy father was equally distinguished by my favor; but, alas! he knew not how to improve the advantage. I detained him long in this island; and here he might have lived forever in a state of immortality[4] with me; but a fond desire of returning

[1] This was the Bœotian Atalanta. When her father desired her to marry, she required every suitor to contend with her in the foot-race, because she was the most swift-footed of mortals. If he conquered her, he was to be rewarded with her hand; if he was conquered, he was to be put to death. She conquered many suitors, but was at length overcome by Hippomenes with the assistance of Venus. The goddess of love had given him three golden apples, gathered in the gardens of the Hesperides, and during the race he dropped them one after the other: their beauty charmed Atalanta so much, that she could not abstain from picking them up, and Hippomenes thus gained the goal before her. She accordingly became his wife.

[2] "Then he sings the virgin, charmed with the apples of the Hesperides."—Virg. *Ecl.*, vi. 61.

[3] La Fontaine, in his poem of *Adonis*, paints Venus weeping, and adding lustre to her beauty with her tears. As we might expect, he has been preceded by Ovid.

[4] Calypso says to Mercury, speaking of Ulysses (*Odyss.*, v. 135): "Him

to his wretched country blinded him to the prospect of superior felicity. Thou seest what he has lost for Ithaca, to which he can never return. He resolved to leave me, and departed; but a tempest revenged the insult, and the vessel in which he had embarked, having been long the sport of the storm, was at last swallowed up in the deep. Let this example influence thy conduct. All hopes of again seeing thy father, and of succeeding to his throne, are now at an end. Do not too deeply regret his loss, since thou hast found a goddess who offers thee superior dominion, and more permanent felicity."

Calypso, after this declaration, exerted all her eloquence to display the happiness she had conferred upon Ulysses;—she recounted his adventures[1] in the Cave of Polyphemus, the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphates, king of the Læstrygones;—she forgot neither what happened to him in the island of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, nor the dangers of his passage between Scylla and Charybdis. She described the tempest that had been raised against him by Neptune, after his departure from her, in which she insinuated that he had perished, concealing his arrival in the island of the Pheacians.

Telemachus, who had too hastily congratulated himself upon the bounty of Calypso, now perceived the evil of her designs, and the wisdom of that counsel which had been just given him by Mentor. He answered in few words: "Forgive, O goddess, my sorrow; my heart is now susceptible only of regret; but I may hereafter be again capable of felicity. Suffer me now to pay at least a few tears to the memory of my father: thou knowest, better than his son, how well he deserves the tribute."

Calypso, perceiving that it was not now her interest to press him further, feigned to participate in his sorrow, and to regret the fate of Ulysses. But, that she might gain a more perfect knowledge of the means by which his affections were to be

---

indeed I loved and nourished, and I said that I would make him immortal and free from old age."

[1] These different adventures are recounted in the *Odyssey*, ix. x. xii.

engaged, she inquired the particulars of his shipwreck, and by what accident he had been thrown upon her coast. "The story of my misfortunes," said he, "will be too long." "No, no," responded Calypso, "I am impatient to hear it; indulge me, therefore, without delay." Telemachus long refused; but she continued her solicitations, and at length he complied.

"I set out from Ithaca[1] to inquire after my father of those princes who had returned from the siege of Troy. The suitors of Penelope, my mother, were surprised at my departure; because from them, whom I knew to be perfidious, I had concealed my purpose. Neither Nestor, whom I saw at Pylos, nor Menelaus, who received me with affection at Lacedemon, knew whether my father was among the living or dead. Impatient of perpetual suspense and uncertainty, I resolved to go into Sicily, whither my father was said to have been driven by contrary winds. But the prudent Mentor, who is here the companion of my fortunes, opposed the execution of so rash a design; he represented my danger, upon the one hand, from the Cyclops, the gigantic monsters who riot on human flesh, and, on the other, from the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans, who were hovering about those coasts. 'The Trojans,' said he, 'are irritated against all the Greeks; but, above all, against Ulysses, whose son, therefore, they would rejoice to destroy. Return then to Ithaca. Perhaps your father, who is beloved by the gods, may have returned already. But if heaven has decreed his death, if he shall see Ithaca no more, it is fit that you return to avenge him and to deliver your mother; to display your wisdom to attending nations; and to let all Greece behold, in Telemachus, a sovereign not less worthy of the throne than Ulysses.'

"This counsel, which was the voice of reason, I rejected, and listened only to the suggestions of my passions; but such was

---

[1] Telemachus, setting out from Ithaca by the counsel of Minerva, went first to Pylos, then to Sparta, in order to make inquiries of Nestor and Menelaus about his father. See the *Odyssey*, ii. iii. iv. In Homer, the voyage of Telemachus ends at Sparta.

the affection of Mentor for me, that he embarked with me for that voyage, which, in the folly of my presumption, I undertook contrary to his advice; and the gods, perhaps, permitted the fault, that the calamity which it drew upon me might teach me wisdom."

While Telemachus had been speaking, Calypso had attentively considered Mentor, and was suddenly chilled with astonishment. She imagined that she perceived in him something more than human. Not being able to resolve the perplexity of her thoughts into any probable determination, the presence of this inscrutable being continued to agitate her mind with suspicion and dread. Fearing yet more that her confusion should be perceived, she said to Telemachus: "Proceed, and gratify my curiosity." Telemachus resumed his story thus:

"We steered some time with a favorable wind for Sicily, but at length a tempest overcast the sky, and involved us in sudden darkness.[1] By the transient gleams of the lightning we perceived other vessels that were exposed to the same danger; and were soon convinced that they were part of the Trojan fleet, and were not less to be dreaded by us than shoals and rocks. Then, but too late, I perfectly comprehended what the ardor of youth had before prevented me from considering with sufficient attention. In this dreadful exigence, Mentor appeared not only fearless and calm, but more than usually cheerful; he encouraged me to hope, and as he spoke, I perceived myself inspired with invincible fortitude. While he was directing the navigation of the vessel with the utmost tranquillity, the pilot being incapacitated by terror and confusion, I said to him: 'My dear Mentor, why did I reject your advice? What greater evil can befall me than a confidence in my own opinion, at an age which can form no judgment of the future, has gained no experience from the past, and knows not

---

[1] "In an instant clouds snatch the heavens and day from the eyes of the Trojans; sable night sits brooding on the sea, thunder roars from pole to pole, the sky glares with repeated flashes, and all nature threatens them with immediate death."—Virg. *Æn.*, i. 88.

how to employ the present? If we survive this tempest, I will distrust myself as my most dangerous enemy, and confide only in Mentor.'

"Mentor replied with a smile: 'I have no desire to reproach you with the fault you have committed; if you have such a sense of it as will enable you to repress the violence of desire hereafter, I am satisfied. But when danger is past, perhaps presumption will return. By courage only can we now escape. Before we incur danger, we should consider it as formidable; but when it is present, we should treat it with contempt. Show thyself worthy of Ulysses, then, and discover a mind superior to all the evils which combine against thee.'

"The candor and magnanimity of Mentor gave me great pleasure; but I was transported with wonder and delight at the stratagem by which he delivered us. Just as the clouds broke, and the light must in a few minutes have discovered us to the Trojans, who were very near, he remarked that one of their vessels, which greatly resembled ours, except that the stern was decorated with garlands of flowers, had been separated from the rest of the fleet in the storm; he immediately placed ornaments of the same kind at the stern of our vessel, and made them fast himself with bandages of the same color as those of the Trojans; he also ordered the rowers to stoop over their seats as low as possible, that our enemies might not discover them to be Greeks. In this manner he proceeded through the midst of their fleet; and the Trojans, mistaking us for their companions which had been missing, shouted as we passed. We were some time forced irresistibly along with them, but at length found means to linger behind; and while they were driven by the impetuosity of the wind towards Africa,[1] we labored at the oar and made our utmost effort to land on the neighboring coast of Sicily.

"Our labor indeed succeeded; but the port which we sought was scarcely less to be dreaded than the fleet which we had

---

[1] "The weary Trojans direct their course towards the nearest shores, and make the coast of Libya."—*Æn.*, i. 157.

endeavored to avoid; for on the coast of Sicily we found other fugitives from Troy, who had settled there under the government of Acestes,[1] who was himself of Trojan extraction. We had no sooner landed than these people, imagining either that we were inhabitants of some other part of the island, who had taken arms to surprise them, or a foreign enemy, who had invaded the country, burnt our vessel in the first tumult of their rage, and put all our companions to the sword. Mentor and myself were spared only that we might be presented to Acestes, and that he might learn from us what were our designs and whence we came. We entered the city, with our hands bound behind[2] us; and had nothing to expect from this respite but that our death would be made the spectacle of a cruel people as soon as they should discover us to be Greeks.

"We were brought before Acestes, who was sitting with a sceptre of gold in his hand, administering justice to his people, and preparing to assist at a solemn sacrifice. He asked us, with a stern voice, the name of our country and the purpose of our voyage. Mentor instantly replied: 'We come from the coast of the greater Hesperia,[3] and our country is not far from thence.' He thus avoided a declaration that we were Greeks. But Acestes would hear no more, and concluding that we were strangers, who had formed some evil design, which we were therefore solicitous to conceal, he commanded that we should be sent into the neighboring forests to serve as slaves under those who had the care of his herds.

"To live upon this condition seemed to me harder than to die. I cried out: 'O king, punish us rather with death than

---

[1] "But Acestes, from a mountain's lofty summit, struck with the distant prospect of their arrival, and at the friendly ships, comes up to them, all rough with javelins, and the hide of an African bear; whom, begotten by the river Crinisius, a Trojan mother bore."—*Æn.*, v. 36.

[2] "In the mean time, behold, Trojan shepherds, with loud acclamations, came dragging to the king a youth, whose hands were bound behind him."—*Æn.*, ii. 57.

[3] Italy, and more especially that portion of it called Magna Grecia, is designated. Virgil places the tomb of Caieta where the city of Gaeta now stands, in *Hesperia Magna*.—*Æn.*, vii. 7.

infamy. Know that I am Telemachus, son of the wise Ulysses, king of Ithaca; in search of my father I am bound to every shore; but, in this search, if I am not permitted to succeed, if I must never more return to my country, and if I can no longer live but as a slave, put an end to my life, and relieve me from a burden that I cannot support.'

"This exclamation inflamed the multitude; and they immediately demanded that the son of Ulysses, by whose inhuman subtlety Troy had been subverted, should be put to death. Acestes then turning to me, cried out: 'I cannot refuse thy blood, O son of Ulysses, to the manes of those Trojans with whom thy father crowded the banks of Cocytus: thou must die, and thy conductor shall perish with thee.' At the same instant, an old man proposed to the king that we should be offered up on the tomb of Anchises. 'The shade of that hero,' said he, 'will be gratified with their blood; and even the great Æneas, when he shall be told of such a sacrifice, will be touched with joy at the zeal of your affection for the supreme object of his own.'

"This proposition was received with a shout of applause, and the execution of it was immediately begun. We were conducted to the tomb of Anchises, where two altars had been prepared; the hallowed fire was kindled, and the sacrificial knife lay before us. They had adorned us, as victims, with garlands of flowers; and the pleadings of compassion were overborne by the impetuosity of zeal. But, just at this dreadful crisis, Mentor, with all the calmness of security, demanded audience of the king, and addressed him thus:

"'O Acestes, if the misfortunes of Telemachus, who is yet a youth, and has never borne arms against the Trojans, can excite no pity in thy breast, at least let thy own danger awaken thy attention. The skill that I have acquired in omens, by which the will of the gods is discovered, enables me to foretell, that within three days a nation of barbarians will rush upon thee from the mountains, like a flood, to spoil thy city and overspread thy country with desolation. Make haste to avert the torrent; arm thy people, and secure within

the walls of the city whatever is valuable in the field. If, when three days have elapsed, my predictions shall appear to have been false, let these altars be stained with our blood; but, on the contrary, if it shall be confirmed by the event, let Acestes remember that he ought not to take away the life of those to whom he will be indebted for his own.'

"At these words, which were pronounced not with the diffidence of conjecture, but the assurance of certain knowledge, Acestes was astonished. 'I perceive, O stranger,' said he, 'that the gods, who have allotted thee so small a portion of the gifts of fortune, have enriched thee with the more valuable treasures of wisdom.' He then commanded the solemnities of the sacrifice to be suspended, and immediately made preparations against the invasion which had been predicted by Mentor. Multitudes of women, trembling with fear, and men decrepit with age, followed by children, whom the alarm had terrified into tears, were seen on every side, crowding to the city. Bleating sheep and lowing cattle came in such droves from the pastures, that they were obliged to stand without cover in the street. A confused noise was everywhere to be heard, of multitudes that jostled each other with tumultuous and undistinguished outcries, that mistook a stranger for a friend, and pressed forward with the utmost eagerness, though they knew not whither they were going. The principal citizens, indeed, imagining themselves to be wiser than the rest, regarded Mentor as an impostor, who had invented a falsehood to prolong his life.

"Before the end of the third day, while they were yet applauding their own sagacity, a cloud of dust was perceived upon the declivity of the neighboring mountains, and an innumerable multitude of armed barbarians were soon after distinguished. These were the Himerians, and other savages, that inhabit the Nebrodian mountains, and the summit of Acragas[1]; regions in which the severity of the winter is never

[1] The city of Himera, in Sicily, was celebrated in antiquity. It was situated west of the mouth of the river Himera, whose source was at the

softened by the breezes of spring. Those who had despised the prediction of Mentor, were now punished by the loss of their slaves and their cattle; and the king addressed him to this effect: 'From henceforth I forget that you are Greeks, since you are no more enemies, but friends; and, as you were, doubtless, sent by the gods for our deliverance, I hope not less from your valor than I have experienced from your wisdom; delay not, therefore, to afford us your assistance.'

"There appears in the eyes of Mentor a daring that awes the fiercest combatants. He snatches a shield, a helmet, a sword, a lance: he draws up the soldiers of Acestes, and advances towards the enemy at their head. Acestes, whose courage is still high, but whose body is enfeebled by age, can only follow him at a distance. I approach nearer to his person, but not to his valor. In the battle, his cuirass resembles the immortal ægis of Minerva. Death, watching his sword as a signal, follows him from rank to rank. Thus a lion of Numidia, that hunger has made yet more furious, rushes among the flock;[1] he kills and tears to pieces without resistance; and the shepherds, instead of attempting to defend their sheep, fly with terror and trepidation to preserve themselves.

"The barbarians, who hoped to have surprised the city, were themselves surprised and disconcerted. The subjects of Acestes, animated by the example and the voice of Mentor, exerted a power which they knew not that they possessed.

---

foot of the Nebrodes, the great chain of mountains running through the whole island. Mount Acragas was in the neighborhood of the city of the same name, the Agrigentum of the Romans, the Girgenti of to-day.

[1] "As a famished lion, making wild havoc amid a sheep-fold (for ravenous hunger prompts him on), grinds and tears the flock, feeble and dumb with fear, and gnashes his bloody jaws: nor less was the carnage made by Euryalus: he too, all on fire, rages throughout, and in the middle falls upon a vulgar, nameless throng."—*Æn.*, ix. 339.

"He then . . . . advanced, brandishing two spears, like a lion reared in the mountains, which hath been long in want of flesh, and whose valiant mind impels him to go even to the well-penned fold."—*Iliad*, xii. 300.

"As when a lion, leaping amid the herd, has broken the neck of a heifer, or of an ox pasturing in a thicket, so did the son of Tydeus," etc. —*Ibid.*, v. 161.

The son of the king, who commanded the invasion, fell by my hand. Our ages were equal, but he greatly exceeded me in stature; for those savages are descended from a race of giants, whose origin was the same as that of the Cyclops. I perceived that he despised me as a feeble enemy; but regarding neither the fierceness of his demeanor, nor the superiority of his strength, I made a thrust at his breast with my lance. The weapon entered deeply, he vomited a torrent of dark blood, and expired. I was in danger of being crushed by his weight as he fell, and the distant mountains echoed with the clash of his armor. After I had stripped the body of the spoils,[1] I returned to seek Acestes. Mentor, having completed the disorder of the enemy, cut to pieces all that made a show of resistance, and pursued the fugitives to the woods.

"This success, of which every one had despaired, fixed all eyes upon Mentor, as a favorite of the gods, and distinguished by divine inspiration. Acestes, in gratitude to his deliverers, acquainted us that it would no longer be in his power to protect us, if the fleet of Æneas should put back to Sicily. He therefore furnished us with a vessel, that we might return to our country; and, having loaded us with presents, he urged our immediate departure, as the only means by which the approaching danger could be avoided. He would not, however, supply us either with rowers or a pilot from among his own subjects, being unwilling to trust them upon the Grecian coasts; but he sent on board some Phœnician[2] merchants, who, as they are a commercial people, and trade to every port, had nothing to fear. These men were to have returned to Acestes, after putting us on shore at Ithaca; but the gods, who sport with the designs of men, reserved us for other dangers."

---

[1] Like the Homeric heroes, who never failed to despoil their dead enemies, provided they had time.

[2] The Phœnicians, whose chief cities were Sidon and Tyre, on the coast of Syria, carried on, in very early times, an immense commerce, and their navigation extended to all seas.

BOOK II.

Telemachus relates his being taken in the Tyrian vessel by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of the country, and the wise government of its king. He relates also that Mentor was sent a slave into Ethiopia; that he was himself reduced to keep sheep in the deserts of Oasis; that in this state he was comforted by Termosiris, a priest of Apollo, who taught him to imitate that god, who had once been the shepherd of Admetus; that Sesostris, having at length heard with astonishment what his influence and example had effected among the shepherds, determined to see him, and being convinced of his innocence, promised to send him to Ithaca, but that the death of Sesostris overwhelmed him with new calamities; and that he was imprisoned in a tower which overlooked the sea, from whence he saw Bocchoris, the new king, slain in a battle against part of his subjects, who had revolted, and had called in the Tyrians to their assistance.

"Long had the pride of the Tyrians offended Sesostris, king of Egypt, who had extended his dominion by the conquest of many States.[1] The wealth which they had acquired by commerce, and the impregnable strength of their city, which stood in the sea, had rendered them so insolent and presumptuous, that they refused to pay the tribute which had been imposed by Sesostris on his return to Egypt; and had sent troops to the assistance of his brother, who had attempted to assassinate him at a feast, in the midst of rejoicings that had been made for his return.[2]

"Sesostris had determined to humble them, by interrupting

---

[1] Sesostris, according to Diodorus Siculus (i., ch. lv.), subdued Ethiopia, the greater part of Asia, and the Thracians in Europe. The chronology of Herodotus could not be reconciled with the narrative of Telemachus; for, according to him, Sesostris reigned a century earlier than the taking of Troy. The calculation of Diodorus is more favorable to Fénelon. Besides, we must not exact too much from a work of imagination.

[2] Both Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus recount this fact.

their trade: he therefore sent out a great number of armed vessels, with orders to take or sink the Phœnician ships wherever they should be found; and, just as we lost sight of Sicily, we fell in with an Egyptian fleet.—The port and the land seemed to retreat behind[1] us, and lose themselves in the clouds; and we saw the fleet advance like a floating city. The Phœnicians immediately perceived their danger, and would have avoided it, but it was too late. The Egyptian vessels sailed better than ours; the wind was in their favor; they had a greater number of oars: they boarded us, took us without resistance, and carried us prisoners into Egypt.

"I told them, indeed, that neither Mentor, nor myself, was a Phœnician; but they heard me with contempt. Imagining that we were slaves, a merchandise in which they knew the Phœnicians traded, they thought only how to dispose of us to the greatest advantage. We soon perceived the sea to be whitened by the waters of the Nile, and the coast of Egypt appeared low in the horizon. We then arrived at the island of Pharos,[2] near the city of No,[3] and then we proceeded up the Nile to Memphis.[4]

"If the sorrows of captivity had not rendered us insensible to pleasure, we must have been delighted with the prospect of this fertile country, which had the appearance of a vast garden, watered with an infinite number of canals. Each side of the river was diversified with opulent cities, delightful villas, fields that produce every year a golden harvest, and meadows that were covered with flocks: earth lavished her fruits upon the husbandman, till he stooped under the burden; and Echo seemed pleased to repeat the rustic music of the shepherds.

"'Happy are the people,' said Mentor, 'who are governed

---

[1] "We are wafted from the port, and the land and cities retreat."—Virgil, *Æn.*, iii. 72.

[2] Pharos is first mentioned in the *Odyssey* (iv. 354). The island still retains its name, and now forms the harbor of Alexandria.

[3] The ancient city of No seems to have been situated where Alexandria was afterwards built.

[4] Memphis, now destroyed, stood near the pyramids, not far from Cairo.

by so wise a king! They flourish in perpetual plenty, and love him by whom that plenty is bestowed. Thus, O Telemachus, ought thy government to secure the happiness of thy people, if the gods shall at length exalt thee to the throne of thy father. Love thy subjects as thy children; and learn, from their love of thee, to derive the happiness of a parent: teach them to connect the idea of happiness with that of their king, that, whenever they rejoice in the blessings of peace, they may remember their benefactor, and honor thee with the tribute of gratitude. The kings who are only solicitous to be feared, and teach their subjects humility by oppression, are the scourges of mankind. They are, indeed, objects of terror; but they are also objects of hatred and detestation,[1] and have more to fear from their subjects than their subjects can have to fear from them.'

"I replied: 'Alas! what have we now to do with maxims of government? With respect to us, Ithaca is no more. We shall never again behold Penelope or our country. With whatever glory Ulysses may at length return, to meet his son is a joy that he shall never taste; and to obey him till I shall learn to govern, is a pleasure that will be forever withheld from me. Let us die then, my dear Mentor; all thoughts, but of death, are idle speculations: let us die, since the gods have ceased to regard us with compassion!'

"I was so depressed by grief, that this speech was rendered almost unintelligible by the sighs with which it was interrupted. But Mentor, though he was not presumptuous with respect to future evils, was yet fearless of the present. 'Unworthy son of the great Ulysses,' said he, 'dost thou yield to misfortunes without resistance? Know, that the day approaches in which thou shalt again behold thy mother and thy country. Thou shalt behold, in the meridian of his glory, him whom thou hast never known, the invincible Ulysses, whom fortune can never subdue, and whose example, in more dreadful calamity

---

1 "They hate whom they fear" (*quem metuunt oderunt*), says Ennius. The same thought is in Laberus: "He must fear many whom many fear." Many passages from the ancients, containing this idea, could be collected.

than thine, may teach thee never to despair. Should he learn, in the remote countries on which the tempest has cast him, that his son emulates neither his patience nor his valor, the dreadful tidings would cover him with confusion, and afflict him more than all the horrors of his life.'

"Mentor then called my attention to the cheerfulness of plenty, which was diffused over all Egypt; a country which contained twenty-two thousand cities.[1] He admired the policy with which they were governed; the justice which prevented the oppression of the poor by the rich; the education of the youth, which rendered obedience, labor, temperance, and the love of arts, or of literature, habitual; the punctuality in all the solemnities of religion; the public spirit, the desire of honor, the integrity to man, and the reverence to the gods, which were implanted by every parent in every child. He long contemplated this beautiful order with increasing delight, and frequently repeated his exclamations of praise. 'Happy are the people,' said he, 'who are thus wisely governed; but more happy is the king whose bounty is so extensively the felicity of others, and whose virtue is the source of yet nobler enjoyment to himself. His dominion is secured, not by terror, but by love. His commands are received, not only with obedience, but with joy. He reigns in the hearts of his people, who are so far from wishing his government at an end, that they consider his mortality with regret, and every man would rejoice to redeem the life of his sovereign with his own.'

"I listened attentively to this discourse of Mentor; and, while he spoke, I felt new courage kindling in my bosom.

"As soon as we arrived at Memphis, a city distinguished by its opulence and splendor, the governor sent us forward to Thebes,[2] that we might be questioned by Sesostris; who, even

---

[1] Herodotus says (II., ch. clxxvii.) that, in the reign of Amasis, there were in Egypt twenty thousand populous cities. According to Diodorus, Egypt, in remote times, contained eighteen thousand cities; and more than thirty thousand, under the first Ptolemy. See Rawlinson's note upon the passage of Herodotus.

[2] Thebes of a hundred gates, called, also, Diospolis by the Greeks, is

had he been less attentive to administer his own government, would yet have examined us himself, as he was extremely incensed against the Tyrians. We therefore proceeded up the Nile to the celebrated city with a hundred gates, the residence of this mighty prince. Thebes appeared to be of vast extent, and more populous than the most flourishing city of Greece. The regulations that are established for keeping the avenues free from incumbrances, for maintaining the aqueducts, for rendering the baths convenient, for the cultivation of arts, and for the security of the public, are the most excellent that can be imagined. The squares are decorated with fountains and obelisks; the temples are of marble; and the architecture, though it is simple, is majestic. The palace itself is almost as extensive as a town, and abounds with columns of marble, pyramids, and obelisks, statues of a prodigious magnitude, and furniture of silver and gold.

"The king was informed, by those who took us, that we were found on board a Phœnician vessel. It was his custom to give audience, at a certain hour every day, to all who had any complaints to make or intelligence to communicate. No man was either despised or rejected by Sesostris: he considered himself as possessing the regal authority, only that he might be the instrument of good to his people, whom he regarded with the affection of a father. Strangers, whom he treated with great kindness, he was very solicitous to see, because he believed that some useful knowledge might always be acquired by an acquaintance with the manners and customs of remote countries.

"For this reason we were brought before the king. He was seated upon a throne of ivory, and held a golden sceptre in his hand. Though he was advanced in years his person was still graceful,[1] and his countenance was full of sweetness and majesty. He sat every day to administer justice to his people;

---

now destroyed. Luxor now occupies part of the ground upon which the city stood.

[1] "Now in years, but of fresh and green old age."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 304.

and his patience and sagacity as a judge would have vindicated the boldest panegyrist from the imputation of flattery. Such were the labors of the day: and to hear a discourse on some question of science, or to converse with those whom he knew to be worthy of his familiarity, was the entertainment of the evening. Nor was the lustre of his life sullied by any fault but that of having triumphed over the princes, whom he had conquered with too much ostentation, and having confided too much in one of his officers, whose character I shall presently describe. When he saw me, my youth moved him to compassion; and he inquired of me my country and my name. We were struck with the dignity and propriety of his expression.

"I answered: 'Most illustrious prince, thou art not ignorant of the siege of Troy, which endured ten years; nor of its destruction, which exhausted Greece of her noblest blood. Ulysses, the king of Ithaca, who is my father, was one of the principal instruments of that great event, but is now, in search of his kingdom, a fugitive on the deep; and, in search of him, I am, by a like misfortune, a captive in Egypt. Restore me once more to my father and my country; so may the gods preserve thee to thy children; and may they rejoice under the protection of so good a parent!'

"Sesostris still regarded me with compassion; but doubting whether what I had told him was true, he gave charge of us to one of his officers, with orders to inquire of the persons who had taken our vessel, whether we were indeed Greeks or Phœnicians. 'If they are Phœnicians,' said he, 'they will deserve punishment, not only as our enemies, but as wretches who have basely attempted to deceive us by falsehoods; but, on the contrary, if they are Greeks, it is my pleasure that they shall be treated with kindness, and sent back to their country in one of my vessels; for I love Greece, a country which has derived many of its laws from the wisdom of Egypt. I am not unacquainted with the virtue of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reached us, however remote; I admire the wisdom that is related of the unfortunate Ulysses; and I rejoice to alleviate the distress of virtue.'

"Metophis, the officer to whom the king had referred the examination of our affair, was as corrupt and selfish as Sesostris was generous and sincere. He attempted to perplex us by ensnaring questions; and, as he perceived that Mentor's answers were more prudent than mine, he regarded him with malevolence and suspicion; for, to the unworthy, there is no insult so intolerable as merit. He therefore caused us to be separated; and from that time I knew not what had become of Mentor.

"This separation was, to me, sudden and dreadful as a stroke of thunder. Metophis hoped that, by interrogating us apart, he should be able to discover some inconsistency in our account; and yet more, that he might allure me, by promises, to make known that which Mentor had concealed. To discover truth was not, indeed, his principal view, but to find some pretence to tell the king we were Phœnicians, that we might become his slaves. Notwithstanding our innocence, and the king's sagacity, he succeeded.

"How dangerous a situation is royalty, in which the wisest are often the tools of deceit! A throne is surrounded by a train of subtilty and self-interest. Integrity retires, because she will not be introduced by Importunity or Flattery. Virtue, conscious of her own dignity, waits at a distance till she is sought; and princes seldom know where she is to be found. Vice, and her dependents, are impudent and fraudful, insinuating and officious, skilful in dissimulation, and ready to renounce all principles, and to violate every tie, when it becomes necessary to the gratification of the appetites of a prince. How wretched is the man who is thus perpetually exposed to the attempts of guilt, by which he must inevitably perish, if he does not renounce the music of adulation, and learn not to be offended by the plainness of truth! Such were the reflections which I made in my distress; and I revolved in my mind all that had been said to me by Mentor.

"While my thoughts were thus employed, I was sent by Metophis towards the mountains of the desert Oasis,[1] that I

[1] The desert of Libya is designated, in which there are oases.

might assist his slaves in looking after his flocks, which were almost without number."

Calypso here interrupted Telemachus. "And what did you then?" said she. "In Sicily, you chose death rather than slavery."

"I had then," said Telemachus, "become still more wretched, and had no longer the sad consolation of such a choice. Slavery was irresistibly forced upon me, and I was compelled by fortune to exhaust the dregs of her cup: I was excluded even from hope, and every avenue to liberty was barred against me.

"In the mean time, Mentor, as he has since told me, was carried into Ethiopia, by certain natives of that country, to whom he had been sold.

"The scene of my captivity was a desert, where the plain is a burning sand, and the mountains are covered with snow. Below was intolerable heat, above was perpetual winter. The pasturage was thinly scattered among the rocks, the mountains were steep and craggy, and the valleys between them were almost inaccessible to the rays of the sun.

"I had no society in this dreadful situation but that of the shepherds, who are as rude and uncultivated as the country. Here I spent the night in bewailing my misfortunes, and the day in following my flocks, that I might avoid the brutal insolence of the principal slave, whose name was Butis; and who, having conceived hopes of obtaining his freedom, was perpetually accusing the rest, as a testimony of his zeal and attachment to the interest of his master. This complication of distress almost overwhelmed me; and, in the anguish of my mind, I one day forgot my flock, and threw myself on the ground near a cave, expecting that death would deliver me from a calamity which I was no longer able to sustain.

"Just in the moment of despair, I perceived the mountain tremble; the oaks and pines seemed to bow from the summit; the winds were hushed. A deep voice, which seemed to issue from the cave, pronounced these words: 'Son of the wise Ulysses, thou must, like him, become great by patience.

Princes who have not known adversity are unworthy of happiness; they are enervated by luxury, and intoxicated with pride. Surmount and remember these misfortunes, and thou shalt be happy. Thou shalt return to Ithaca; and thy glory shall fill the world. When thou shalt have dominion over others, forget not that thou hast been like them, weak, destitute, and afflicted; be it thy happiness, then, to afford them comfort; love thy people; detest flattery; and remember that no man is great, but in proportion as he restrains and subdues his passions.'

"These words inspired me as the voice of heaven; joy immediately throbbed in my veins, and courage glowed in my bosom. Nor was I seized with that horror which so often causes the hair to stand upright, and the blood to stagnate, when the gods reveal themselves to men. I rose in tranquillity; and, kneeling on the ground, I lifted up my hands to heaven, and paid my adorations to Minerva, to whom I believed myself indebted for this oracle. At the same time I perceived my mind illuminated with wisdom, and was conscious of a gentle, yet prevailing, influence which overruled all my passions, and restrained the ardor of my youth. I acquired the friendship of all the shepherds of the desert; and my meekness, patience, and diligence at length obtained the good-will even of Butis himself, who was at first disposed to treat me with inhumanity.

"To shorten the tedious hours of captivity and solitude, I endeavored to procure some books, for I sunk under the sense of my condition, merely because I had nothing either to recreate or to fortify my mind. 'Happy,' said I, 'are those who have lost their relish for tumultuous pleasure, and are content with the soothing quiet of innocence and retirement! Happy are they whose amusement is knowledge, and whose supreme delight is the cultivation of the mind! Wherever they shall be driven by the persecution of Fortune, the means of employment are still with them; and that weary listlessness, which renders life insupportable to the voluptuous and the indolent, is unknown to those who can employ themselves by read-

ing.[1] Happy are those to whom this employment is pleasing; and who are not, like me, compelled to be idle!'

"While my mind was agitated by these thoughts, I had wandered into a thick forest; and, suddenly looking up, I perceived before me an old man with a book in his hand. His forehead was somewhat wrinkled, and he was bald to the crown; a beard, white as snow, hung down to his girdle; his stature was lofty, and his port majestic; his cheeks were still florid, and his eyes piercing; there was great sweetness in his voice; his words were simple and engaging. I had never seen any person whose manner and appearance so strongly excited veneration and esteem. His name was Termosiris;[2] he was a priest of Apollo, and officiated in a temple of marble, which the kings of Egypt had consecrated to that deity in the forest. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns that had been composed in honor of the gods.

"He accosted me with an air of friendship; and we entered into conversation. He related past events with such force of expression, that they seemed to be present; and with such comprehensive brevity, that attention was not wearied. He foresaw the future, by a sagacity that discovered the true characters and dispositions of mankind, and the events which they would produce. But with all this intellectual superiority, he was cheerful and condescending. There is no grace in the utmost gayety of youth that was not exceeded by Termosiris in his age. He regarded young persons with a kind of parental affection, when he perceived that they had a disposition to be instructed, and a love of virtue.

"He soon discovered a tender regard for me; and gave me books to relieve the anxiety of my mind. He called me his

---

[1] This eulogy of books and reading is true, and beautifully expressed; but the period of Sesostris suggests to the critic an anachronism. "These studies," says Cicero (*pro Archias*, § 7), "are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; they are companions by night, and in travel, and in the country."

[2] "The episode of Termosiris *is alone worth a long poem.*"—Chateaubriand, *Itin.*, tom. iii. p. 80.

son; and I frequently addressed him as a father. 'The gods,' said I, 'who have deprived me of Mentor, have, in pity, sustained me with thy friendship.' He was, without doubt, like Orpheus and Linus, inspired by the gods. He often repeated verses of his own, and gave me those of many others who had been the favorites of the Muses. When he was habited in his long white robes, and played upon his ivory lyre, the bears, lions, and tigers of the forest fawned upon him, and licked his feet; the satyrs came from their recesses and danced around him; and it might almost have been believed, that even the trees[1] and rocks were influenced by the magic of his song, in which he celebrated the majesty of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wisdom of those who prefer glory to pleasure.

"Termosiris often excited me to courage. He told me that the gods would never abandon either Ulysses or his son; and that I ought, after the example of Apollo, to introduce the shepherds to the acquaintance of the Muses. 'Apollo,' says he, 'displeased that Jupiter frequently interrupted the serenity of the brightest days with thunder, turned his resentment against the Cyclops, who forged the bolts, and destroyed them with his arrows. Immediately the fiery explosions of Mount Etna ceased; the strokes of those enormous hammers, which had shaken the earth to the centre, were heard no more; iron and brass, which the Cyclops had been used to polish, began now to rust and canker. Vulcan quitting his forge, in the fury of his resentment, hastily climbed Olympus, notwithstanding his lameness; and, rushing into the assembly of the gods, covered with dust and sweat, complained of the injury with all the bitterness of invective. Jupiter being thus incensed against Apollo, expelled him from heaven, and threw him down headlong to the earth. His chariot, though it was empty, still performed its usual course; and, by an invisible

---

[1] "At the same time he begins. Then you might have seen the fauns and savages frisking in measured dance, then the stiff oaks waving their tops."—Virgil, *Ecl.*, vi. 26.

impulse, continued the succession of day and night, and the regular change of seasons to mankind.

"'Apollo, divested of his rays, was compelled to become a shepherd, and kept the flocks of Admetus, king of Thessaly. While he was thus disgraced, and in exile, he used to soothe his mind with music, under the shade of some elms that flourished upon the borders of a limpid stream. This drew about him all the neighboring shepherds, whose life till then had been rude and brutal; whose knowledge had been confined to the management of their sheep; and whose country had the appearance of a desert.

"'To these savages Apollo, varying the subject of his song, taught all the arts by which existence is improved into felicity. Sometimes he celebrated the flowers which improve the graces of Spring, the fragrance which she diffuses, and the verdure that rises under her feet. Sometimes he sang of the delightful evenings of Summer, of her zephyrs that refresh mankind, and of her dews that allay the thirst of the earth. Nor were the golden fruits of Autumn forgotten, with which she rewards the labor of the husbandman; nor the cheerful idleness of Winter, who piles his fires till they emulate the sun, and invites the youth to dancing and festivity. He described also the gloomy forests with which the mountains are overshadowed, and the rivers that wind with a pleasing intricacy through the luxuriant meadows of the valley. Thus were the shepherds of Thessaly made acquainted with the happiness that is to be found in a rural life, by those who know how to enjoy the beauties of nature.

"'The pipes of the shepherds now rendered them more happy than kings; and those uncorrupted pleasures, which fly from the palace, were invited to the cottage. The shepherdesses were followed by the Sports, the Smiles, and the Graces; and adorned by simplicity and innocence. Every day was devoted to joy; and nothing was to be heard but the chirping of birds, the whispers of the zephyrs that sported among the branches of the trees, the murmurs of water falling from a rock, or the songs with which the Muses inspired the shepherds

who followed Apollo. They were taught also to conquer in the race, and to shoot with the bow. The gods themselves became jealous of their happiness: they now thought the obscurity of a shepherd better than the splendor of a deity, and recalled Apollo to Olympus.

"'By this story, my son, be thou instructed. Thou art now in the same state with that of Apollo in his exile. Like him, therefore, fertilize an uncultivated soil, and call plenty to a desert; teach these rustics the power of music, soften the obdurate heart to sensibility, and captivate the savage with the charms of virtue. Let them taste the pleasures of innocence and seclusion; and heighten this felicity with the transporting knowledge, that it is not dependent upon the caprice of fortune. The day approaches, my son, the day approaches, in which the pains and cares that surround a throne will teach thee to remember these wilds with regret.'

"Termosiris then gave me a flute, the tone of which was so melodious, that the echoes of the mountains, which repeated the sound, immediately brought the neighboring shepherds in crowds about me. A divine melody was communicated to my voice; I perceived myself to be under a supernatural influence, and I celebrated the beauties of nature with all the rapture of enthusiasm. We frequently sung all the day in concert, and sometimes encroached upon the night. The shepherds, forgetting their cottages and their flocks, were fixed motionless as statues about me, while I instructed them. The desert became insensibly less wild and rude; every thing assumed a more pleasing appearance; and the country itself seemed to be improved by the manners of the people.

"We often assembled to sacrifice in the temple to Apollo, where Termosiris was priest. The shepherds wore wreaths of laurel in honor of the gods, and the shepherdesses were adorned with garlands of flowers, and came dancing with burdens of consecrated gifts upon their heads. After the sacrifice, we made a rural feast; the greatest delicacies were the milk of our goats and sheep, and some dates, figs, grapes, and other fruits, which were fresh gathered by our own hands;

the green turf was our seat, and the foliage of the trees afforded us a more pleasing shade than the gilded roof of a palace.

"But my reputation among the shepherds was completed by an accident: a hungry lion broke in among my flock, and began a dreadful slaughter. I ran towards him, though I had nothing in my hand but my sheep-hook. When he saw me, he erected his mane: he began to grind his teeth, and to extend his claws: his mouth appeared dry and inflamed, and his eyes were red and fiery. I did not wait for his attack, but rushed upon him, and threw him to the ground; nor did I receive any hurt, for a small coat of mail that I wore, as an Egyptian shepherd, defended me against his claws. Three times I threw him, and he rose three times against me, roaring so loud that the utmost recesses of the forest echoed. At last, I grasped him till he was strangled, and the shepherds, who were witnesses of my conquest, insisted that I should wear his skin as a trophy.

"This action, and the change of manners among our shepherds, was rumored through all Egypt, and came at length to the ears of Sesostris. He learnt that one of the two captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had restored the golden age in the midst of deserts which were scarcely habitable. He desired to see me; for he was a friend of the Muses, and regarded, with attention and complacency, whatever appeared to be the means of instruction. I was accordingly brought before him: he listened to my story with pleasure, and soon discovered that he had been deceived by the avaricious Metophis. Metophis he therefore condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and took into his own possession the wealth that his rapacity and injustice had heaped together. 'How unhappy,' said he, 'are those whom the gods have exalted above the rest of mankind! They see no object but through a medium which distorts it, they are surrounded by wretches who intercept truth in its approaches; every one imagines it is his interest to deceive them, and every one conceals his own ambition under the appearance of zeal for their service: that regard is pro-

fessed for the prince, of which the wealth and honors that he dispenses are the real objects; and so flagitious is the neglect of his interest, that for these he is flattered and betrayed.'

"From this time Sesostris treated me with a tender friendship, and resolved to send me back to Ithaca, in a fleet that should carry troops sufficient to deliver Penelope from all her suitors. This fleet was at length ready to sail, and waited only for our embarkation. I reflected, with wonder, upon the caprice of Fortune, who frequently most exalts those whom, the moment before, she had most depressed. The experience of this inconstancy encouraged me to hope that Ulysses, whatever he should suffer, might at last return to his kingdom. My thoughts also suggested that I might again meet with Mentor, even though he should have been carried into the remotest parts of Ethiopia.

"I therefore delayed my departure a few days, that I might make some inquiry after him; but in this interval, Sesostris, who was very old, died suddenly; and by his death I was involved in new calamities.

"This event filled all Egypt with grief and despair: every family lamented Sesostris as its most valuable friend, its protector, its father. The old, lifting up their hands to heaven, uttered the most passionate exclamations: 'O Egypt, thou hast known no king like Sesostris in the times that are past; nor shalt thou know any like him in those that are to come! Ye gods! ye should not have given Sesostris to mankind; or ye should not have taken him away! O wherefore do we survive Sesostris!' The young cried out: 'The hope of Egypt is cut off! Our fathers were long happy under the government of a king whom we have known only to regret!' His domestics wept incessantly, and, during forty days, the inhabitants of the remotest provinces came in crowds to his funeral. Every one was eagerly solicitous yet once more to gaze upon the body of his prince; all desired to preserve his image in their memory; and some requested to be shut up with him in the tomb.

"The loss of Sesostris was more sensibly felt, as Bocchoris,

his son, was destitute of humanity to strangers and of curiosity for science, of esteem for merit and of love of glory. The greatness of the father contributed to degrade the son. His education had rendered him effeminately voluptuous and brutally proud; he looked down upon mankind as creatures of an inferior species, that existed only for his pleasure: he thought only of gratifying his passions, and of dissipating the immense treasures that had been amassed for public use by the economy of his father; of procuring new resources for extravagances by the most cruel rapacity; of impoverishing the rich, of famishing the poor, and of perpetrating every other evil that was advised by the beardless sycophants whom he permitted to disgrace his presence, while he drove away with derision the hoary sages in whom his father had confided. Such was Bocchoris; not a king, but a monster. Egypt groaned under his tyranny; and though the reverence of the people for the memory of Sesostris rendered them patient under the government of his son, however odious and cruel, yet he precipitated his own destruction; and, indeed, it was impossible that he should long possess a throne which he so little deserved.

"My hopes of returning to Ithaca were now at an end. I was shut up in a tower that stood on the sea-shore near Pelusium,[1] where we should have embarked, if the death of Sesostris had not prevented us; for, Metophis having by some intrigue procured his enlargement and an admission into the councils of the young king, almost the first act of his power was to imprison me in this place, to revenge the disgrace into which I had brought him. There I passed whole days and nights in the agonies of despair. All that Termosiris had predicted, and all that I had heard in the cave, was remembered but as a dream. Sometimes, while I was absorbed in reflections upon my own misery, I stood gazing at the waves that broke against the foot of the tower; and sometimes I contem-

[1] A city of Lower Egypt, standing on the east side of the most eastern mouth of the Nile, two miles from the sea. It was strongly fortified. Its ruins alone remain.

plated the vessels that were agitated by the tempest, and in danger of driving against the rocks upon which the tower was built; but I was so far from commiserating those who were threatened with shipwreck, that I regarded them with envy. 'Their misfortunes,' said I to myself, 'and their lives, will quickly be at an end together, or they will return in safety to their country. Alas! I can hope for neither.'

"One day, while I was thus pining with ineffectual sorrow, I suddenly perceived the masts of ships at a distance like a forest. The sea was presently covered with sails swelling with the wind, and the waves foamed with the strokes of innumerable oars. I heard a confused sound on every side. On the sea-coast, I perceived one party of Egyptians run to arms with terror and precipitation, and another waiting quietly for the fleet which was bearing down upon them. I soon discovered that some of these vessels were of Phœnicia, and others of Cyprus; for my misfortunes had acquainted me with many things that relate to navigation. The Egyptians appeared to be divided among themselves; and I could easily believe that the folly and the violence of Bocchoris had provoked his subjects to a revolt, and had kindled a civil war: nor was it long before I became a spectator of an obstinate engagement from the top of my tower.

"Those Egyptians who had called in the assistance of the foreign powers, after having favored the descent, attacked the other party, which was commanded by the king, and animated by his example. He appeared like the god[1] of war; rivers of blood flowed around him; the wheels of his chariot were smeared with gore that was black, clotted, and frothy, and could scarcely be dragged over the heaps of slain, which they crushed as they passed. His figure was graceful and vigorous, his aspect was haughty and fierce, and his eyes sparkled with rage and despair. Like a high-spirited horse that had

---

[1] "And Merionos, *equal to swift Mars*, quickly took from the tent a brazen spear."—Homer, *Iliad*, xiii. 298. This comparison of warriors with Mars is frequent in the ancient poets.

never been broken, he was precipitated upon danger by his courage, and his valor was not directed by wisdom. He knew not how to retrieve an error, nor to give orders with sufficient exactness. He neither foresaw the evils that threatened him, nor employed the troops he had to the greatest advantage, though he was in the utmost need of more. Not that he wanted abilities, for his understanding was equal to his courage; but he had never been instructed by adversity: those who had been intrusted with his education had corrupted an excellent natural disposition by flattery. He was intoxicated with the consciousness of his power, and the advantages of his situation; he believed that every thing ought to yield to the impetuosity of his wishes, and the least appearance of opposition transported him with rage; he was then deaf to the expostulations of reason, and had no longer the power of recollection. The fury of his pride transformed him to a brute, and left him neither the affections nor the understanding of a man; the most faithful of his servants fled terrified from his presence; and he was gentle only to the most abject servility, and the most criminal compliance. Thus his conduct, always violent, was always directly opposite to his interest, and he was detested by all whose approbation is to be desired.

"His valor now sustained him long against a multitude of his enemies; but, at length, the dart of a Phœnician entered his breast: the reins dropped from his hands, and he fell from his chariot under the feet of his horses. A soldier of the isle of Cyprus immediately struck off his head, and, holding it up by the hair, showed it to the confederates as a trophy of their victory.

"Of this head no time or circumstance can ever obliterate the memory: methinks I still see it dropping blood—the eyes closed and sunk—the visage pale and disfigured—the mouth half open, as if it would still finish the interrupted sentence—and the look which, even in death, was haughty and threatening. Nor shall I forget, if the gods hereafter place me upon a throne, so dreadful a demonstration that a king is not worthy to command, nor can be happy in the exercise of his power, but in

proportion as he is himself obedient to reason. Alas! how deplorable is his state, who, by the perversion of that power with which the gods have invested him as the instrument of public happiness, diffuses misery among the multitudes that he governs, and who is known to be a king only as he is a curse!"

BOOK III.

Telemachus relates that, the successor of Bocchoris releasing all the Tyrian prisoners, he was himself sent to Tyre, on board the vessel of Narbal, who had commanded the Tyrian fleet; that Narbal gave him a description of Pygmalion their king, and expressed apprehensions of danger from the cruelty of his avarice; that he afterwards instructed him in the commercial regulations of Tyre; and that, being about to embark in a Cyprian vessel, in order to proceed by the isle of Cyprus to Ithaca, Pygmalion discovered that he was a stranger, and ordered him to be seized; that his life was thus brought into the most imminent danger, but that he had been preserved by the tyrant's mistress Astarbe, that she might, in his stead, destroy a young Lyctian of whom she had been enamored, but who rejected her for another; that he finally embarked in a Cyprian vessel, to return to Ithaca by the way of Cyprus.

Calypso was greatly astonished at the wisdom which she discovered in Telemachus. She was delighted with his ingenious confession of the errors into which he had been betrayed by the precipitation of his own resolutions, and by his neglect of Mentor's counsel. She was surprised to perceive in the youth such strength and dignity of mind, as enabled him to judge of his own actions with impartiality; and, by a review of the failings of his life, become prudent, cautious, and deliberate. "Proceed," said she, "my dear Telemachus; for I am impatient to know by what means you escaped from Egypt, and where you again found Mentor, whose loss you had so much reason to regret." Telemachus then continued his relation.

"The party of Egyptians who had preserved their virtue and their loyalty, being greatly inferior to the rebels, were obliged to yield when the king fell. Another prince, whose name was Termutis, was established in his stead. The Phœnician and Cyprian troops, after they had concluded a treaty with him, departed. By this treaty, all the Phœnician prisoners were to be restored; and, as I was deemed one of the

number, I was set at liberty, and put on board with the rest,—a change of fortune that once more dissipated the gloom of despair, and diffused the dawn of hope in my bosom. Our sails were now swelled by a prosperous wind,—the foaming waves were divided by our oars,—the spacious deep was covered with vessels,—the mariners shouted,—the shores of Egypt fled from us,—and the hills and mountains grew level by degrees. Our view began to be bounded only by the sea and the sky, while the sparkling fires of the sun, which was rising, seemed to emerge from the abyss of the waters; his rays tinged with gold the tops of the mountains, which were still just to be perceived in the horizon; and the deep azure with which the whole firmament was painted, was an omen of a happy voyage.

"Though I had been dismissed as a Phœnician, yet I was not known to any of those with whom I embarked. Narbal, who commanded the vessel, asked me my name and my country. 'Of what city of Phœnicia are you?' said he. 'Of none,' I replied; 'but I was taken at sea in a Phœnician vessel, and, as a Phœnician, remained a captive in Egypt: under this name have I been long a slave; and by this name I am at length set free.' 'Of what country are you then?' said Narbal. 'I am,' said I, 'Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, king of Ithaca—an island of Greece. My father has acquired a mighty name among the confederate princes who laid siege to Troy; but the gods have not permitted him to return to his kingdom. I have sought him in many countries; and am, like him, persecuted by Fortune. I am wretched, though my life is private, and my wishes are few; I am wretched, though I desire no happiness but the endearments of my family and the protection of my father.'

"Narbal gazed upon me with astonishment, and thought he perceived in my aspect something that distinguishes the favorites of heaven. He was, by nature, generous and sincere; my misfortunes excited his compassion; and he addressed me with a confidence which the gods, doubtless, inspired for my preservation in the most imminent danger.

"'Telemachus,' said he, 'I doubt not the truth of what you have told me; such, indeed, are the signs of candor and integrity which I discover in your countenance, that it is not in my power to suspect you of falsehood. I am irresistibly determined, by a secret impulse, to believe that you are beloved by the gods, whom I have always served, and that it is their pleasure I also should love you as my son. I will, therefore, give you salutary counsel, for which I ask no return but secrecy.' 'Fear not,' I said, 'that I should find it difficult to be silent; for, however young, it is long since I learned not to reveal my own secret, much less not to betray, under any pretence, the secret of another.' 'By what means,' he inquired, 'could the habit of secrecy be acquired by a child? I should rejoice to learn how that may be attained early, without which a prudent conduct is impossible, and every other qualification useless.'

"'I have been informed,' I answered, 'that when Ulysses went to the seige of Troy, he placed me upon his knees, threw his arms about me, and after he had kissed me with the utmost tenderness, pronounced these words, though I could not then understand their import: "O my son, may the gods ordain me to perish before I see thee again, or may the Fatal Sisters cut the thread of thy life while it is yet short, as the reaper cuts down a tender flower that is but beginning to bloom, may my enemies dash thee in pieces before the eyes of thy mother and of me, if thou art one day to be corrupted and seduced from virtue! O my friends, I leave with you this son, whom I so tenderly love: watch over his infancy; if you have any love for me, keep flattery far from him; teach him self-mastery; and, while he is yet flexible, like a young plant, keep him upright. Above all, let nothing be forgotten that may render him just, beneficent, sincere, and secret. He that is capable of a lie, deserves not the name of a man; and he that knows not how to be silent, is not worthy to reign."

"'I have repeated to you the very words of Ulysses, because to me they have been repeated so often, that they perpetually occur to my mind; and I frequently repeat them to myself.

"'The friends of my father began very early to teach me secrecy, by giving me frequent opportunities to practice it; and I made so rapid a progress in the art, that, while I was yet an infant, they communicated to me their apprehensions from the crowd of presumptuous rivals that addressed my mother. At that time they treated me not as a child, but as a man, whose reason might assist them, and in whose firmness they could confide: they frequently conferred with me, in private, upon the most important affairs; and communicated the schemes which had been formed to deliver Penelope from her suitors. I exulted in this confidence, which I considered as a proof of my real dignity and importance. I was, therefore, ambitious to sustain my character, and never suffered the least intimation of what had been intrusted to me as a secret, to escape me. The suitors often engaged me to talk, hoping that a child who had seen or heard any circumstance of importance, would relate it without caution or design; but I had learnt to answer them, without forfeiting my veracity or disclosing my secret.'

"Narbal then addressed me in these terms: 'You see, Telemachus, of what power the Phœnicians are possessed, and how much their innumerable fleets are dreaded by the neighboring nations. The commerce which they have extended to the Pillars of Hercules,[1] has given them riches which the most flourishing countries cannot supply to themselves. Even the great Sesostris could never have prevailed against them at sea; and the veterans, by whom he had subjugated all the East, found it extremely difficult to conquer them in the field. He imposed a tribute, which they have long neglected to pay; for they are too sensible of their own wealth and power to stoop patiently under the yoke of subjection: they have, therefore, thrown it off; and the war which Sesostris commenced against them has been terminated by his death. The power of Sesostris was, indeed, rendered formidable by his policy; but when

[1] That is, the Straits of Gibraltar. The peaks of Calpe and Abyla, the former on the European, the latter on the African side of the entrance to the Mediterranean, were called the Pillars of Hercules.

without his policy his power descended to his son, it was no longer to be dreaded; and the Egyptians, instead of entering Phœnicia with a military force, to reduce to obedience a revolted people, have been compelled to call in the assistance of the Phœnicians, to deliver them from the oppression of an impious tyrant. This deliverance the Phœnicians have effected, and added new glory to independence, and new power to wealth.

"'But while we deliver others, we are slaves ourselves. O Telemachus, do not rashly put your life in the hands of Pygmalion, our king. His hands are already stained with the blood of Sichæus, the husband of Dido his sister; and Dido,[1] impatient to revenge his death, has fled, with the greater part of the friends of virtue and liberty, in a numerous fleet from Tyre, and has laid the foundations of a magnificent city on the coast of Africa, which she calls Carthage. An insatiable thirst of riches renders Pygmalion every day more wretched and more detestable. In his dominions it is a crime to be wealthy: avarice makes him jealous, suspicious, and cruel: he persecutes the rich, and he dreads the poor.

"'But, at Tyre, to be virtuous is yet a greater crime than to be wealthy; for Pygmalion supposes that virtue cannot patiently endure a conduct that is unjust and infamous; and, as virtue is an enemy to Pygmalion, Pygmalion is an enemy to virtue. Every incident torments him with inquietude, perplexity, and apprehension; he is terrified at his own shadow; and sleep is a stranger to his eyes. The gods have punished him by heaping treasures before him which he does not dare to enjoy; and that in which alone he seeks for happiness is the source of his misery. He regrets whatever he gives; he dreads the loss of the wealth which he possesses, and sacrifices every comfort to the acquisition of more.

"'He is scarcely ever to be seen, but sits in the inmost recess of his palace, alone, pensive, and dejected; his friends dare not approach him, for to approach him is to be suspected as an enemy. A guard, with swords drawn, and pikes levelled,

---

[1] Fénelon here follows Virgil. See *Æneid*, i. 343, *et sequens*.

surrounds his dwelling with a horrid security. The apartment in which he hides himself consists of thirty chambers, which communicate with each other, and to each of which there is an iron door with six bolts. It is never known in which of these chamber he passes the night; and it is said, that, the better to secure himself against assassination, he never sleeps in the same two nights together.[1] He is equally insensible to the joys of society, and to the more refined and tender delights of friendship. If he is excited to the pursuit of pleasure, he perceives that pleasure is far from him, and sits down in despair. His eyes are hollow, eager, and piercing; and he is continually looking round him with a restless and inquisitive suspicion. At every noise, however trivial, he starts, listens, is alarmed, and trembles. He is pale and emaciated; the gloom of care is diffused over his countenance, and his brow is contracted into wrinkles. He seldom speaks, but he sighs perpetually. The remorse and anguish of his mind are discovered by groans, which he endeavors in vain to suppress. The richest delicacies of his table are tasteless. His children,[2] whom he has made his most dangerous enemies, are not the objects of hope, but of terror. He believes himself to be in perpetual danger, and attempts his own preservation by cutting off all those whom he fears; not knowing that cruelty, in which alone he confides for safety, will inevitably precipitate his destruction, and that some of his domestics, dreading the effects of his caprice and suspicion, will suddenly deliver the world of so horrid a monster.

"'As for me, I fear the gods; and will, at whatever hazard, continue faithful to the king whom they have set over me. I had rather he should take away my life than lift my hand

---

[1] The author here applies to Pygmalion what has been told of Cromwell.

[2] Fénelon seems to allude to Dionysius the Elder, tyrant of Syracuse. Cicero (*Tusc.*, v. 20) tells the story of him, that, fearing the barber, he made his own daughters shave him, and, finally, would not trust the razor even to them, when they were grown up, but contrived how they might burn off his hair and beard. Valerius Maximus (vii. 13), repeats the story.

against his, or neglect to defend him against the attempts of another. But do not you, O Telemachus, acquaint him with the name of your father; for he will then certainly shut you up in prison, hoping that Ulysses, when he returns to Ithaca, will pay him a large sum for your ransom.'

"When we arrived at Tyre, I followed the counsel of Narbal, and was soon convinced that all he had related was true; though before, I could scarcely conceive it possible for any man to render himself so extremely wretched as he had represented Pygmalion.

"I was the more sensibly touched at the appearances of his tyranny and wretchedness, as they had the force of novelty, and I said to myself: 'This is the man who has been seeking happiness, and imagined it was to be found in unlimited power and inexhaustible wealth. Wealth and power he has acquired, but the acquisition has made him miserable. If he were a shepherd, as I lately have been, he would be equally happy in the enjoyment of rural pleasures, which, as they are innocent, are never regretted; he would fear neither daggers nor poison, but would be the love and the lover of mankind; he would not indeed possess that immense treasure, which, to him who hides it, is useless as a heap of sand, but he would rejoice in the bounty of nature, by which every want would be supplied. He appears to act only by the dictates of his own will; but he is, indeed, the slave of appetite: he is condemned to do the drudgery of avarice, and to smart under the scourge of fear and suspicion. He appears to have dominion over others, but he is not the master even of himself; for, in every irregular passion, he has not only a master, but a tormentor.'

"Such were my reflections upon the condition of Pygmalion, without having seen him—for he was seen by none; and his people could only gaze, with a kind of secret dread, upon those lofty towers, which were surrounded night and day by his guards, and in which he had immured himself, with his treasures, as in a prison. I compared this invisible king with Sesostris, the mild, the affable, the good; who was so easy of access to his subjects, and so desirous to converse with

strangers; so attentive to all who wish to be heard, and so inquisitive after truth, which those who surround a throne are solicitous to conceal. 'Sesostris,' said I, 'feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; he showed himself to all his subjects as to his children; but by Pygmalion, every thing is to be feared, and he fears every thing. This execrable tyrant is in perpetual danger of a violent death, even in the centre of his inaccessible palace, and surrounded by his guards; but the good Sesostris, when his people were gathered in crowds about him, was in perfect safety, like a kind father, who, in his own house, is surrounded by his children.'

"Pygmalion gave orders to send back the troops of the isle of Cyprus, who, to fulfil a treaty, had assisted his own in their expedition to Egypt; and Narbal took this opportunity to set me at liberty. He caused me to pass in review among the Cyprian soldiers; for the king always inquired into the minutest incidents with the most scrupulous suspicion.

"The failing of negligent and indolent princes is the giving themselves up, with a boundless and implicit confidence, to the discretion of some crafty and iniquitous favorite. The failing of Pygmalion was to suspect the most ingenuous and upright. He knew not how to distinguish the native features of integrity from the mask of dissimulation; for the good, who disdained to approach so corrupt a prince, he had never seen. He had been so often defrauded and betrayed, and had so often detected every species of vice under the semblance of virtue, in the wretches who were about him, that he imagined every man walked in disguise, that virtue existed only in idea, and that all men were nearly the same. When he found one man fraudulent and corrupt, he took no care to displace him for another, because he took it for granted that another would be as bad. And he had a worse opinion of those in whom he discovered an appearance of merit, than of those who were most openly vicious; because he believed them to be equally knaves, and greater hypocrites.

"But to return to myself. The piercing suspicion of the king did not distinguish me from the Cyprian soldiers; but

Narbal trembled for fear of a discovery, which would have been fatal both to him and to me; he, therefore, expressed the utmost impatience to see me embark; but I was detained at Tyre a considerable time by contrary winds.

"During this interval I acquainted myself with the manners of the Phœnicians, a people that had become famous through all the known world. I admired the situation of their city, which is built upon an island in the midst of the sea. The neighboring coast is rendered extremely delightful by its uncommon fertility, the exquisite flavor of its fruits, the number of towns and villages which are almost contiguous to each other, and the excellent temperature of the climate: it is sheltered by a ridge of mountains from the burning winds that pass over the southern continent, and refreshed by the northern breezes that blow from the sea. It is situated at the foot of Libanus,[1] whose head is concealed within the clouds, and hoary with everlasting frost. Torrents of water, mingled with snow, rush from the craggy precipices that surround it; and at a small distance below is a vast forest of cedars, which appear to be as ancient as the earth, and almost as lofty as the sky. The declivity of the mountain, below the forest, is covered with pasture, where innumerable cattle and sheep are continually feeding among a thousand rivulets of the purest water. At the foot of the mountain, below the pastures, the plain has the appearance of a garden, where spring and autumn seem to unite their influence to produce at once both flowers and fruit, which are never parched by the pestilential heat of the southern blast, nor blighted by the piercing cold of the northern tempest.

"Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation, and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants of the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be

[1] A mountain of Syria.

common to all, as the centre of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out into the sea, embrace a spacious harbor, which is a shelter from every wind. The vessels in this harbor are so numerous, as almost to hide the water in which they float; and the masts look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade; and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labor by which it is increased. Their city abounds with the finest linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple[1]—a color which has a lustre that time itself can scarcely diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The commerce of the Phœnicians extends to the Straits of Gades;[2] they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages upon the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country.

"I gazed with insatiable curiosity upon this great city, in which every thing was in motion; and where none of those idle and inquisitive persons[3] are to be found, who, in Greece, saunter about the public places in quest of news, or observe the foreigners who come on shore in the port. The men are busied in loading the vessels, in sending away or in selling their merchandise, in putting their warehouses in order, or in keeping an account of the sums due to them from foreign merchants. The women are constantly employed in spinning wool, in drawing patterns for embroidery, or in folding up rich stuffs.

---

[1] "He was arrayed in a mantle twice steeped in Tyrian purple."—Ovid, *Fast.*, ii. 107. Heinsius has collected many similar passages. The purple dye, for which Tyre was so famous, was obtained from the "Murex," a kind of shell-fish. Garments dyed in it were very costly.

[2] Now Cadiz.

[3] "Tell me," says Demosthenes, with terrible invective, in his first *Philippic*, "have you nothing else to do than promenade the public places and ask each other— *What news?*"

"'By what means,' said I to Narbal, 'have the Phœnicians monopolized the commerce of the world, and enriched themselves at the expense of every other nation?' 'You see the means,' answered Narbal; 'the situation of Tyre renders it fit for commerce; and the invention of navigation is the peculiar glory of our country. If the accounts are to be believed that are transmitted to us from the most remote antiquity, the Tyrians rendered the waves subservient to their purpose long before Typhis and the Argonauts[1] became the boast of Greece: they were the first who defied the rage of the billows and the tempest on a few floating planks, and fathomed the abysses of the ocean. They reduced the theories of Egyptian and Babylonian[2] science to practice, regulating their course, where there was no landmark, by the stars;[3] and they brought innumerable nations together which the sea had separated. The Tyrians are ingenious, persevering, and laborious; they have, besides, great manual dexterity, and are remarkable for temperance and frugality. The laws are executed with the most scrupulous punctuality; and the people are, among themselves, perfectly unanimous; and to strangers, they are, above all others, friendly, courteous, and faithful.[4]

"'Such are the means—nor is it necessary to seek for any other—by which they have subjected the sea to their dominion, and included every nation in their commerce. But if jealousy and faction should break in among them; if they should be seduced by pleasure, or by indolence; if the great should regard labor and economy with contempt, and the manual arts should no longer be deemed honorable; if public faith should not be kept with the stranger, and the laws of a free commerce should be violated; if manufactures should

---

[1] Cadmus arrived in Greece from Tyre long before the expedition of the Argonauts. Typhis was pilot of the ship Argo.

[2] Herodotus (II. cix.) says the Babylonians discovered the pole and the sundial, and divided the day into twelve parts.

[3] "The Phœnicians," says Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, vii. 56), "first observed the stars in navigation."

[4] "*Faithless* Tyre," and "*double-tongued* Tyrians," say Lucan and Virgil.

be neglected, and those sums spared which are necessary to render every commodity perfect in its kind;—that power, which is now the object of your admiration, would soon be at an end.'

"'But how,' said I, 'can such a commerce be established at Ithaca?' 'By the same means,' said he, 'that I have established it here. Receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality: let them find safety, convenience, and liberty in your ports; and be careful never to disgust them by avarice or pride. He that would succeed in a project of gain, must never attempt to gain too much, and upon proper occasions must know how to lose. Endeavor to gain the good-will of foreigners; rather suffer some injury than offend them by doing justice to yourself; and especially, do not keep them at a distance by a haughty behavior. Let the laws of trade be neither complicated nor burdensome; but do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. Always punish fraud with severity; nor let even the negligence or prodigality of a trader escape; for follies as well as vice effectually ruin trade, by ruining those who carry it on. But above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your own immediate gain. The pecuniary advantages of commerce should be left wholly to those by whose labor it subsists, lest this labor, for want of a sufficient motive, should cease. There are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince, from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his State. Commerce is a kind of spring, which, diverted from its natural channel, ceases to flow. There are but two things which invite foreigners—profit and convenience. If you render commerce less convenient, or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you. Those that once depart will never return; because other nations, taking advantage of your imprudence, will invite them to their ports, and a habit will soon be contracted of trading without you. It must indeed be confessed, that the glory even of Tyre has for some time been obscured. O my dear Telemachus, hadst thou beheld it before the reign

of Pygmalion, how much greater would have been thy astonishment! The remains of Tyre only are now to be seen—ruins which have yet the appearance of magnificence, but will shortly be mingled with the dust. O unhappy Tyre, to what a wretch art thou subjected!—thou to whom, as to the sovereign of the world, the sea so lately rolled the tribute of every nation!

"'Both strangers and subjects are equally dreaded by Pygmalion. Instead of throwing open our ports to traders of the most remote countries, like his predecessors, without any stipulation or inquiry, he demands an exact account of the number of vessels that arrive, the countries to which they belong, the name of every person on board, the manner of their trading, the kind and value of their commodities, and the time they are to continue upon his coast. Nor is this the worst; for he puts in practice all the little artifices of cunning to draw the foreign merchants into some breach of his innumerable regulations, that under the appearance of justice he may confiscate their goods. He is perpetually harassing those whom he imagines to be most wealthy, and increasing, under various pretences, the incumbrances of trade, by multiplying taxes. He affects to trade himself; but every one is afraid to deal with him. Thus commerce languishes; foreigners forget, by degrees, the way to Tyre, with which they were once so well acquainted; and if Pygmalion persists in a conduct so impolitic and so injurious, our glory and our power will be transferred to some other nation which is better governed.'

"I then inquired of Narbal by what means the Tyrians had become so powerful at sea; for I was not willing to be ignorant of any of the arts of government. 'We have,' said he, 'the forests of Lebanon,[1] which furnish sufficient timber for building ships; and we are careful to reserve it all for that purpose, never suffering a single tree to be felled but for the

---

[1] "They have made all thy ship-boards of fir-trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee."—*Ezekiel*, xxvii. 5.

use of the public. We have also a great number of artificers,[1] who excel in naval architecture.'

"'How have you been able to procure these artificers?' I inquired.

"'They are the gradual produce,' said he, 'of our own country. When those who excel in any art are constantly and liberally rewarded, it will soon be practised in the greatest possible perfection; for persons of the highest abilities will always apply themselves to those arts by which great rewards are to be obtained. But, besides pecuniary rewards, whoever excels in any art or science upon which navigation depends, receives great honor. A good geometrician is much respected; an able astronomer yet more; and no rewards are thought too great for a pilot who excels in his profession. A skilful carpenter is not only well paid, but treated well. Even a dexterous rower is sure of a reward proportionate to his services; his provision is the best of its kind; proper care is taken of him when he is sick, and of his wife and children when he is absent; and if he perish by shipwreck, his family is provided for. Those who have been in the service a certain number of years are dismissed with honor, and enabled to spend the remainder of their days without labor or solicitude. We are, therefore, never in want of skilful mariners; for it is the ambition of every father to qualify his son for so advantageous a calling. Boys, almost as soon as they can walk, are taught to handle an oar, to manage the sails, and to despise a storm. Men are thus rendered willingly subservient to the purposes of government, by an administration so regular that it operates with the force of custom; and by rewards so certain, that the impulse of hope is irresistible. By authority alone little can ever be effected. Mere obedience, like that of a vassal to his lord, is not sufficient; obedience must be animated by affection, and men must find their advantage in that labor which is necessary to effect the purposes of others.'

---

[1] "Thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee, were thy pilots."—*Ezekiel*, xxvii. 8.

"After this discourse Narbal carried me to the public storehouses, the arsenals, and all the manufactories that related to shipping. I inquired minutely into every article, and wrote down all that I learnt, lest some useful circumstances should afterwards be forgotten.

"Yet Narbal, who was well acquainted with the temper of Pygmalion, and had conceived a zealous affection for me, was still impatient for my departure, dreading a discovery by the king's spies, who were night and day going about the city; but the wind would not yet permit me to embark. One day while we were busied in examining the harbor with more than common attention, and questioning several merchants about commercial affairs, one of Pygmalion's officers came up to Narbal, and said: 'The king has just learnt, from the captain of one of the vessels which returned with you from Egypt, that you have brought hither a foreigner, who passes for a native of Cyprus. It is the king's pleasure that this person be immediately secured, and the country to which he belongs certainly known, and for this you are to answer with your head.' Just at this moment, I had left Narbal at a distance, to examine more nearly the proportions of a Tyrian vessel which was almost new, and which was said to be the best sailer that had ever entered the port; and I was then putting some questions to the shipwright under whose directions it had been built.

"Narbal answered with the utmost consternation and terror, 'that the foreigner was really a native of the island of Cyprus, and that he would immediately go in search of him;' but the moment the officer was out of sight, he ran to me and acquainted me with my danger. 'My apprehensions,' said he, 'were but too just. My dear Telemachus, our ruin is inevitable: the king, who is night and day tormented with mistrust, suspects that you are not a Cyprian, and has commanded me to secure your person under pain of death. What shall we do? May the gods deliver us by more than human wisdom, or we perish! I must produce you to the king, but do you confidently affirm that you are a Cyprian of the city of Ama-

thus, and son of a statuary of Venus. I will confirm your account, by declaring that I was formerly acquainted with your father; and perhaps the king, without entering into a more severe scrutiny, will suffer you to depart. I see no other expedient, by which a chance of life can be procured for us both.'

"To this counsel of Narbal, I answered: 'Let an unhappy wretch perish, whose destruction is the decree of fate. I can die without terror; and I would not involve you in my calamity, because I would live without ingratitude; but I cannot consent to lie. I am a Greek; and to say that I am a Cyprian, is to cease to be a man. The gods, who know my sincerity, may, if it is consistent with their wisdom, preserve me by their power; but fear shall never seduce me to attempt my own preservation by falsehood.'

"'This falsehood,' answered Narbal, 'is wholly without guilt, nor can it be condemned even by the gods: it will injure none; it will preserve the innocent; and it will no otherwise deceive the king, than as it will prevent his incurring the guilt of cruelty and injustice. Your love of virtue is romantic, and your zeal for religion superstitious.'

"'That it is a falsehood,' said I, 'is to me sufficient proof that it can never become a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and is under perpetual and unlimited obligations to truth. He who violates truth, as he counteracts the dictates of conscience, must offend the gods and injure himself. Do not, therefore, urge me to a conduct that is unworthy both of you and of me. If the gods regard us with pity, they can easily effect our deliverance; and if they suffer us to perish, we shall die martyrs of truth, and leave one example to mankind, that virtue has been preferred to life. My life has been already too long, since it has only been a series of misfortunes; and it is the danger of yours only, my dear Narbal, that I regret. Why, alas, should your friendship for a wretched fugitive be fatal to yourself!'

"This dispute, which had continued a considerable time, was at length interrupted by the arrival of a person, who had run

till he was not able immediately to speak; but we soon learnt that he was another of the king's officers, and had been dispatched by Astarbe.

"Astarbe had beauty that appeared to be more than human, and a mind that had almost the power of fascination. Her general manner was sprightly, her particular address soft and insinuating. But with all this power to please, she was, like the Syrens, cruel and malignant. She knew how to conceal the worst purposes by inscrutable dissimulation. She had gained an absolute ascendency over Pygmalion by her beauty and her wit, by the sweetness of her song, and the harmony of her lyre. Pygmalion, in the ardor of his passion for this mistress, had put away Topha his queen. He thought only how he should gratify Astarbe, who was enterprising and ambitious; and his avarice, however infamous, was scarcely a greater curse than his extravagant fondness for this woman. But though he was passionately enamored of her, she regarded him with contempt and aversion; she disguised her real sentiments, and appeared to desire life itself only as the means of enjoying his society, at the very moment in which her heart sickened at his approach.

"At this time there was, at Tyre, a young Lyctian[1] named Malachon, who was extremely beautiful, but dissolute, voluptuous, and effeminate. His principal care was to preserve the delicacy of his complexion, to spread his flaxen hair in ringlets over his shoulders, to perfume his person, adjust his dress, and chant amorous ditties to the music of his lyre. Of this youth Astarbe became enamored to distraction. He declined her favors, because he was himself equally enamored of another, and dreaded the jealousy of the king. Astarbe perceived herself slighted; and, in the rage of disappointment, resolved that he who rejected her love should at least gratify her revenge. She thought of representing Malachon to the

[1] Lydian is the erroneous reading of nearly all editions. Lyctus was an important town in the east of Crete. See the lengthy note in the Lefèvre edition.

king as the stranger whom he had been informed Narbal had brought into Tyre, and after whom he had caused inquiry to be made.

"In this fraud she succeeded by her own arts of persuasion, and by bribing to secrecy all who might have discovered it to Pygmalion. As he neither loved virtue himself, nor could discover it in others, he was surrounded by abandoned mercenaries, who would, without scruple, execute his commands, however iniquitous and cruel. To these wretches the authority of Astarbe was formidable; and they assisted her to deceive the king, lest they should give offence to an imperious woman, who monopolized his confidence. Thus Malachon, though known to be a Lyctian by the whole city, was cast into prison, as the foreigner whom Narbal had brought out of Egypt.

"But Astarbe fearing that, if Narbal should come before the king, he might discover the imposture, dispatched this officer with the utmost expedition, who delivered her commands in these words: 'It is the pleasure of Astarbe, that you do not discover the stranger whom you brought hither to the king; she requires nothing of you but to be silent, and will herself be answerable for whatever is necessary to your justification; but let your friend immediately embark with the Cyprians, that he may no more be seen in the city.' Narbal, who received this proposal of deliverance with ecstasy, readily promised to fulfil the conditions, and the officer, well satisfied to have succeeded in his commission, returned to Astarbe to make his report.

"Upon this occasion, we could not but admire the divine goodness, which had so suddenly rewarded our integrity, and interposed, almost by a miracle, in favor of them that were ready to have sacrificed every thing to truth.

"We reflected with horror upon a king who had given himself up to avarice and sensuality. 'He who is thus suspicious of deceit,' said we, 'deserves to be deceived. He suspects the good, and puts himself into the hands of the bad. He alone is ignorant of the fraud by which he is overreached. Thus, while Pygmalion is made the tool of a shameless woman,

the gods render the falsehood of the wicked an instrument for the preservation of the righteous, to whom it is less dreadful to perish than to lie.'

"At the very time in which we were making these reflections, we perceived the wind change. It now blew fair for the Cyprian fleet, and Narbal cried out: 'The gods declare for thee, my dear Telemachus, and will complete thy deliverance! Fly from this cruel, this execrable coast! To follow thee, to whatever climate—to follow thee, in life and death—would be happiness and honor. But, alas! Fate has connected me with this wretched country: with my country I am born to suffer, and perhaps in her ruins I shall perish! But of what moment is this, if my tongue be still faithful to truth, and my heart holds fast its integrity? As for thee, my dear Telemachus, may the gods, who guide thee by their wisdom, reward thee to the utmost of their bounty by giving and continuing to thee that virtue which is pure, generous, and exalted! Mayest thou survive every danger, return in safety to Ithaca, and deliver Penelope from the presumption of her suitors! May thy eyes behold, and thy arms embrace, the wise Ulysses; and may he rejoice in a son that will add new honors to his name! But, in the midst of thy felicity, suffer, at least, the sorrows of friendship, the pleasing anguish of virtue, to steal upon thee for a moment; and remember unhappy Narbal with a sigh, that shall at once express his misery and thy affection.'

"My heart melted within me as he spoke; and, when he expected my reply, I threw myself upon his neck and bedewed it with my tears, but was unable to utter a word: we therefore embraced in silence; and he then conducted me to the vessel. While we weighed anchor, he stood upon the beach; and when the vessel was under sail, we looked towards each other till the objects became confused, and at length totally disappeared."

BOOK IV.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus in his relation, that he may retire to rest. Mentor privately reproves him for having undertaken the recital of his adventures; but as he has begun, advises him to proceed. Telemachus relates that during his voyage from Tyre to Cyprus, he dreamed that he was protected from Venus and Cupid by Minerva; that he afterwards imagined he saw Mentor, who exhorted him to fly from the isle of Cyprus; that when he awaked, the vessel would have perished in a storm if he had not himself taken the helm, the Cyprians being all intoxicated with wine; that when he arrived on the island, he saw, with horror, the most contagious examples of debauchery; but that Hazael, the Syrian, to whom Mentor had been sold, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, brought the two friends together, and took them on board his vessel that was bound to Crete; that during the voyage, he had seen Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea-horses—a sight infinitely entertaining and magnificent.

Calypso, who had till this instant sat motionless, and listening with inexpressible delight to the adventures of Telemachus, now interrupted him, that he might enjoy some repose. "It is time," said she, "that, after so many toils, you should taste the sweets of sleep. In this island you have nothing to fear; every thing is here subservient to your wishes. Open your heart, therefore, to joy, and make room for all the blessings of peace which the gods are preparing for you. To-morrow, when the rosy[1] fingers of Aurora shall unlock the golden doors of the east, and the steeds of Phœbus shall mount up from the deep, diffusing the beams of day,[2] and

---

[1] "Rosy-fingered Aurora" we find repeatedly in Homer.

[2] "The day arisen had scarcely sprinkled the tops of the mountains with light, when first from the deep gulf the horses of the sun lift up their heads, and from their erected nostrils breath forth day."—Virgil, *Æn.*, xii. 114

driving before them the stars of heaven,[1] the history of your misfortunes, my dear Telemachus, shall be resumed. You have exceeded even your father in wisdom and in courage; nor has Achilles, the conqueror of Hector, nor Theseus, who returned from hell, nor even the great Alcides, who delivered the earth from so many monsters, displayed either fortitude or virtue equal to yours. May one deep and unbroken slumber render the night short to you; though, to me, alas! it will be wearisome and long. With what impatience shall I desire again to see you, to hear your voice; to urge you to repeat what I have been told already; and inquire after what I am still to learn. Go then, my dear Telemachus, with that friend whom the bounty of the gods has again restored; retire into the grotto which has been prepared for your repose. May Morpheus shed his benignest influence upon your eyelids, that are now heavy with watching, and diffuse a pleasing languor through your limbs, that are fatigued with labor! May he cause the most delightful dreams to sport around you, fill your imagination with gay ideas, and keep far from you whatever might chase them away too soon!"

The goddess then conducted Telemachus into the separate grotto, which was not less rural or pleasant than her own. In one part of it, the lulling murmurs of a fountain invited sleep to the weary;[2] and in another, the nymphs had prepared two beds of the softest moss, and covered them with two large skins,—one with that of a lion for Telemachus, and the other with that of a bear for Mentor.

Mentor, before he resigned his eyes to sleep, spoke thus to Telemachus: "The pleasure of relating your adventures has ensnared you; for, by displaying the dangers which you have surmounted by your courage and your ingenuity, you have captivated Calypso; and, in proportion as you have inflamed her passions, you have insured your own captivity. Can it be

---

[1] "Aurora had dispersed the twinkling stars."—Ovid, *Metam.*, vii. 100.

[2] "A rivulet with murmuring noise invites sleep to weary eyelids."—Ovid, *Metam.*, xi. 604.

hoped that she will suffer him to depart who has displayed such power to please? You have been betrayed to indiscretion by your vanity. She promised to relate some stories to you, and to acquaint you with the adventures and the fate of Ulysses; but she has found means to say much without giving you any information, and to draw from you whatever she desired to know. Such are the arts of the flatterer and the wanton! When, O Telemachus, will you be wise enough to resist the impulse of vanity, and know how to suppress incidents that do you honor, when it is not fit that they should be related? Others, indeed, admire the wisdom which you possess at an age in which they think folly might be forgiven; but I can forgive you nothing: your heart is known only to me, and there is no other who loves you well enough to tell you your faults. How much does your father still surpass you in wisdom!"

"Could I then," answered Telemachus, "have refused an account of my misfortunes to Calypso?" "No," replied Mentor; "but you should have gratified her curiosity only by reciting such circumstances as might have raised her compassion. You might have told her that, after having long wandered from place to place, you were first a captive in Sicily, and then a slave in Egypt. This would have been enough; and all that was more, served only to render that poison more active which now rages at her heart,—a poison from which pray the gods that thy heart may be defended."

"But what can now be done?" continued Telemachus, in a calmer tone. "Now," replied Mentor, "the sequel of your story cannot be suppressed: Calypso knows too much to be deceived in that which she has yet to learn; and to attempt it would be only to displease her. Proceed, therefore, to-morrow, in your account of all that the gods have done for you; and speak another time with more modesty of such actions of your own as may be thought to merit praise."

This salutary advice was received by Telemachus with the same friendship with which it was given by Mentor; and they immediately lay down to rest.

As soon as the first rays of Phœbus glanced upon the mountains, Mentor heard the voice of Calypso calling to her nymphs in the neighboring wood, and awakened Telemachus. "It is time," said he, "to vanquish sleep. Let us now return to Calypso, but put no confidence in her honeyed words; shut your heart against her, and dread the delicious poison of her praise. Yesterday she exalted you above the wise Ulysses your father, and the invincible Achilles; above Theseus, who filled the earth with his fame, and Hercules, who obtained a place in the skies. Did you perceive the excess of such adulation, or did you believe her praises to be just? Calypso herself laughs in secret at so romantic a falsehood, which she uttered, only because she believed you to be so vain as to be gratified by the grossest flattery, and so weak as to be imposed upon by the most extravagant improbability."

They now approached the place where they were expected by the goddess. The moment she perceived them, she forced a smile, and attempted to conceal, under the appearance of joy, the dread and anxiety which agitated her bosom; for she foresaw, that, under the direction of Mentor, Telemachus, like Ulysses, would elude her snares. "Come," said she, "my dear Telemachus, and relieve me from the impatience of curiosity. I have dreamed all the night of your departure from Phœnicia to seek new adventures in the isle of Cyprus. Let us not, therefore, lose another moment; make haste to satisfy me with knowledge, and put an end to the illusions of conjecture." They then sat down upon the grass, that was intermingled with violets, in the shade of a lofty grove.

Calypso could not refrain from looking frequently, with the most passionate tenderness, at Telemachus; nor perceive, without indignation, that every glance of her eye was remarked by Mentor. Nevertheless, all her nymphs silently ranged themselves in a semicircle, and leaned forward with the utmost eagerness of attention. The eyes of the whole assembly were immovably fixed upon Telemachus.[1]

---

[1] "All became silent, and fixed their eyes upon him, eagerly attentive." —Virgil, *Æn.*, ii. 1.

Looking downward, and blushing with the most graceful modesty, he thus continued his narrative :

" Our sails had not been long filled with the gentle breath of a favoring wind,[1] before the level coast of Phœnicia disappeared. As I was now associated with Cyprians, of whose manners I was totally ignorant, I determined to remain silent, that I might the better remark all that passed, and recommend myself to my companions by the most scrupulous decorum. But, during my silence, a deep sleep stole insensibly upon me; the involuntary exercise of all my faculties was suspended; I sunk into the most luxurious tranquillity, and my heart overflowed with delight.

" On a sudden I thought the clouds parted, and that I saw Venus in her chariot drawn by two doves. She appeared in all that radiance of beauty, that gayety of youth, that smiling softness, and irresistible grace, which Jupiter himself could hardly behold with firmness, when first she issued from the foam of the sea. I thought she descended with astonishing rapidity, and in a moment reached the spot on which I stood, that she then, with a smile, laid her hand upon my shoulder, and pronounced these words : ' Young Greek, thou art now about to enter into my dominions ; thou shalt shortly arrive at that fortunate island, where every pleasure springs up under my steps. There thou shalt burn incense upon my altars, and I will lavish upon thee inexhaustible delight. Let thy heart therefore indulge the utmost luxuriance of hope ; and reject not the happiness which the most powerful of all the deities is now willing to bestow.'

" At the same time, I perceived the boy Cupid, fluttering, on his little wings, around his mother. The lovely softness and laughing simplicity of childhood appeared in his countenance ; but in his eyes, which sparkled with a piercing brightness, there was something that I could not behold without fear. He looked at me with a smile ; but it was the malignant smile of derision and cruelty. He selected from his

[1] " Neptune filled the sails with favoring winds."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vii. 23.

golden quiver the keenest of all his arrows, and having bent his bow, the shaft was just parting from the string, when Minerva suddenly appeared, and lifted her immortal ægis before me. In her aspect there was not that exquisite softness, that amorous languor, which I had remarked in the countenance and attitude of Venus. The beauty of Minerva was simple, chaste, and unaffected; all was easy and natural, yet spirited, striking, and majestic. The shaft of Cupid, not having sufficient force to penetrate the shield that intercepted it, fell to the ground. The god, touched at once with shame and indignation, withdrew his bow, and betrayed his disappointment with a sigh. 'Away, presumptuous boy!' said Minerva; 'thou hast power only over the base, who prefer the sordid pleasures of sensuality to the sublime enjoyments of wisdom, virtue, and honor.'

"Love, blushing with restrained anger, flew away without reply; and Venus again ascending to Olympus, I long traced her chariot and her doves in a cloud of intermingled azure and gold; but at length they disappeared. When I turned my eyes downwards, I perceived that Minerva also had left me.

"I then fancied myself transported to a delightful garden, which revived in my mind the descriptions that I had heard of Elysium. Here I met with Mentor, who accosted me in these words: 'Fly from this fatal country, this island of contagion, where every breeze is tainted with sensuality, where the most heroic virtue has cause for fear, and safety can be obtained only by flight!' The moment I saw Mentor, I attempted to throw my arms about him in an ecstasy of joy; but I strove in vain to lift my feet from the ground, my knees failed under me, and my arms closed over an empty shade, which eluded their grasp. The effort awoke me, and I perceived that this mysterious dream was a divine admonition. A more animated resolution against pleasure, and greater diffidence of my own virtue, concurred to make me detest the effeminate and voluptuous manners of the Cyprians. But I was most affected by the apprehension that Mentor was dead, and that, having passed

the waters of the Styx, he was fixed forever in the blissful dwellings of the just.

"I mused upon this imaginary loss till I burst into tears. They asked me why I wept. I replied, that it might easily be guessed why an unhappy fugitive, who despaired of returning to his country, should weep. In the mean time, however, all the Cyprians that were on board gave themselves up to the most extravagant merriment. The rowers, to whom a mere suspension of labor was a luxury, fell asleep upon their oars; but the pilot, who had quitted the helm, and crowned himself with flowers, held in his hand an enormous bowl, which he had almost emptied of wine; and with the rest of the crew, who were equally intoxicated, sang such songs to the praise of Venus and Cupid, as no man who has a reverence for virtue can hear without horror.

"While they were thus thoughtless of danger, a sudden tempest began to trouble the ocean and obscure the sky. The winds, as in the wild ardor of unexpected freedom, were heard bellowing among the sails; and the dark waves dashed against the sides of the vessel, which groaned under the strokes. Now we floated on the ridge of a stupendous billow; now the sea seemed to glide from under us, and leave us buried in the abyss. We perceived also some rocks near us, and heard the waves breaking against them with a dreadful noise. I had often heard Mentor say, that the effeminate and voluptuous are never brave; and I now found by experience that it was true. All the Cyprians, whose jollity had been so extravagant and tumultuous, now sank under a sense of their danger, and wept like women. I heard nothing but the screams of terror, and the wailings of hopeless distress. Some lamented the loss of pleasures that were never to return, and some made idle vows of sacrifice to the gods, if they reached their port in safety. None had presence of mind, either to undertake or direct the navigation of the vessel. In this situation I thought it my duty to save the lives of others, by saving my own. I took the helm into my own hand, for the pilot was so intoxicated as to be wholly insensible of the danger of the vessel. I encour-

aged the affrighted mariners, and ordered the sails to be taken in. The men rowed vigorously, and we soon found ourselves clear of the rocks, among which we had beheld all the horrors of death at so near a view.

"This event had the appearance of a dream to the mariners, who were indebted to me for their lives; and they looked upon me with astonishment. We arrived at the isle of Cyprus in that month of the Spring which is consecrated to Venus. The Cyprians believe this season to be under the influence of the goddess, because all nature then appears animated with new vigor, and pleasure seems to spring up spontaneously with the flowers of the field.[1]

"As soon as I went on shore, I perceived a certain softness in the air, which, though it rendered the body indolent and inactive, yet brought on a disposition to gayety and wantonness. I observed that the inhabitants were so averse to labor, that the country, though extremely fertile and pleasant, was almost wholly uncultivated. I met, in every street, crowds of women, loosely dressed, singing the praises of Venus, and going to dedicate themselves to the service of her temple. Beauty and pleasure sparkled in their countenances, but their beauty was tainted by affectation. The modest simplicity, from which female charms principally derive their power, was wanting. The dissolute air, the studied look, the flaunting dress, and the lascivious gait, the expressive glances that seemed to wander in search after those of the men, the visible emulation who should kindle the most ardent passion, and whatever else I discovered in these women, moved only my contempt and aversion; and I was disgusted by all that they did with a desire to please.

"I was conducted to a temple of the goddess, of which there

---

[1] "And no season was there more becoming for Venus than the Spring; in Spring the earth is bounteous; in Spring the soil is unbound; then does the herbage raise its head, having burst the ground; then from the swelling bark does the shoot put forth the bud; and the lovely Venus is deserving of the lovely season."—Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 125.

are several in the island; for she is worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos. That which I visited was at Cythera. The structure, which is of marble, is a complete peristyle; and the columns are so large and lofty, that its appearance is extremely majestic: on each front, over the architrave and frieze, are large pediments, on which the most entertaining adventures of the goddess are represented in bas-relief. There is a perpetual crowd of people with offerings at the gate.

"Within the limits of the consecrated ground, no victim is ever slain; the fat of bulls and heifers is never burnt, as at other temples; nor are the rites of pleasure profaned with their blood. The beasts that are here offered, are only presented before the altar, nor are any accepted, but those that are young, white, and without blemish; they are dressed with purple fillets, embroidered with gold, and their horns are decorated with gilding and flowers: after they have been presented, they are led to a proper place at a considerable distance, and killed for the banquet of the priests.

"Perfumed liquors are also offered, and wines sweeter than nectar. The habit of the priests is a long white robe, fringed with gold at the bottom, and bound around them with a golden girdle. The richest aromatics of the East burn night and day upon the altars, and the smoke rises in a cloud of fragrance to the skies. All the columns of the temple are adorned with festoons; all the sacrificial vessels are of gold; the whole building is surrounded by a consecrated grove of odoriferous myrtle. None are permitted to present the victims to the priest, or to kindle the hallowed fire, but boys and girls of consummate beauty. But this temple, however magnificent, was rendered infamous by the dissolute manners of the votaries.

"What I saw in this place struck me at first with horror; but at length, by insensible degrees, it became familiar. I was no longer alarmed at the appearance of vice; the manners of the company had a kind of contagious influence upon me: my innocence was universally derided; and my modesty and reserve became the sport of impudence and buffoonery. Every

art was practised to excite my passions, to ensnare me by temptation, to kindle the love of pleasure in my breast. I perceived that I was every day less capable of resistance; the influence of education was surmounted; my virtuous resolutions melted away. I could no longer struggle against the evils that pressed upon me on every side; and from dreading vice, I came at length to be ashamed of virtue. I was like a man who attempts to swim a deep and rapid river; his first efforts are vigorous, and he makes way against the stream; but, if the shores are steep, and he cannot rest himself upon the bank, he grows weary by degrees; his strength is exhausted; his limbs become stiff with fatigue; and he is carried away by the torrent.

"Thus my eyes began to grow dim to the deformity of vice, and my heart shrank from the toil of virtue. I could no longer call in the power of reason to my assistance, nor remember the example of my father with emulation. The dream, in which I had seen Mentor in the fields of Elysium, repressed the last feeble effort of my virtue. A pleasing languor stole insensibly upon me; I felt the seductive poison glide from vein to vein, and diffuse itself through every limb, with a secret satisfaction. Yet, by sudden starts, I deplored my captivity with sighs and tears; sometimes I pined with regret, and sometimes raved with indignation. 'How wretched a period of life,' said I, 'is youth! Wherefore did the gods, who cruelly sport with the calamities of men, ordain them to pass through that state which is divided between the sports of folly and the agonies of desire? Why is not my head already hoary, and why do not my steps falter on the brink of the grave? Why am I not already like Laertes, whose son is my father? Death itself would be sweeter than the shameful weakness of which I am now conscious!'

"But these exclamations had no sooner burst from me, than my anguish would abate; my conscience, lulled by the opiates of sensuality, would again cease to be susceptible of shame, till some sudden thought would rouse me once more to sensibility, and sting me with yet keener remorse. In this state of

perplexity and anguish, I frequently wandered about in the consecrated grove, like a hart wounded by the hunters: the fleet hart reaches the distant forest in a moment, but he carries the tormenting shaft in his side:[1] thus I vainly attempted to escape from myself; but nothing could alleviate the anguish of my breast.

"I was one day in this situation, when, at some distance before me, in the most gloomy part of the grove, I discovered Mentor; but upon a nearer approach, his countenance appeared so pale, and expressed such a mixture of grief and austerity, that I felt no joy in his presence. 'Can it be thou,' I exclaimed, 'my dearest friend, my only hope! Can it be thou thyself in very deed; or do I thus gaze upon a fleeting illusion? Is it Mentor? or is it the spirit of Mentor, that is still touched with my misfortunes? Art not thou numbered among the happy spirits, who rejoice in the fruition of their own virtue, to which the gods have superadded the pure and everlasting pleasures of Elysium? Speak, Mentor, dost thou yet live? Am I again happy in thy counsel, or art thou only the manes of my friend?' As I pronounced these words, I ran towards him breathless and transported. He calmly waited for me, without advancing a single step; but the gods only know with what joy I perceived that he filled my grasp. 'No, it is not an empty shade; I hold him fast; I embrace my dear Mentor!' Thus I expressed the tumult of my mind in broken exclamations; till, bursting into tears, I hung upon his neck without power to speak. He continued to look steadfastly at me with a mixture of grief, tenderness, and compassion.

"'Alas!' said I, 'whence art thou come? What dangers have surrounded me in thy absence! and what should I now have done without thee?' Mentor, not regarding my questions, cried out in a voice that shook me with terror: 'Fly!

---

[1] "Like a wounded deer, whom, off her guard, a shepherd pursuing with his darts has pierced at a distance in the Cretan woods, and unknowingly [in the wound] hath left the winged steel: she, flying, bounds over the Dictæan woods and glades: the fatal shaft sticks in her side."—Virgil, *Æn.*, iv. 69.

delay not a moment to fly. The very fruits of this soil are poison; the air is pestilential; the inhabitants themselves are contagious, and speak only to infuse the most deadly venom. Sordid and infamous sensuality, the most dreadful evil that issued from the box of Pandora, corrupts every heart, and eradicates every virtue. Fly! wherefore dost thou linger? Fly! cast not one look behind thee; nor let even thy thoughts return to this accursed island for a moment.'

"While he yet spoke, I perceived, as it were, a thick cloud vanish from before me, and my eyes were once more illuminated with the rays of pure light. My heart was elated with a peaceful yet vigorous joy, very different from the dissolute and tumultuous pleasures of desire: one is the joy of phrensy and confusion, a perpetual transition from raging passion to the keenest remorse; the other is the calm and equal felicity of reason, which, like divine beatitude, can neither satiate nor be exhausted. It filled all my breast, and overflowed in tears; nor have I found on earth any higher enjoyment than thus to weep. 'Happy,' said I, 'are those by whom virtue vouchsafes to be seen in all her beauty! Thus to behold her is to love her; and to love her is to be happy.'

"But my attention was recalled to Mentor. 'I must leave you,' said he; 'nor can my stay be protracted a moment.' 'Whither dost thou go, then?' I responded. 'To what deserts will I not follow thee! Think not to depart without me, for I will rather die at thy feet.' Immediately I caught hold of him, and held him with all my force. 'It is in vain,' said he, 'that thy zeal attempts to detain me. I was sold by Metophis to the Arabs or Ethiopians.[1] They, having gone on a trading journey to Damascus[2] in Syria, determined to part with me, imagining that they could sell me for a large sum to one Hazael, a man who was seeking after a Grecian slave, to acquaint him with the manners of the country, and instruct him in the sciences.

---

[1] The Arabs and Ethiopians are confounded without reason.

[2] The city still bears the same name.

"'I was purchased by Hazael at a very high price. The knowledge which he soon acquired from me of the Grecian policy, inclined him to go into Crete,[1] to study the wise laws of Minos. The voyage was immediately undertaken; but we were driven, by contrary winds, to Cyprus; and he has taken this opportunity to make his offering at the temple. I see him now coming out; a favorable wind already fills our sails, and calls us on board. Farewell, my dear Telemachus; a slave who fears the gods cannot dispense with his obligation to attend his master. The gods have made me the property of another; and they know that if I had any right in myself, I would transfer it to you alone. Farewell! remember the achievements of Ulysses and the tears of Penelope; remember, also, that the gods are just. Ye powers, who are the protectors of the innocent, in what a country am I compelled to leave Telemachus!'

"'No,' said I, 'my dear Mentor, here thou canst not leave me; for I will rather perish than suffer thee to depart without me. But has thy Syrian master no compassion? Will he tear thee, by violence, from my arms? He must either take away my life, or suffer me to follow thee. Thou hast thyself exhorted me to fly; why, then, am I forbidden to fly with thee? I will speak myself to Hazael; perhaps he may regard my youth and my distress with pity: he, who is so enamored of wisdom as to seek her in distant countries, cannot surely have a savage and insensible heart. I will throw myself at his feet; I will embrace his knees; I will not suffer him to depart, till he has consented that I may follow thee. My dear Mentor, I will wear the chains of slavery with thee! I will offer myself to Hazael; and if he rejects me, my lot is thrown; and I will seek reception, where I know I shall find it, in the grave.'

"Just as I had pronounced these words, Mentor was called by Hazael, before whom I immediately fell prostrate on the ground. Hazael, who was astonished to see a stranger in that posture, asked what I would request. 'I request my life,' said

---

[1] The island of Candia.

I; 'for, if I am not permitted to follow Mentor, who is your servant, I must die. I am the son of the great Ulysses, who surpassed in wisdom all the Grecian princes by whom Troy, a city famous throughout all Asia, was overturned. But think not that I speak of my birth to exact a tribute to my vanity; I mean only to strengthen the claim of misfortune to thy pity. I have wandered from coast to coast, in search of my father, with this man, whom friendship has made a father to me. Fortune has at length completed my calamity, by taking him from me: he is now thy slave; let me, therefore, be thy slave also. If thou art, indeed, a lover of justice, and art going to Crete to acquaint thyself with the laws of Minos, thou wilt not resist the importunity of my distress. Thou seest the son of a mighty prince reduced to sue for slavery, as the only possible condition of comfort. There was a time when I preferred death to servitude in Sicily; but the evils which I there suffered were but the first essays of the rage of fortune. I now tremble, lest I should not be admitted into that state, which then I would have died to shun. May the gods look down on my misfortunes, and may Hazael remember Minos, whose wisdom he admires, and whose judgment shall, in the realms of Pluto be passed upon us both.'

"Hazael, looking upon me with great complaisance and humanity, gave me his hand and raised me from the ground. 'I am not ignorant,' said he, 'of the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses; I have been often told by Mentor what glory he acquired among the Greeks; and fame has made his name familiar to all the nations of the East. Follow me, son of Ulysses; I will be your father, till you find him from whom you have derived your being. If I had no sense of the glory of Ulysses, or of his misfortunes, or of yours, the friendship which I bear to Mentor would alone induce me to take care of you. I bought him indeed as a slave, but he is now mine by a nobler connection; for the money that he cost me procured me the dearest and most valuable of all my friends. In him I have found that wisdom which I sought; to him I owe all the love of virtue that I have acquired. This moment, there-

fore, I restore his freedom, and continue thine: I renounce your service, and require only your esteem.'

"The most piercing anguish was now changed in a moment to unutterable joy. I perceived myself delivered from total ruin; I was approaching my country; I was favored with assistance that might enable me to reach it; I had the consolation of being near a person whose love for me had no foundation but the love of virtue; and whatever else could contribute to my felicity was comprehended in my meeting with Mentor to part no more.

"Hazael proceeded directly to the port, followed by Mentor and myself, and we all embarked together. The peaceful waves were divided by our oars; a gentle breeze, which sported in our sails, seemed, as it were, to animate our bark, and impel it forward with an easy motion. Cyprus quickly disappeared. Hazael, who was impatient to know my sentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of that island. I told him ingenuously the dangers to which my youth had been exposed, and the conflict which had agitated my bosom. He was touched at my horror of vice; and cried out: 'Venus, I acknowledge thy power, and that of thy son; I have burnt incense upon thy altars; but forgive me if I detest that infamous effeminacy which prevails in thy dominions, and the brutal sensuality which is practised at thy feasts.'

"He then discoursed with Mentor of that first Power which created the heaven and the earth; of that infinite and immutable intelligence which communicates itself to all, but is not divided; of that sovereign and universal truth which illuminates intellectual nature, as the sun enlightens the material world. 'He who has never received this pure emanation of divinity,' said Hazael, 'is as blind as those who are born without sight; he passes through life in darkness, like that which involves the polar regions, where the night is protracted to half the year;'[1] he believes himself to be wise, and is a fool; he

[1] How should a Syrian, in the time of Ulysses, know this? It may be answered, that he was taught by Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.

imagines that his eye comprehends every object, and he sees nothing, or, at most, he perceives only some fleeting illusions by a glimmering and deceitful light, some unsubstantial vapors, that are every moment changing their color and shape, and at length fade into total obscurity. Such is the state of every man who is captivated by the pleasures of sense, and allured by the phantoms of imagination. Indeed, none are worthy the name of men but those who walk by the dictates of eternal reason, who love and follow the guiding ray that is vouchsafed from above. It is by this reason that we are inspired when our thoughts are good; and by it we are reproved when they are evil. From it we derive intelligence and life. It is an ocean of light: our minds are but small streams that issue from it and are quickly reabsorbed in the deep from which they flowed.'

"This discourse, indeed, I did not perfectly comprehend; yet I perceived something in it that was elevated and refined; and my heart caught fire at the beams of truth which glanced within the verge of my understanding. They proceeded to talk of the origin of the gods, of heroes, of poets, of the golden age, and of the universal deluge; of the river of oblivion, in which the souls of the dead are plunged; of the perpetual punishment that is inflicted upon the wicked in the gloomy gulf of Tartarus; and of that happy tranquillity which is enjoyed in the fields of Elysium by the spirits of the just, who exult in the assurance that it shall last forever.

"While Hazael and Mentor were discoursing upon these topics, we perceived several dolphins approaching, whose scales were varied with azure and gold. Their sport swelled the sea into waves, and covered it with foam. These were followed by tritons, who with their spiral shells emulated the music of the trumpet. In the midst of them appeared the chariot of Amphitrite, drawn by sea-horses whiter than snow, which, dividing the waves as they passed, left behind them long furrows in the deep. Fire sparkled in their eyes, and from their nostrils issued clouds of smoke. The chariot of the goddess was a shell, whiter and brighter than ivory, of a wonderful figure;

and it was mounted upon wheels of gold. It seemed almost to fly over the level surface of the water. A great number of young nymphs swam in a crowd after the chariot; their hair, which was decorated with flowers, flowed loosely behind them, and wantoned in the breeze. The goddess held in one hand a sceptre of gold, with which she awed the waves to obedience; and, with the other, she held the little god Palemon, her son, whom she suckled upon her lap. Such sweetness and majesty were expressed in her countenance, that the rebellious winds dispersed at her appearance, and gloomy tempests howled only at a distance. Tritons guided the horses with golden reins. A large purple sail waved above, which was but half distended by a multitude of little Zephyrs, who labored to swell it with their breath. In the mid air appeared Æolus, busy, restless, and vehement. His wrinkled and morose countenance, his threatening voice, his shaggy brows, which hung down to his beard, and the sullen austerity that gleamed in his eyes, awed the hurricanes of the north to silence, and drove back the clouds. Whales of an enormous size, and all the monsters of the deep, that caused the sea to ebb and flow with their nostrils, rushed from their secret recesses, to gaze upon the goddess."[1]

---

[1] The whole passage is in imitation of Virgil (*Æn.*, v. 819). "Along the surface of the seas he [Neptune] nimbly glides in his azure car. The waves subside, and the swelling ocean smooths its liquid pavement under the thundering axle: the clouds fly off the face of the expanded sky. Then [appear] the various forms of his retinue: unwieldy whales, and the aged train of Glaucus, and Palemon, Ino's son, the swift Tritons, and the whole band of Phorcus." Why Fénelon makes Palemon the son of Amphitrite, we know not.

BOOK V.

Telemachus relates, that when he arrived at Crete, he learnt that Idomeneus, the king of that island, had, in consequence of a rash vow, sacrificed his only son; that the Cretans, to revenge the murder, had driven him out of the country; that after long uncertainty they were then assembled to elect a new sovereign; that he was admitted into the assembly; that he obtained the prize in various exercises; having also resolved the questions that had been recorded by Minos in the book of his laws, the sages, who were judges of the contest, and all the people, seeing his wisdom, would have made him king; that he refused the royalty of Crete to return to Ithaca; that he proposed Mentor, but that Mentor also refused to be king; that the Cretans then pressing Mentor to appoint a king for them, he relates to them what he heard of the virtues of Aristodemus, whom they immediately proclaimed; that Mentor and Telemachus having embarked for Italy, Neptune, to gratify the resentment of Venus, shipwrecked them on the island of Calypso, where the goddess received them with hospitality and kindness.

"After the goddess and her train disappeared, we began to discover the mountains of Crete, although we could yet scarcely distinguish them from the clouds of heaven and the waves of the sea. But it was not long before the summit of Mount Ida[1] was seen, towering above the neighboring mountains, as the branching horns[2] of a stag are distinguished among the young fawns that surround him. By degrees we discovered more distinctly the coast of the island, which had the appearance of an amphitheatre. In Crete, the soil appeared to us as fertile and enriched with every kind of fruit by the labor of its inhabitants, as, in Cyprus, it had appeared wild and uncultivated.

"We perceived innumerable villages that were well built, towns that were little inferior to cities, and cities that were in

---

1 "In the middle of the sea lies Crete, the island of mighty Jupiter, where is Mount Ida."—Virgil, *Æn.*, iii. 104.

2 "The branching horns of a long-lived stag."—Virgil, *Ecl.*, vii. 30.

the highest degree magnificent. There was no field on which the husbandman had not impressed the characters of diligence and labor; the plough was everywhere to be traced; and there was scarcely a bramble or a weed to be found in the island. We remarked, with pleasure, the deep valleys in which numerous herds of cattle were grazing among many rivulets that enriched the soil; the sheep that were feeding on the declivity of the hills; the spacious plains that were covered with the golden bounty of Ceres; and the mountains that were adorned with the lively verdure of the vine, and with clusters of grapes already tinged with blue, and promising the blessing of Bacchus, which soothes anxiety to peace and animates weariness to new vigor.

"Mentor told us that he had before been in Crete, and acquainted us with whatever he knew of the country. 'This island,' said he, 'which is admired by all foreigners, and famous for its hundred cities,[1] produces all the necessaries of life in great plenty for its inhabitants, although they are almost innumerable; for the earth is always profusely bountiful to those who cultivate it, and its treasures are inexhaustible. The greater the number of inhabitants in any country, the greater plenty they enjoy, if they are not idle; nor have they any cause to be jealous of each other. The earth, like a good mother, multiplies her gifts in proportion to the number of her children, who merit her bounty by their labor. The ambition and the avarice of mankind are the only source of their calamities; every individual wishes to possess the portion of all, and becomes wretched by the desire of superfluities. If men would be content with the simplicity of nature, and wish only to satisfy their real necessities, plenty, cheerfulness, domestic concord, and public tranquillity would be uninterrupted and universal.

"'A deep knowledge of these important truths was the

---

[1] Homer, in the *Iliad* (ii. 649), calls Crete the "hundred-citied;" but in the *Odyssey* (xix. 174), he gives to Crete but ninety cities. Horace follows the *Iliad:* "Crete distinguished for a hundred cities."

glory of Minos, the wisest of legislators and the best of kings. All the wonders of this island are the effects of his laws. The education which he prescribed for children renders the body healthy and robust, and forms an early habit of frugality and labor. That every species and degree of voluptuousness will debilitate both the body and the mind, is an established maxim; and no pleasure is proposed as the object of desire, but that of becoming invincible by heroic virtue and distinguished by superior glory. Courage is not considered as the contempt of death only in the field of battle, but also as the contempt of superfluous wealth and shameful pleasure. And three vices are punished in Crete, which in every other country are suffered with impunity—ingratitude, dissimulation, and avarice.

"'It might, perhaps, be expected that there should be some law against luxury and pomp; but at Crete luxury and pomp are not known. Every man labors, and no man thinks of becoming rich: labor is thought to be sufficiently recompensed by a life of quiet and regularity, in which all that the wants of nature have made necessary is enjoyed in plenty and in peace. No splendid palace, no costly furniture, no magnificent apparel, no voluptuous festivity, is permitted. The clothing of the inhabitants is, indeed, made of the finest wool, and dyed of the most beautiful color, but is perfectly plain, and without embroidery. Their meals, at which they drink little wine, are extremely temperate, consisting chiefly of bread, such fruits as the season produces, and milk. If they ever taste animal food, it is in a small quantity, plainly dressed, and of the coarsest kind; for they always reserve the finest cattle for labor, that agriculture may flourish. The houses are neat, convenient, and pleasant, but without ornament. Architecture is, indeed, well known among them, in its utmost elegance and magnificence, but the practice of this art is reserved for the temples of the gods, and it is thought presumptuous in a mortal to have a dwelling like theirs. The wealth of the Cretans consists in health, vigor, courage, domestic quiet and concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary, contempt of all that is superfluous, habits of industry, abhorrence of idleness, emula-

tion in virtue, submission to the laws, and reverence of the gods.'

"I inquired in what the authority of the king consisted; and Mentor answered: 'His authority over the subject is absolute, but the authority of the law is absolute over him. His power to do good is unlimited, but he is restrained from doing evil. The laws have put the people into his hands as the most valuable deposit, upon condition that he shall treat them as his children. It is the intent of the law that the wisdom and equity of one man shall be the happiness of many, and not that the wretchedness and slavery of many should gratify the pride and luxury of one. The king ought to possess nothing more than the subject, except what is necessary to alleviate the fatigue of his station, and impress upon the minds of the people a reverence of that authority by which the laws are executed. Moreover, the king should indulge himself less, as well in ease as in pleasure, and should be less disposed to the pomp and the pride of life than any other man; he ought not to be distinguished from the rest of mankind by the greatness of his wealth, or the variety of his enjoyments, but by superior wisdom, more heroic virtue, and more splendid glory. Abroad he ought to be the defender of his country, by commanding her armies; and at home, the judge of his people, distributing justice among them, improving their morals, and increasing their felicity. It is not for himself that the gods have intrusted him with royalty: he is exalted above individuals, only that he may be the servant of the people; to the public he owes all his time, all his attention, and all his love; he deserves dignity only in proportion as he gives up private enjoyments for the public good.

"'Minos directed that his children should not succeed to his throne, but upon condition that they should govern by these maxims. He loved his people yet more than his family; and by this wise institution he insured power and happiness to his kingdom. Thus did Minos, the peaceful legislator, eclipse the glory of mighty conquerors, who sacrificed nations to their own vanity, and imagined they were great; and his justice has

placed him on a more awful tribunal in the world of spirits, where he distributes rewards and punishments as the supreme judge of the dead.'

"While Mentor was thus discoursing, we reached the island. We there saw the celebrated labyrinth which had been built by Dædalus in imitation of that of much larger extent which we had seen in Egypt. While we were contemplating this curious edifice, we perceived all the coast covered with a multitude of people, who gathered in a crowd at a place not far distant from the sea. We inquired the cause of this commotion, and our curiosity was immediately gratified by a Cretan, whose name was Nausicrates.

"'Idomeneus,' said he, 'the son of Deucalion, and grandson of Minos, accompanied the other princes of Greece in their expedition against Troy. After the destruction of that city, he set sail for Crete, but was overtaken by so violent a tempest, that the pilot, and all others on board the vessel, who were skilled in navigation, believed shipwreck to be inevitable. Death was present to every imagination; every one thought he saw the abyss open to swallow him up; and every one deplored the misfortune, which did not leave him the mournful hope of that imperfect rest to which the spirits of the dead are admitted beyond the waters of the Styx, after funeral rites have been paid to the body. Idomeneus, lifting up his hands and his eyes to heaven, and invoking Neptune, cried out: 'O mighty Deity, to whom belong the dominions of the deep, vouchsafe to hear me in this uttermost distress! If thou wilt protect me from the fury of the waves, and restore me in safety to my country, I will offer up to thee the first living object that I see on my return.'

"'In the mean time, his son hasted to meet him with all the ardor of filial affection, and pleased himself with the thought of receiving the first embrace. Unhappy youth! He knew not that to hasten to his father was to rush upon destruction. Idomeneus, escaping the tempest, arrived at his port, and returned thanks to Neptune for having heard his vow; but he was soon sensible of the fatal effects it would

produce. A certain presage of misfortune made him repent his indiscretion with the utmost anguish of mind; he dreaded his arrival among his people, and thought with horror of meeting those who were most dear to him. But Nemesis, a cruel and inexorable goddess, who is ever vigilant to punish mankind, and rejoices to humble the mighty and the proud, impelled him forward with a fatal and invisible hand. He proceeded from the vessel to the shore; but he had scarcely ventured to lift up his eyes, when he beheld his son. He started back, pale and trembling. He turned his eyes on every side to find another victim to whom he was less tenderly allied, but it was too late! His son sprang to him, and threw his arms around his neck; but perceived, with astonishment, that instead of returning his caresses he stood motionless, and at length burst into tears.

"'O my father,' said he, 'what is the cause of this sorrow? After so long an absence, art thou grieved to return to thy people, and restore happiness to thy son? In what, alas! have I offended? Thy eyes are still turned from me, as if they loathed or dreaded to behold me.' The father, overwhelmed with grief, was not yet able to reply. At length, heavily sighing, he cried out: 'O Neptune, what have I promised thee? On what condition hast thou preserved me from shipwreck? Oh, leave me again to the billows and the rocks! Let me be dashed to pieces, and swallowed up in the deep; but preserve my son. Cruel and unrelenting god! let my blood be accepted as a recompense for his!' Speaking thus, he drew his sword, and attempted to plunge it in his bosom; but those who stood near him held back his hand.

"'Sophronimus, a hoary prophet, who had long interpreted the will of the gods, assured him that Neptune might be satisfied without the death of his son. 'Your vow,' said he, 'was rash; the gods are not honored, but offended by cruelty. Do not, then, add one enormity to another, and violate the laws of nature to accomplish that vow which it was a crime to make. Select a hundred bulls, whiter than snow; decorate the altar of Neptune with flowers; let these victims be thy blameless

offering, and let a cloud of grateful incense ascend in honor of the god.'

"'Idomeneus heard this address in an attitude of desperation, and without reply; his eyes sparkled with fury, his visage became ghastly, his color changed every moment, and his whole body shook with the agony of his mind. His son was touched with his distress; and, having no wish but to relieve it, said: 'My father, here I am. Delay not to appease the god to whom thou hast vowed, nor bring down his vengeance upon thy head. Since thy life can be redeemed with mine, I will die content. Strike, then, O my father, and fear not that, at the approach of death, I shall show a weakness that is unworthy of thy son!'

"'At this moment, Idomeneus, starting from his posture with the sudden violence of phrensy, as if roused by the scourge of the infernal furies, surprised the vigilance of those who had their eyes upon him, and plunged his sword in the bosom of his son.[1] He drew it hastily back; and, while it was yet warm, made an effort to sheath it a second time in his own breast; but in this he was again prevented.

"'The youth, who immediately fell, lay weltering in his blood: his eyes were suffused with the shades of death; he attempted to open them; but, not being able to bear the light,[2] they were immediately closed in everlasting darkness. As a lily of the field, when its root is cut away by the ploughshare, being no longer supported by the stalk, languishes upon the ground; and, though it does not immediately lose all the lustre of its beauty, yet is no more nourished by the earth, its life being extinguished,[3] so fell the son of Idomeneus, cut down like

---

[1] This is taken from the commentary of Servius on the *Æneid* (iii. 121).

[2] The last mortal effort of poor Dido was, "with swimming eyes to seek the light of heaven."—Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 691. Voltaire and Delille have imitated this beautiful passage.

[3] "Euryalus is overwhelmed in death, the blood flows down his beauteous limbs, and on his shoulders the drooping neck reclines: as when a purple flower, cut down by the plough, pines away in death."—Virgil, *Æn.*, ix. 433.

"As if, in a well-watered garden, any one should break down violets, or

a flower, by an untimely stroke, in the first bloom of his youth.

"'The father, stupefied by excess of grief, knew neither where he was, nor what he had done, nor what he ought to do, but walked with faltering steps towards the city, and inquired eagerly for his child.

"'In the mean time the people, who were moved with compassion for the youth, and with horror at the cruelty of the father, cried out, that the justice of the gods had given him up to the Furies. Rage supplied them with weapons; one snatched a stick, another a stone,[1] and discord infused rancor and malignity into every bosom. The Cretans, however wise, were at this time exasperated to folly, and renounced their allegiance to their king. His friends, therefore, as they could not otherwise preserve him from popular fury, conducted him back to the fleet, where they went on board with him, and once more committed themselves to the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus, as soon as he recovered from his phrensy, thanked them for having forced him from a country which he had stained with the blood of his son; and which, therefore, he could not bear to inhabit. The winds wafted them to the coast of Hesperia; and they are now forming a new State in the country of the Salentines.[2]

"'The Cretans, having thus lost their king, have resolved to elect such a person in his stead as shall administer the estab-

---

poppies, and lilies, as they adhere to their yellow stalks; drooping, they would suddenly hang down their languid heads, and could not support themselves; and would look towards the ground with their tops: so sink his [Hyacinthus'] dying features; and, forsaken by its vigor, the neck is a burden to itself, and reclines upon the shoulder."—Ovid, *Metam.*, ix. 190.

"Here on the rural couch aloft they raise the youth: like a flower, either of the tender violet, or of the drooping hyacinth, cropped by a virgin's hand, from which not the gay bloom, or its own fair form, hath yet departed."—Virgil, *Æn.*, xi. 70.

[1] "And as when a sedition has perchance arisen among a mighty multitude, and the minds of the ignoble vulgar rage; now firebrands, now stones fly; fury supplies them with arms."—Virgil, *Æn.*, i. 150.

[2] Fénelon follows Virgil (*Æn.*, iii. 121 and 400). The city of Salentum was in the south of Italy.

lished laws in their utmost purity. For this purpose, the principal inhabitants of every city have been summoned hither. The sacrifices, which are the first solemnities of the election, are already begun; the most celebrated sages of all the neighboring countries are assembled to propose questions to the candidates, as a trial of their sagacity. Preparations are made for public games, to determine their courage, strength, and activity. The Cretans are resolved, that, as their kingdom is the prize, they will bestow it upon him only who shall be adjudged superior to all others both in body and in mind. To render the victory more difficult, by increasing the number of competitors, all foreigners are invited to the contest.'

"Nausicrates, after having related these astonishing events, pressed us to enter the lists. 'Make haste,' said he, 'O strangers, to our assembly, and engage, among others, in the contest; for if the gods decree the victory to either of you, he shall be the sovereign of Crete!' He then turned hastily from us; and we followed him, not with any desire of victory, but only that we might gratify our curiosity, by being present at so uncommon and important a transaction.

"We came to a kind of circus of vast extent, in the middle of a thick forest; within the circus[1] was an area prepared for the combatants, surrounded by a circular bank of fresh turf, on which were seated an innumerable multitude of spectators. We were received with the utmost civility; for the Cretans excel all other people in a liberal and religious performance of the duties of hospitality. They not only caused us to be seated, but invited us to engage in the exercises. Mentor declined it on account of his age; and Hazael, on account of his feeble health.

"My youth and vigor left me no excuse; however, I glanced my eye upon Mentor, to discover his sentiments; and I perceived that he wished I should engage. I therefore accepted the offer that had been made me, and, throwing off my apparel,

---

[1] "Æneas advances to a grassy plain, which woods on winding hills inclosed around; and in the mid valley was the circuit of a theatre."—Virgil, *Æn.*, v. 135.

my limbs were anointed with oil,[1] and I placed myself among the other combatants. A rumor immediately passed through the whole multitude that the new candidate for the kingdom was the son of Ulysses; for several of the Cretans, who had been at Ithaca when I was a child, remembered my face.

"The first exercise was wrestling. A Rhodian, who appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, threw all that ventured to encounter him. He was still in his full vigor; his arms were nervous and brawny; his muscles were discovered at every motion; he was not less supple than strong. There was now no competitor remaining but myself; and, as he thought no honor was to be gained by overcoming so feeble an opponent, he indulged the compassion which he felt for my youth, and would have retired; but I pressed forward, and presented myself before him. We immediately seized each other, and grappled till both were out of breath. We stood shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot; every nerve was strained, our arms were entwined, like serpents, in each other, and each of us endeavored to lift his antagonist from the ground.[2] He attempted to throw me, sometimes by surprise, and sometimes by mere strength, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. While he was thus practising all his skill and force upon me, I threw myself forward, by a sudden effort, with such violence that, the muscles of his back giving way, he fell to the ground and drew me upon him. All his efforts to get me under were ineffectual; I held him immovable under me, till the multitude shouted, 'Victory to the son of Ulysses!' and then I assisted him to rise, and he retired in confusion.

"The combat of the cestus was more difficult. The son of a wealthy citizen of Samos had acquired such reputation in this exercise, that the rest of the candidates yielded to him

---

[1] "The rest of the youth are crowned with poplar wreaths, and glitter, having their naked shoulders besmeared with oil."—Virgil, *Æn.*, v. 134.

[2] "We retire a little, and then again we rush together in conflict, and we stand firm, determined not to yield; foot, too, is joined to foot; and I, bending forward full with my breast, press upon his fingers with my fingers, and his forehead with my forehead."—Ovid, *Metam.*, ix. 43.

without a contest; and the hope of victory animated no bosom but mine. In the first onset I received such blows on the head and breast, that blood gushed from my mouth and nostrils, and a thick mist seemed to fall upon my eyes. I reeled; my antagonist pressed upon me; and I was just sinking, faint and breathless, when I heard Mentor cry out: 'O son of Ulysses, wilt thou be vanquished!' The voice of my friend encouraged me to further resistance, and disdain supplied me with new strength. I avoided several blows, which I must otherwise have sunk under. My antagonist having missed a stroke, I seized the opportunity, when his arm was carried away by its own force, and his body was bent forward, to aim a blow at him that he could not ward off, and I raised my cestus that it might descend with greater force. He saw my advantage, and, stepping back, he writhed his body to avoid the stroke. By this motion the equilibrium was destroyed, and I easily threw him to the ground. I immediately offered him my hand, which he refused; and he got up without assistance, covered with dust and blood; but, though he showed the utmost shame at his defeat, yet he did not dare to renew the combat.

"The chariot races immediately followed. The chariots were distributed by lot, and mine happened to be the worst of the whole number; the wheels were the heaviest, and the horses the least vigorous. We started; and the cloud of dust that rose behind us obscured the sky. At the beginning of the race, I suffered the others to get before me. A young Lacedemonian, whose name was Crantor, left them all behind him; and Polycletus, a Cretan, followed him at a short distance. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who was ambitious to succeed him, giving reins to his horses, which were covered with sweat, leaned forward over their necks; and the wheels whirled round with such rapidity, that, like the wings of an eagle floating upon the air, they seemed not to move at all. My horses, beginning now to exert themselves, soon left almost all those that had set out with so much ardor, at a great distance behind them. Hippomachus, pressing forward to keep his advantage with too much eagerness, the most vigorous of

his horses fell down, and put an end to the hopes of the driver.

"Polycletus, leaning too much over his horses, was thrown out of his chariot by a sudden shock; the reins were forced out of his hand; and, though he had now no hope of victory, he thought himself happy to have escaped with his life. Crantor, perceiving with jealousy and indignation that I was now close behind him, urged forward with more eagerness; sometimes vowing rich offerings to the gods, and sometimes encouraging his horses. He was afraid I should pass him, by driving between his chariot and the barrier of the course, because my horses, having been less exhausted, were able to get before him if they had room, though they should wheel round on the outside of the track. This could be prevented only by obstructing the passage. Though he saw the danger of the attempt, he drove up so close to the barrier that his wheel, being forced against it, was torn off and his chariot dismounted. I had now nothing to do but to turn short, that I might keep clear of him, and the next moment he saw me at the goal. The multitude once more shouted: 'Victory to the son of Ulysses! It is he whom the gods have appointed to reign over us!'

"We were then conducted, by the most illustrious and venerable of the Cretans, into a wood which had been long kept sacred from the vulgar and the profane, where we were convened by those aged men who had been appointed by Minos to preserve the laws from violation, and administer justice to the people. But into this assembly those only who had contended in the games were admitted. The sages opened the book in which all the laws of Minos had been collected. I was touched with reverence and humility when I approached these fathers of their country, whom age had rendered venerable without impairing their vigor of mind. They sat, with great order and solemnity, in a fixed posture; their hair was white as snow, but some of them had scarcely any left; and their countenances, though grave, were brightened with a calm and placid sagacity. They were not forward to speak, and

they said nothing that was not the result of mature deliberation. When their opinions were different, they supported them with so much candor and moderation, that it could scarcely be believed they were not of one mind. By long experience and close application, they had acquired the most acute discernment and extensive knowledge; but that which principally conduced to the strength and rectitude of their judgment, was the sedate, dispassionate tranquillity of minds long freed from the tumultuous passions and capricious levity of youth. Wisdom alone was their principle of action; and, by the long and habitual practice of virtue, they had so corrected every irregular disposition, that they enjoyed the calm yet elevated delights of reason. To these venerable men I lifted up my eyes with admiration, and wished that, by a sudden contraction of my life, I might immediately arrive at so desirable an old age. I perceived youth to be a state of infelicity, subject to the blind impetuosity of passion, and far from the perspicacious tranquillity of their virtue.

"The person who presided in this assembly opened the book of the laws of Minos. It was a large volume, usually locked up, with the richest perfumes, in a golden box. When it was taken out, all the sages kissed it with a profound respect, and said that, the gods only excepted, from whom all good is originally derived, nothing should be held so sacred as those laws which promote wisdom, virtue, and happiness. Those who put these laws in execution for the government of others, should also, by these laws, govern themselves. It is the law that ought to reign, and not the man. Such were the sentiments of these sages. The president then proposed three questions, which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos.

"The first question was: 'What man is most free?' One answered, that it was a king who governed his people with absolute authority, and had triumphed over all his enemies. Another said, that it was he whose riches enabled him to purchase whatever he desired. In the opinion of some, it was a man who had never married, and who was perpetually travelling from one country to another, without subjecting himself

to the laws of any. Others supposed it might be a savage, who, living wild in the woods, and subsisting himself by hunting, was independent of all society, and suffered no want as an individual. Others thought of a slave immediately after his emancipation; because, being just relieved from the severities of servitude, he would have a more lively sense of the sweets of freedom. And there were some who said that a man at the point of death was more free than all others, because death breaks every bond, and over the dead the united world has no power.

"When my opinion was demanded, I was in no doubt what to answer, because I remembered what had been often told me by Mentor. 'The most free of all men,' said I, 'is he whose freedom slavery itself cannot take away. He, and he only, is free in every country and in every condition, who fears the gods, and whose fear has no other object. In other words, he only is truly free over whom fear and desire have no power, and who is subject only to reason and the gods.' The fathers looked upon each other with a smile, and were surprised to find my answer exactly the same with that of Minos.

"The second question was: 'Who is most unhappy?' To this every one gave such an answer as was suggested by his fancy. One said that the most unhappy man was he who was without money, health, and reputation. Another said, it was he that had no friend. Some imagined none could be so wretched as those who had degenerate and ungrateful children. But a native of Lesbos, a man celebrated for his wisdom, said that the most unhappy of all men was he that thought himself so; because unhappiness depends much less upon adversity than impatience, and unfortunate events derive all their power to afflict from the minds of those to whom they happen.

"The assembly heard this opinion with a shout of applause; and every one believed that, in this question, the Lesbian would be declared victor. But, my opinion being asked, I formed my answer upon the maxims of Mentor. 'The most unhappy of all men,' said I, 'is a king who believes he shall become happy by rendering others miserable: his wretched-

ness is doubled by his ignorance; for, as he does not know whence it proceeds, he can apply no remedy; he is, indeed, afraid to know, and he suffers a crowd of sycophants to surround him, that keep truth at a distance. He is a slave to his own passions, and an utter stranger to his duty; he has never tasted the pleasure of doing good, nor been warmed to sensibility by the charms of virtue. He is wretched, and the wretchedness that he suffers he deserves; his misery, however great, is perpetually increasing; he rushes down the precipice of perdition, and the gulf of everlasting punishment receives him.' The assembly attested my victory over the Lesbian, and the judges declared that I had expressed the sense of Minos.

"The third question was: 'Which of the two ought to be preferred,—a king who is invincible in war, or a king who, without any experience in war, can administer civil government with great wisdom in a time of peace?' The majority determined this question in favor of the warrior; 'For skill to govern in a time of peace,' said they, 'will be of little use, if the king cannot defend his country in a time of war, since he will himself be divested of his authority, and his people will become slaves to the enemy.' Others preferred the pacific prince; because, as he would have more to fear from a war, he would be more careful to avoid it. But they were answered that the achievements of a conqueror would not only increase his own glory, but the glory of his people to whom he would subjugate many nations; while under a pacific government, quiet and security would degenerate into cowardice and sloth. My sentiments were then asked, and I answered thus: 'Although he who can only govern either in peace or in war is but half a king; yet the prince who, by his sagacity, can discover the merit of others, and can defend his country when it is attacked, if not in person, yet by his generals, is, in my opinion, to be preferred before him who knows no art but that of war. A prince whose genius is entirely military, will levy endless wars to extend his dominions, and ruin his people to add a new title to his name. If the people which he now governs are unhappy, what is it to them how many more nations

he conquers! A foreign war, long continued, cannot fail to produce disorder at home: the manners of the victors themselves become corrupt during the general convulsion. How much has Greece suffered by the conquest of Troy! She was more than ten years deprived of her kings. Wherever the flame of war is kindled, the laws are violated with impunity, agriculture is neglected, and the sciences are forgotten. The best prince, when he has a war to sustain, is compelled to the same conduct that disgraces the worst, to tolerate license, and employ villainy in his service. How many daring profligates are punished in a time of peace, whom it is necessary to reward during the disorders of war! No nation was ever governed by a conqueror that did not suffer by his ambition. The victorious and the vanquished are involved almost in the same ruin, while the king grows giddy amid the tumult of triumph. As he is utterly ignorant of the arts of peace, he knows not how to derive any popular advantages from a successful war; he is like a man that not only defends his own field, but forcibly takes possession of his neighbor's, yet can neither plough nor sow, and consequently reaps no harvest from either. Such a man seems born, not to diffuse happiness among his subjects, by a wise and equitable government, but to fill the world with violence, tumult, and desolation.

"'As to the pacific prince, it must indeed be confessed that he is not qualified for conquest: or, in other words, he is not born to harass his people by perpetual hostilities, in a restless attempt to subjugate others, over whom he can have no equitable right; but if he is perfectly fitted for peaceful government, he has all the qualities that will secure his subjects against the encroachments of an enemy. His justice, moderation, and quietness render him a good neighbor; he engages in no enterprise that can interrupt the peace subsisting between him and other States, and he fulfils all his engagements with a religious exactness. He is, therefore, regarded by his allies rather with love than fear, and they trust him with unlimited confidence. If any restless, haughty, and ambitious power should molest him, all the neighboring princes will interpose in

his behalf; because from him they apprehend no attempt against their own quiet, but have every thing to fear from his enemy. His steady justice, impartiality, and public faith render him the arbiter of all the kingdoms that surround his own. While the enterprises of ambition make the warrior odious, and the common danger unites the world against him, a glory, superior to that of conquest, comes unlooked for to the friend of peace. On him the eyes of other potentates are turned with reverence and affection, as on the father and the guardian of them all.[1]

"'Such are his advantages abroad; and those at home are yet more considerable. If he is qualified to govern in peace, it follows that he must govern by the wisest laws. He must restrain parade and luxury; he must suppress all arts which can only gratify vice; and he must encourage those which supply the necessaries of life, especially agriculture, to which the principal attention of his people must be turned. Whatever is necessary will then become abundant. The people, being inured to labor, simple in their manners, habituated to live upon a little, and therefore easily gaining a subsistence from the field, will multiply without end. This kingdom, then, will soon become extremely populous, and the people will be healthful, vigorous, and hardy; not effeminated by luxury, but veterans in virtue; not slavishly attached to a life of voluptuous indolence, but free in a magnanimous contempt of death, and choosing rather to die than to lose the many privileges which they enjoy under a prince who reigns only as the substitute of Reason. If a neighboring conqueror should attack such a people as this, he might probably find them unskilful in making a camp, in forming the order of battle, and in managing the engines of destruction that are used in a siege; but he would find them invincible by their numbers, their courage, their patience of fatigue, their habit of enduring hardship, the impetuosity of their attack, and the

[1] It must be remembered that Fénelon was writing to instruct the grandson of Louis XIV., and heir of the French throne.

perseverance of that virtue which disappointment cannot subdue. Besides, if their prince is not himself qualified to command his forces, he may substitute such persons as he knows to be equal to the trust, and use them as instruments, without giving up his authority. Succors may be obtained from his allies; his subjects will rather perish than become the slaves of injustice and oppression: the gods themselves will fight in his behalf. Thus will the pacific prince be sustained, when his danger is most imminent.

"'I conclude, therefore, that though his ignorance in the art of war is an imperfection in his character, since it incapacitates him to execute one of the principal duties of his station—the chastisement of those who invade his dominion or injure his people; yet he is infinitely superior to a king who is wholly unacquainted with civil government, and knows no art but that of war.'

"I perceived that many persons in the assembly did not approve the opinion that I had been laboring to maintain; for the greater part of mankind, dazzled by the false lustre of victories and triumphs, prefer the tumult and show of successful hostilities to the quiet simplicity of peace and the intrinsic advantages of good government. The judges, however, declared that I had spoken the sentiments of Minos; and the president cried out: 'The oracle of Apollo, known to all Crete, is fulfilled. Minos inquired of the god how long his posterity should govern by the laws which he had established. The god answered: 'Thy posterity shall cease to reign when a stranger shall establish the reign of thy laws.' We feared that some foreigner would make a conquest of our island; but the misfortunes of Idomeneus, and the wisdom of the son of Ulysses, who, of all mortals, best understands the laws of Minos, have disclosed the true sense of the oracle. Why, then, do we delay to crown him whom the gods have appointed to be our king?'"

"The sages immediately went out of the consecrated grove; and the chief of them, taking me by the hand, declared to the people, who were waiting impatiently for the decision, that the

prize had been decreed to me. The words were no sooner uttered, than the dead silence of expectation was followed by a universal shout. Every one cried out, 'Let the son of Ulysses, a second Minos, be our king!' and the echoes of the neighboring mountain repeated the acclamation.

"I waited a few moments, and then made a sign with my hand that I desired to be heard. In this interval Mentor whispered to me: 'Wilt thou renounce thy country? Can ambition obliterate the remembrance of Penelope, who longs for thy return as the last object of her hope; and alienate thy heart from the great Ulysses, whom the gods have resolved to restore to Ithaca?' These words pierced my heart, and the fond desire of royalty was instantly absorbed in the love of my parents and my country.

"In the mean time, the multitude had again become motionless and silent; and I addressed them in these terms: 'Illustrious Cretans, I am not worthy of the dignity which you offer. The oracle, of which you have been reminded, does indeed express, that the sovereignty of Crete shall depart from the race of Minos, when a stranger shall establish the dominion of his laws; but it does not say, that this stranger shall be king. I am willing to believe that I am the stranger foretold by the oracle, and that I have accomplished the prediction. Fortune has cast me upon this island; I have discovered the true sense of the laws of Minos, and I wish that my explanation of these laws may establish their dominion with the man whom you shall choose. As for me, I prefer my country, the obscure and inconsiderable island of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, with all their opulence and glory. Permit me, then, to follow the course marked out for me by the Fates. If I have contended in your sports, I was not prompted by a desire to govern you; but only to obtain your esteem and your pity, that you might the more readily afford me the means of returning to the place of my birth; for I would rather obey my father Ulysses, and comfort Penelope my mother, than govern all the nations upon earth. You see, O Cretans, the secret recesses of my heart. I am compelled to leave you;

but death only can put an end to my gratitude. Your interest shall never be less dear to me than my own honor; and I will remember you with affection, till I draw my last breath.'

"I had scarcely finished the last sentence, when there arose, from the innumerable multitude that surrounded me, a deep hoarse murmur, like the sound of waves that are broken against each other in a storm. Some questioned whether I was not a god under the appearance of a man. Others affirmed that they had seen me in foreign countries, and knew me to be Telemachus. Many cried out, that I should be compelled to ascend the throne of Idomeneus. I therefore again signified my intention to speak; and they were again silent in a moment, not knowing but that I was now about to accept what before I had refused.

"'Permit me,' said I, 'O Cretans, to tell you my thoughts without disguise. I believe you to be the wisest of all people; and yet there is one important distinction which I think you have not made. You ought not to select the man who is best acquainted with the theory of your laws; but him who, with the most steady virtue, has reduced them to practice. I am, as yet, but a youth, and consequently without experience, and subject to the tyranny of impetuous passions: I am in that state which renders it more fit for me to learn, by obedience, how to command hereafter, than how to command at present. Do not, therefore, seek a man, who, in any exercises, either of the mind or of the body, has conquered others, but one who has achieved the conquest of himself. Seek a man who has the laws of Minos written upon his heart, and whose life has illustrated every precept by an example: let your choice be determined, not by what he says, but by what he has done.'

"The venerable fathers, being much pleased with these sentiments, and hearing the applause of the assembly grow still louder, addressed me in these terms: 'Since the gods no longer permit us to hope that you will reign over us, assist us, at least, in the choice of a king who will establish the reign of our laws. Is any man known to you, who, upon a throne, will be content with this equitable though limited authority?'

'I know a man,' said I, 'to whom I owe whatever merit I possess, whose wisdom has spoken by my lips, and whose conversation suggested every sentiment which you have approved.'

"While I was yet speaking, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon Mentor, whom I took by the hand and presented to them. At the same time, I related the protection which he had afforded to my infancy, the dangers from which he had delivered me, and the calamities that fell upon me when I rejected his counsel.

"Mentor had, till now, stood unnoticed among the crowd; for his dress was plain and negligent, his countenance was modest, and he spoke little, and had an air of coldness and reserve. But as soon as he became the object of attention, a dignity and firmness, not to be described, were exhibited in his countenance; it was observed that his eyes were peculiarly piercing, and that every motion expressed uncommon vigor. Some questions were proposed: his answers excited universal admiration; and the kingdom was immediately offered to him. The kingdom, however, he refused without the least emotion, and said that he preferred the sweets of a private life to the splendors of royalty, that the best princes were almost necessarily unhappy, because they were seldom able to effect the good which they designed; and were often betrayed, by the circumvention of sycophants, to the perpetration of evils which they intended to prevent. 'If servitude,' continued he, 'is a state of wretchedness, there can be no happiness in royalty; for royalty is nothing more than servitude in disguise. A king is always dependent upon those by whom he must enforce his commands. Happy are they to whom the toil of government is not a duty—a duty which implies the sacrifice of private liberty to public advantage, which our country only can claim, and which those alone who are invested with supreme authority can owe.'

"The Cretans were at first struck silent with astonishment; but, at length, they asked Mentor what person he would advise them to choose. 'I would advise you,' said Mentor, 'to

choose a man who knows well the people he is to govern, and who is also sufficiently acquainted with government to fear it as a state of difficulty and danger. He that desires royalty and does not know the duties which royalty requires (and by him who does not know them they can never be fulfilled)—such a man desires regal authority only to gratify himself. But regal authority should be intrusted with him only who would not accept it but for the love of others.'

"The whole assembly, wondering to see two strangers refuse a kingdom which so many others had sought, began to inquire with whom they had come to Crete. Nausicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, immediately pointed to Hazael, with whom Mentor and myself had sailed from the island of Cyprus. But their wonder became still greater, when they understood that he, who had just refused to be the sovereign of Crete, had been lately the slave of Hazael; that Hazael, struck with the wisdom and virtue of his slave, now considered him as his monitor and his friend, and had been urged, merely by his desire of knowledge, to travel from Damascus in Syria to Crete, that he might acquaint himself with the laws of Minos.

"The sages then addressed themselves to Hazael. 'We do not dare,' said they, 'to offer Hazael the crown which has been refused by Mentor, because we believe the sentiments of both to be the same. You despise mankind too much to rule them; nor is there any thing in wealth or in power that would compensate you for the toils of government.' Hazael replied: 'Think not, O Cretans, that I despise mankind, or that I am insensible to the glory that rewards the labor by which they are rendered virtuous and happy. This labor, however glorious, is attended with pain and danger; and the external glitter of regal pomp captivates only the foolish and the vain. Life is short, and greatness rather incites than gratifies desire: it is one of those deceitful acquisitions which I have come so far, not to obtain, but to learn how to despise. Farewell! I have no wish but to return once more to retirement and tranquillity, where my soul may feast on knowledge with divine reflection,

and where that hope of immortality which is derived from virtue may afford me comfort under the infirmities of old age. If I have a wish besides this, it is never to be separated from the two men who now stand before you.'

"The Cretans then cried out to Mentor: 'Tell us, O wisest and greatest of mortals, tell us who shall be our king! We will not suffer thee to depart till thou hast directed this important choice.' Mentor immediately answered: 'As I stood among the crowd of spectators, whom the sports had drawn together, I perceived a man who, in the midst of all that tumult and impatience, appeared collected and sedate; and still vigorous, though advanced in years. Upon inquiring who he was, I soon learned that his name was Aristodemus. I afterwards heard some that stood near tell him that his two sons were among the candidates; but he expressed no satisfaction at the news. He said that he loved one of them too well to wish him involved in the dangers of royalty, and that he had too great a regard for his country to wish it should be governed by the other. I immediately perceived that the old man loved one of his sons, who had virtue, with a rational affection; and that he was too wise to indulge the other in vicious irregularities. My curiosity being now greatly increased, I inquired more particularly into the circumstances of his life. One of the citizens gave me this account: 'Aristodemus,' said he, 'bore arms in the service of his country for many years, and is almost covered with scars, but his abhorrence of insincerity and flattery rendered him disagreeable to Idomeneus, who therefore left him in Crete when he went to the siege of Troy: and, indeed, he was kept in perpetual anxiety by a man who gave him such counsel as he could not but approve, yet wanted resolution to follow; he was, besides, jealous of the glory which he knew Aristodemus would soon acquire. The king, therefore, forgetting the services of his soldier, left him here exposed to the distresses of poverty, and to the scorn of the brutal and the sordid, who consider nothing as merit but riches. With poverty, however, Aristodemus was contented, and lived cheerfully in a remote corner of the island, where he

cultivated a few acres of ground with his own hand. In this employment he was assisted by one of his sons, whom he loved with great tenderness. Labor and frugality soon made them happy in the possession of whatever is necessary to a life of rural simplicity, and something more. The wise old man distributed this surplus among the decrepit and the sick. He stimulated the young to industry; he exhorted the refractory, and instructed the ignorant; he was the arbiter of every dispute, and the father of every family. In his own family, he considers no circumstance as unfortunate but the bad disposition of his second son, upon whom all admonition has been lost. The father, after having long endured his irregularities, in hopes that some means would be found to correct them, has at length expelled him from his house. The son has since given himself up to the grossest sensuality; and, in the folly of his ambition, has become a candidate for the kingdom.'

"'Such, O Cretans, is the account that was given me of Aristodemus. Whether it is true or false, is best known to you. But, if this man is, indeed, such as he has been represented, why have public games been appointed, and why have so many strangers been brought together? You have, in the midst of you, a man whom you well know, and by whom you are well known; a man to whom all the arts of war are familiar, and whose courage has sustained him, not only against the spear and the dart, but against the formidable assaults of poverty; who has despised the riches that are acquired by flattery; who has preferred labor to idleness, and knows the advantages which are derived to the public from agriculture; who is an enemy to parade and pomp; whose passions are under the control of reason—for even the parental affection, which in others is so often a blind instinct, acts in him as a rational and a moral principle; since, of two sons, he cherishes one for his virtue, and renounces the other for his vices;—a man who, in a word, is already the father of the people. In this man, therefore, O Cretans, if, indeed, you desire to be governed by the laws of Minos, behold your king!'

"The multitude immediately cried out, with one voice:

'Aristodemus is, indeed, such as he has been represented; Aristodemus is worthy to be our king!' The fathers of the council then ordered that he should be brought before them; and he was immediately sought among the crowd, where he was mixed with the lowest of the people. When he was brought before the assembly, he appeared calm and unconcerned. When he was told that the people had determined to make him king, he answered, that he would not accept of the office but upon three conditions. 'First,' says he, 'the throne shall be declared vacant at the end of two years, if within that time I do not render you better than you are; or if you shall resist the execution of the laws. Secondly; I shall be still at liberty to live in a simple and frugal manner. Thirdly; my sons shall not rank above their fellow-citizens; and, after my death, shall be treated, without distinction, according to their merit.'

"At these words the air was filled with acclamations of joy. The diadem was placed upon the head of Aristodemus by the chief of the hoary guardians of the law. Sacrifices were offered to Jupiter and the other superior deities. Aristodemus made us presents, not with an ostentatious magnificence, but with a noble simplicity. He gave to Hazael a copy of the laws of Minos, written by the legislator himself, and a collection of tracts, which contained a complete history of Crete, from the time of Saturn and the golden age. He sent on board his vessel every kind of fruit that flourishes in Crete and is unknown in Syria; and offered him whatever he might need.

"As we were now impatient to depart, he caused a vessel to be immediately fitted out for us; he manned it with a great number of able rowers and a detachment of his best troops; and he put on board several changes of apparel and a great plenty of provisions. As soon as the vessel was ready to sail, the wind became fair for Ithaca; but, as Hazael was bound on a contrary course, it compelled him to continue at Crete. He took leave of us with great tenderness, and embraced us as friends, with whom he was about to part for life. 'The gods,' said he, 'are just; they know that the sacred bond of our

friendship is virtue; and, therefore, they will hereafter restore us to each other; and those happy fields, in which the just are said to enjoy everlasting rest, shall see our spirits reunited to part no more. Oh, that my ashes also might be mingled with yours!' Here his words became inarticulate, and he burst into tears. Our eyes overflowed with equal tenderness and grief.

"Our parting with Aristodemus was scarcely less affectionate. 'As you have made me a king,' said he, 'remember the dangers to which you have exposed me. Request the gods to irradiate my mind with wisdom from above, and give me power over myself in proportion to my authority over others. May they conduct you in safety to your country, abase the insolence of your enemies, and give you the joy of beholding Ulysses again upon the throne of Ithaca, supremely happy in the possession of Penelope and peace. To thee, Telemachus, I have given a good vessel, well manned with mariners and soldiers, who may assist thee against the persecutors of thy mother. For thee, Mentor, thy wisdom is sufficient: possessing this, thou hast need of nothing: all that I can give would be superfluous; all that I can wish is precluded. Go, both of you, in peace; and may you long be the felicity of each other; remember Aristodemus; and if Ithaca should need the assistance of Crete, depend upon my friendship to the last hour of my life.' He then embraced us; and we could not restrain our tears, while thanking him.

"The wind, which now swelled our sails, promised us a happy voyage. Mount Ida already appeared but like a hillock, the shores of Crete in a short time totally disappeared, and the coast of Peloponnesus seemed to advance into the sea to meet us. But a tempest suddenly obscured the sky, and roused the billows of the deep. Night[1] rushed upon us unawares, and death presented himself in all his terrors. It was thy awful trident, O Neptune, that agitated the ocean to its

---

[1] "Clouds enwrapped the day."—Virgil, *Æn.*, iii. 198. "Sable Night sits brooding on the sea."—*Ibid.*, i. 89.

remotest shores.[1] Venus, to revenge the contempt with which we had treated her, even in her temple at Cythera, hasted to the father of the floods, whom she addressed with a voice broken by grief, and her eyes swimming in tears (thus, at least, I have been informed by Mentor, who is acquainted with celestial things). 'Wilt thou suffer,' said she, 'these impious men to deride my power, and escape unpunished? My power has been confessed by the gods themselves, and yet all that is done in my favorite island these presumptuous mortals have dared to condemn. They take pride in a frigid wisdom, never warmed by the rays of beauty; and they despise, as folly, the delights of love. Hast thou forgotten that I was born in thy dominions? Wherefore dost thou delay to overwhelm the wretches whom I abhor?'

"Neptune immediately swelled the waves into mountains, that reached the skies; and Venus, smiling upon the storm, believed our shipwreck to be inevitable. Our pilot cried out, in confusion and despair, that he could no longer withstand the fury of the winds, which drove us upon the rocks[2] with irresistible violence; our mast was broken by a sudden gust;[3] and the moment after we heard the points of the rocks that were under water tear open the bottom of our vessel. The water flowing in on every side, the vessel sunk, and the mariners sent up a cry of distress to heaven. I ran to Mentor, and, throwing my arms round him, said: 'Death is now indeed upon us; let us meet him with intrepidity. The gods have delivered us from so many dangers only that we may perish in this. Let us die then, my dear Mentor; it is some consola-

---

[1] "He [Neptune] collected the clouds, and disturbed the sea, taking his trident in his hand."—Homer, *Odyssey*, v. 291.

[2] "The raging storm is increasing, and the fierce winds wage war on every side, and stir up the furious main. The master of the ship is himself alarmed, and himself confesses that he does not know what is their present condition, nor what to order or forbid."—Ovid, *Metam.*, xi. 490.

[3] "The sea is raging in a hurricane so vast, and all the sky is concealed beneath the shade brought on by the clouds of pitchy darkness, and the face of night is redoubled in gloom. The mast is broken by the violence of the drenching tempest."—*Ibid.*, 549.

tion to me that I die with you; and it would be hopeless labor to dispute life with the storm.'

"Mentor answered: 'True courage never sits down inactive in despair. It is not enough to expect death with tranquillity; we ought, without dreading the event, to continue our utmost efforts against it. Let us lay hold on some fragment of the vessel; and, while this affrighted and confused multitude deplore the loss of life, without attempting to preserve it, let us try at least to preserve our own.' While he was yet speaking, he snatched up an axe and divided the splinter that still held the broken mast together, which, falling across the vessel, had laid it on one side. The top of the mast already lay in the water; and Mentor, now pushing off the other end, leaped[1] upon it himself in the midst of the waves, and, calling me by my name, encouraged me to follow him. As a mighty oak, when the winds combine against it, stands firm on its root, and its leaves[2] only are shaken by the tempest, so Mentor, who was not only fearless, but serene, appeared superior to the power of the winds and waves. I followed him; and the force of his example who could have resisted?

"We steered ourselves upon the floating mast, which was more than sufficient to sustain us both, and therefore rendered us a most important service; for if we had been obliged to swim merely by our own effort, our strength must have been exhausted. The mast, however, on which we sat, was often overwhelmed by the tempest, notwithstanding its bulk, so that we were often plunged under the water, which rushed in at our mouths, ears, and nostrils; and it was not without the utmost labor and difficulty that we recovered our seat. Sometimes a wave that was swelled into a mountain rolled over us, and then we kept our hold with all our might, lest the mast, which

---

[1] Ulysses, in Homer (*Odyss.*, v. 371), escapes in a similar way.

[2] "And as the Alpine north-winds by their blasts, now on this side, now on that, strive with joint force to overturn a sturdy ancient oak, a loud howling goes forth, and the leaves strew the ground in heaps, while the trunk is shaken."—Virgil, *Æn.*, iv. 441.

was our only hope, should be driven from under us in the shock.

"While we were in this dreadful situation, Mentor, who possessed the same tranquillity on the fragment of a wreck that he does now on that bank of turf, addressed me in these words: 'Canst thou believe, Telemachus, that the winds and waves are the arbiters of life and death? Can they cause thee to perish otherwise that as they fulfil the command of heaven? Every event is determined by the gods; let the gods, therefore, and not the sea, be the object of thy fear. Wert thou already at the bottom of this abyss, the hand of Jove could draw thee forth; or shouldst thou be exalted to the summit of Olympus, and behold the stars rolling under thy feet,[1] the hand of Jove could again plunge thee into the deep, or cast thee headlong into hell.' I heard and admired this discourse; but though it gave me some comfort, my mind was too much depressed and confused to reply. He saw me not, nor could I see him. We passed the whole night, shivering with cold, in a state between life and death, driving before the storm, and not knowing on what shore we should be cast. At length, however, the impetuosity of the wind began to abate; and the sea resembled a person whose anger, after having been long indulged in tumult and outrage, is exhausted by its own vehemence, and subsides in murmurs and discontent. The noise of the surge gradually died away, and the waves were not higher than the ridges that are left by the plough.

"And now Aurora threw open the gates of heaven to the sun, and cheered us with the promise of a better day. The east glowed as if on fire; and the stars, which had been so long hidden, just appeared, and fled at the approach of Phœbus. We now descried land at a distance; the breeze wafted us towards it, and hope revived in my bosom. But we looked round in vain for our companions, who probably resigned

---

[1] "Daphnis, robed in white, admires the courts of heaven, to which he is a stranger, and under his feet beholds the clouds and stars."—Virgil, *Ecl.*, v. 56.

themselves to the tempest in despair, and sunk with the vessel. As we approached nearer to the shore, the sea drove us upon the rocks, against which we should have been dashed in pieces, but that we received the shock against the end of the mast, which Mentor rendered as serviceable upon this occasion as the best rudder could have been in the hands of the most skilful pilot. Thus, having passed the rocks in safety, we found the rest of the coast rising from the sea with a smooth and easy ascent; and, floating at ease upon a gentle tide, we soon reached the sand with our feet. There we were discovered by thee, O goddess, and by thee benignly received."

BOOK VI.

Calypso admires Telemachus for his adventures, and exerts all her power to detain him in her island, by inciting him to return her passion; but he is sustained by the wisdom and friendship of Mentor, as well against her artifices as against the power of Cupid, whom Venus sends to her assistance. Telemachus, however, and Eucharis become mutually enamored of each other, which provokes Calypso first to jealousy, and then to rage. She swears, by the Styx, that Telemachus shall leave her island, and engages Mentor to build a ship to take him back to Ithaca. She is consoled by Cupid, who excites the nymphs to burn the vessel which had been built by Mentor, while Mentor was laboring to get Telemachus on board. Telemachus is touched with a secret joy at this event. Mentor, who perceives it, throws him from a rock into the sea, and leaps after him, that they may swim to another vessel which appeared not far distant from the shore.

When Telemachus had concluded the relation of his adventures, the nymphs, whose eyes had till then been immovably fixed upon him, looked at each other with a mixture of astonishment and delight. "What men," said they, "are these! In the fortunes of whom else would the gods have taken part; and of whom else could such wonders have been related? Ulysses is already surpassed in eloquence, in wisdom, and in courage, by his son. What an aspect! what manly beauty! what a mixture of dignity and complaisance, of firmness and modesty! If he was not known to be born of a mortal, he might easily be mistaken for a god—for Bacchus, for Mercury, or perhaps, even for Apollo himself![1] But who is this Mentor? His first appearance is that of a man obscurely born, and of a mean condition; but when he is examined with at-

[1] "What think you of this wondrous guest who has come to our abodes? In mien how graceful! in manly fortitude and warlike deeds how great! I am fully persuaded (nor is my belief groundless) that he is the offspring of the gods."—Virgil, *Æn.* iv., 10.

tention, something inexpressible is discovered, something that is more than mortal!"

Calypso heard these exclamations with a confusion she could not hide; her eyes were incessantly glancing from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. She was often about to request a repetition of the story to which she had listened with so much delight, and as often suppressed her desire. At length she rose hastily from her seat, and, taking Telemachus with her, retired to a neighboring grove of myrtle, where she labored with all her art to learn from him whether Mentor was not a deity concealed under a human form. It was not, however, in the power of Telemachus to satisfy her curiosity; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the likeness of Mentor, thought him too young to be trusted with the secret, and made the confidant of her designs. She was, besides, desirous to prove him in the greatest dangers; and no fortitude would have been necessary to sustain him against any evil, however dreadful and however near, if he had known himself to be under the immediate protection of Minerva. As Telemachus, therefore, mistook his divine companion for Mentor, all the artifices of Calypso to discover what she wished to know were ineffectual.

In the mean time the nymphs who had been left with Mentor gathered round him, and amused themselves by asking him questions. One inquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him whether he had known Ulysses before the siege of Troy. Mentor answered them all with complaisance and affability; and though he used no studied ornaments of speech, yet his expression was not only significant but graceful.

The return of Calypso soon put an end to this conversation: her nymphs then began to gather flowers, and to sing for the amusement of Telemachus; and she took Mentor aside, that

---

[1] "And, fond even to madness, begs again to hear the Trojan disasters, and again hangs on the speaker's lips."—Virgil, *Æn.*, iv. 78.

she might, if possible, discover who he was from his own discourse. The words of Calypso were wont to steal upon the heart, as sleep steals upon the eyes of the weary, with a sweet and gentle though irresistible influence; but in Mentor there was something which defeated her eloquence and eluded her beauty—something as much superior to the power of Calypso, as the rock that hides its foundation in the earth, and its summit in the clouds, is superior to the wind that beats against it. He stood immovable[1] in the purposes of his own wisdom, and suffered the goddess to exert all her arts against him with the utmost indifference and security. Sometimes he would let her deceive herself with the hope of having embarrassed him by her questions, and betrayed him into the involuntary discovery of himself; but, just as she thought her curiosity was on the point of being gratified, her expectations were suddenly disappointed, all her conjectures were overthrown, and, by some short and unexpected answer, she was again overwhelmed in perplexity and doubt.

In this manner Calypso passed one day after another; sometimes endeavoring to gain the heart of Telemachus by flattery, and sometimes laboring to alienate him from Mentor, of whom she no longer hoped to obtain the intelligence she desired. She employed her most beautiful nymphs to inflame the breast of the young hero with desire, and she was assisted in her designs against him by a deity whose power was superior to her own.

Venus burned with resentment against Mentor and Telemachus, for having treated the worship which she received at Cyprus with disdain; and their escape from the tempest, which had been raised against them by Neptune, filled her breast with indignation and grief. She therefore complained of her disappointment and her wrongs to Jupiter, and from his supe-

---

[1] "He [stands firm] firm as a rock that projects into the vast ocean, obnoxious to the fury of the winds, and exposed to the main, and endures all the violence and threatenings of the sky and sea, itself remaining unmoved."—Virgil, *Æn.*, x. 693.

rior power she hoped more effectual redress. But the father of the gods only smiled at her complaint; and, without acquainting her that Telemachus had been preserved by Minerva in the likeness of Mentor, he left her at liberty to gratify her resentment as she could.

The goddess immediately quitted Olympus; and thoughtless of all the rich perfumes that were rising from her altars at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos, mounted her chariot, and called her son. The grief which was diffused over her countenance rather increased than diminished her beauty, and she addressed the god of love in these terms:

"Who, my son, shall henceforth burn incense upon our altars,[1] if those who despise our power escape unpunished? The wretches who have thus offended with impunity are before thee; make haste, therefore, to secure our honor, and let thy arrows pierce them to the heart: go down with me to that island, and I will speak to Calypso." The goddess shook the reins as she spoke; and, gliding through the air, surrounded by a cloud which the sun had tinged with a golden hue, she presented herself before Calypso, who was sitting pensive and alone by the side of a fountain, at some distance from her grotto.

"Unhappy goddess!" said she, "thou hast already been despised and deserted by Ulysses, whom the ties, not only of love, but of gratitude should have bound to thee; and the son, yet more obdurate than the father, is now preparing to repeat the insult. But love comes in person to avenge thee; I will leave him with thee; and he shall remain among the nymphs of this island as Bacchus did once among those of the island of Naxos,[2] who cherished him in his infancy. Telemachus will regard him, not as a deity, but as a child; and, not being on his guard against him, will be too sensible of his power." The

---

[1] "And who will henceforth adore Juno's divinity, or humbly offer sacrifices on her altars?"—*Æn.*, i. 48.

[2] One of the Cyclades, in the Ægean sea, and especially celebrated for its wine.

Queen of Beauty, then turning from Calypso, reascended to Olympus in the golden cloud from which she had alighted upon the earth, and left behind her a train of celestial fragrance,[1] which, expanding by degrees, filled all the groves of Calypso with perfumes.

Cupid remained in the arms of Calypso. Though she was herself a deity, yet she felt his fires diffused in her breast. It happened that a nymph, whose name was Eucharis, was now near her, and Calypso put the boy into her arms. This was a present relief; but, alas! it was purchased too dear. The boy seemed at first to be harmless, gentle, lovely, and engaging. His playful caresses and perpetual smiles might well have persuaded all about him that he was born only to delight; but the moment the heart is open to his endearments, it feels that they have a malignant power. He is, beyond conception, deceitful and malicious; his caresses have no view but to betray; and his smiles have no cause, but the mischiefs that he has perpetrated, or that he meditates.

But, with all his power and all his subtlety, he did not dare to approach Mentor. In Mentor there was a severity of virtue that intimidated and kept him at a distance; he knew also, by a secret sensation, that this inscrutable stranger could not be wounded by his arrows. The nymphs, indeed, were soon sensible of his power; but the wound which they could not cure, they were very careful to conceal.

In the mean time, Telemachus, who saw the boy playing sometimes with one of these nymphs and sometimes with another, was surprised at his sweetness and beauty. He sometimes pressed him to his bosom, sometimes set him on his knee, and frequently took him in his arms. It was not long before he became sensible of a certain disquietude, of which he could not discover the cause;[2] and the more he endeavored to

---

[1] "She spoke, and shed around the liquid odor of ambrosia."—Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 415.

[2] "She clings to him with her eyes, with her whole soul, and sometimes fondles him in her lap, Dido not thinking what a powerful god is settling on her, hapless one."—*Æn.*, i. 717.

remove it by innocent amusements, the more restless and enervated he grew. "The nymphs of Calypso," said he to Mentor, "are very different from the women of Cyprus, whose indecent behavior rendered them disgusting in spite of their charms. In these immortal beauties there is an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity, which it is impossible not to admire and love." The youth blushed as he spoke, though he knew not why. He could neither forbear speaking, nor go on with his discourse,[1] which was interrupted and incoherent, always obscure, and sometimes quite unintelligible.

"O Telemachus," said Mentor to him, "the dangers to which you were exposed in the isle of Cyprus were nothing in comparison with those which you do not now suspect. Vice, when it is undisguised, never fails to excite horror; we are indignant at the wanton who has thrown off all restraint; but our danger is much greater when the appearance of modesty remains; we then persuade ourselves that virtue only has excited our love, and give ourselves up to a deceitful passion, of which beauty is indeed the object, and which we seldom learn to distrust till it is too strong to be subdued. Fly, therefore, dear Telemachus, from these fatal beauties, who appear to be virtuous, only that they may deceive the confidence they raise; fly from the dangers to which you are here exposed by your youth; but, above all, fly from this boy, whom you do not dread only because you do not know him. This boy is Cupid, whom his mother has brought into this island to punish us for treating her worship at Cyprus with contempt; he has already pierced the heart of Calypso, who is enamored of you; he has inflamed all the beauties of her train; and his fires have reached even thy breast, O unhappy youth, although thou knowest it not!"

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor during this admonition. "Why," said he, "should we not continue in this island? Ulysses is no longer a sojourner upon the earth; he has, with-

---

[1] "She begins to speak, and stops short in the middle of a word."—*Æn.*, iv. 76.

out doubt, been long buried in the deep: Penelope, after waiting in vain, not only for his return, but for mine, must have yielded to the importunities of some fortunate suitor among the number that surrounds her, especially as it can scarcely be supposed but that her father Icarus must have exerted his paternal authority to oblige her to accept another husband. For what, then, can I return to Ithaca, but to see her disgraced by a new alliance, and be witness to the violation of that truth which she plighted to my father? And if Penelope has thus forgotten Ulysses, it cannot be thought that he is remembered by the people. Neither, indeed, can we hope to get alive into the island; for her suitors will certainly have placed, at every port, a band of ruffians, to cut us off at our return."

"All that you have said," replied Mentor, "is only another proof that you are under the influence of a foolish and fatal passion. You labor with great subtlety to find every argument that can favor it, and to avoid all those by which it would be condemned. You are ingenious only to deceive yourself, and to secure forbidden pleasures from the intrusion of remorse. Have you forgotten that the gods themselves have interposed to favor your return? Was not your escape from Sicily supernatural? Were not the misfortunes that you suffered in Egypt converted into sudden and unexpected prosperity? and were not the dangers which threatened you at Tyre averted by an invisible hand? Is it possible that, after so many miracles, you should still doubt to what end you have been preserved? But why do I remonstrate? Of the good fortune that was designed for thee, thou art unworthy. As for myself, I make no doubt but I shall find means to quit this island; and if here thou art determined to stay, here am I determined to leave thee. In this place let the degenerate son of the great Ulysses hide himself among women, in the shameful obscurity of voluptuousness and sloth; and stoop, even in spite of heaven, to that which his father disdained."

This reproach, so forcible and so keen, pierced Telemachus to the heart. He was melted with tenderness and grief; but

his grief was mingled with shame, and his shame with fear. He dreaded the resentment of Mentor, and the loss of that companion to whose sagacity and kindness he was so much indebted. But, at the same time, the passion which had just taken possession of his breast, and to which he was himself a stranger, made him still tenacious of his purpose. "What!" said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, "do you reckon as nothing that immortality which I may now share with Calypso?" "I hold as nothing," replied Mentor, "all that is contrary to the dictates of virtue and to the commands of heaven. Virtue now calls you back to your country, to Ulysses, and to Penelope. Virtue forbids you to give up your heart to an unworthy passion. The gods, who have delivered you from so many dangers, that your name might not be less illustrious than that of Ulysses, command you to quit this island. Only the tyranny of love can detain you here. Immortality! alas, what is immortality without liberty, without virtue, and without honor? Is it not a state of misery without hope—still more deplorable, as it can never end?"

To this expostulation Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he almost wished that Mentor would force him from the island in spite of himself; sometimes he was impatient to be left behind, that he might be at liberty to gratify his wishes without fearing to be reproached for his weakness. A thousand different wishes and desires maintained a perpetual conflict in his breast, and were predominant by turns. His mind, therefore, was like the sea when agitated by contending winds. Sometimes he threw himself on the ground near the sea, and remained a long time extended motionless on the beach; sometimes he hid himself in the gloomy recesses of a wood, where he wept in secret, and uttered loud and passionate complaints. His body had become emaciated; his eyes had grown hollow and eager; he was pale and dejected, and in every respect so much altered as scarcely to be known. His beauty, his sprightliness, and his vigor had forsaken him. All the grace and dignity of his deportment were lost, and life itself suffered by a swift but silent decay. As a flower that blooms

in the morning, fills the air with fragrance, and then gradually fades at the approach of night, loses the vivid brightness of its colors, droops, withers, and at length falls with its own weight, so the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly into the grave.

Mentor, perceiving that Telemachus could not resist the violence of his passion, had recourse to an artifice, which he hoped might preserve him from its most pernicious effects. He had remarked that Calypso was enamored of Telemachus, and Telemachus of Eucharis; for, as Cupid is always busy to give pain under the appearance of pleasure, it seldom happens that we are loved by those whom we love. He therefore resolved to make Calypso jealous. It having been agreed between Eucharis and Telemachus that they should go out together a hunting, Mentor took that opportunity to alarm her. "I have observed," said he, "that Telemachus has of late been more fond of the chase than I ever knew before; he seems now to take pleasure in nothing else, and is in love only with mountains and forests. Is the chase also thy favorite pleasure, O goddess? and has he caught this ardor from thee?"

Calypso was so stung by this question, that she could neither dissemble her emotion nor hide the cause. "This Telemachus," said she, "whose heroic virtues despised the pleasures that were offered him in the isle of Cyprus, has not been able to withstand the charms of one of my nymphs, who is not remarkable for beauty. How did he dare to boast of having achieved so many wonders?—he, whom luxury has rendered sordid and effeminate, and who seems to have been intended by nature only for a life of indolence and obscurity among women!" Mentor observed with pleasure that Calypso suffered great anguish from her jealousy, and therefore said nothing more to inflame it at that time, lest she should suspect his design; but he assumed a look that expressed dejection and concern. The goddess manifested, without reserve, her uneasiness at all she saw, and incessantly entertained him with new complaints. The hunting-match, to which Mentor had called her attention, exasperated her beyond all bounds. She knew that Telemachus had nothing in view but to draw Eucharis

from the rest of the nymphs, that he might speak to her in private. A second hunting-match was proposed soon afterwards, and Calypso knew that it was intended for the same purpose as the first. In order to disconcert the plans of Telemachus, she declared she would be of the party. But, her emotion being too violent to be concealed, she suddenly broke out into this reproachful expostulation :

" Is it thus, then, presumptuous boy, that thou hast made my dominions an asylum from the resentment of Neptune and the righteous vengeance of the gods ? Hast thou entered this island, which mortals are forbidden to approach, only to defy my power and despise my love ? Hear me, ye gods of the celestial and infernal world, let the sufferings of an injured deity awaken your vengeance ! Overtake this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious mortal, with swift destruction ! Since thy obduracy and injustice are greater than thy father's, may thy sufferings also be longer and more severe ! May thy country be forever hidden from thy eyes,—that wretched, that despicable country, which, in the folly of thy presumption, thou hast, without a blush, preferred to immortality with me ! or rather, mayst thou perish, when in the distant horizon it first rises before thee ! mayst thou then, plunged in the deep, be driven back, the sport of the waves, and cast lifeless upon these sands, which shall deny thee burial ! May my eyes see the vultures devour thee !—they shall see them, and she whom thou lovest shall see them also ; she shall see them with despair and anguish, and her misery shall be my delight !"

While Calypso was thus speaking, her whole countenance was suffused with rage : there was a gloomy fierceness in her looks, which continually hurried from one object to another. Her lips trembled, a livid circle surrounded them; and her color, which was sometimes pale as death, changed every moment. Her tears, which she had been used to shed in great plenty, now ceased to flow, as if despair and rage had dried up their source ;[1] and her voice was hoarse, tremulous, and interrupted.

---

[1] " Then neither is my mind firm, nor does my color maintain a cer-

Mentor remarked all the changes of her emotions, but said nothing more to Telemachus. He treated him as a man infected with an incurable disease, to whom it was in vain to administer remedies; but he frequently regarded him with a look that strongly expressed his compassion.

Telemachus was sensible of his weakness, and conscious that he was unworthy of the friendship of Mentor. He kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, not daring to look up, lest he should meet those of his monitor, by whose very silence he was condemned. He was often ready to throw himself upon his neck, and at once confess and renounce his folly; but he was sometimes restrained by a false shame, and sometimes by a consciousness that his profession would not be sincere, and by a secret fondness for a situation which, though he knew it to be dangerous, was yet so pleasing, that he could not resolve to quit it.

In the mean time the deities of Olympus kept their eyes fixed, in silent suspense, upon the island of Calypso, to see the issue of this contest between Venus and Minerva. Cupid, who like a playful child had been caressed by all the nymphs in their turns, had set every breast on fire. Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had availed herself of that jealousy which is inseparable from love, to preclude its effects; and Jupiter resolved to sit neuter between them.

Eucharis, who feared that Telemachus might escape from her chains, practised a thousand arts to detain him. She was now ready to go out with him to the second chase, as had been agreed upon between them, and had dressed herself like Diana. The deities of love and beauty had, by a mutual effort, improved her charms, which were now superior even to those of Calypso. Calypso beheld her at a distance; and, seeing her own reflection also in a fountain near which she stood, the comparison filled her with grief and shame. She hid her-

---

tain situation: and the involuntary tears glide down my cheek, proving with what lingering flames I am inwardly consumed."—Horace, I., *Od.* xiii.

self in the innermost recess of her grotto, and gave herself up to these reflections:

"I have then vainly endeavored to interrupt the pleasure of these lovers, by declaring that I will go with them to the chase. Shall I still go? Alas! shall I be a foil to her beauties? shall I increase her triumph and his passion? Wretch that I am! what have I done? I will not go, nor shall they: I know well how to prevent them. If I entreat Mentor to quit the island with his friend, he will immediately conduct him to Ithaca. But what do I say? When Telemachus is gone, what will become of Calypso? Where am I? what shall I do? O cruel Venus! O Venus, thou hast deceived me! thou hast betrayed me with a fatal gift! Pernicious boy! I opened my heart to thee, seduced by the pleasing hope that thou wouldst introduce felicity; but thou hast perfidiously filled it with anguish and despair. My nymphs have combined against me, and my divinity serves only to perpetuate my sufferings. Oh that I could put an end to my being and my sufferings together! But I cannot die, and therefore, Telemachus, thou shalt not live. I will revenge myself of thy ingratitude; thy nymph shall be the witness of thy punishment: in her presence will I strike thee to the heart. But I rave. O unhappy Calypso, what wouldst thou do? Wouldst thou destroy the guiltless youth whom thou hast already made wretched? It is I that have kindled, in the chaste bosom of Telemachus, a guilty flame. How pure was his innocence, and how uniform his virtue! how noble his detestation of vice, how heroic his disdain of inglorious pleasure! Why did I taint so immaculate a breast? He would have left me, alas! And must he not leave me now? or, since he lives but for my rival, if he stays, must he not stay only to despise me? But I have merited the misery that I suffer. Go then, Telemachus; again let the seas divide us: go, and leave Calypso without consolation, unable to sustain the burden of life,—unable to lay it down in the grave. Leave me, without consolation, overwhelmed with shame, and despoiled of hope, the victim of remorse, and the scorn of Eucharis."

Thus she spoke alone in the obscurity of her grotto; but, the next moment, starting suddenly from her seat, she ran out with a furious impetuosity, and cried out: "Where art thou, Mentor? Is it thus that thy wisdom sustains Telemachus against the mischief that is even now ready to overwhelm him? Thou sleepest while love is vigilant against thee. I can bear this slothful indifference no longer. Wilt thou always see the son of Ulysses dishonor his birth, and forego the advantages of his fortune, with this negligent tranquillity? It is to thy care, and not mine, that his friends have committed him; wilt thou, then, sit idle while I am busy for his preservation? The remotest part of this forest abounds in tall poplars, of which a commodious vessel may easily be built; in that place Ulysses himself built the vessel in which he set sail from this island. In that place you will find a deep cave, which contains all the implements that are necessary for the work."

She had no sooner given Mentor this intelligence than she repented of it; but he lost not a moment to improve it. He hastened immediately to the cave, found the implements, felled the trees, and in one day constructed a vessel fit for the sea; for, to Minerva, a short time was sufficient for a great work.

Calypso, in the mean time, suffered the most tormenting anxiety and suspense. She was impatient to know what Mentor would do in consequence of her information, and unable to bear the thought of leaving Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty, by quitting the chase. Her jealousy would not permit her to lose sight of the lovers, and therefore she contrived to lead the hunters towards that part of the forest where she supposed Mentor would be at work. She soon thought she heard the strokes of the axe and the mallet; she listened, and every blow that she heard made her tremble; yet she was distracted in the very moment of attention by her fears, that some amorous intimation, some sigh or some glance, between Telemachus and Eucharis, might escape her notice.

Eucharis, at the same time, thought fit to rally her lover. "Are you not afraid," said she, "that Mentor will chide you for going to the chase without him? What a pity it is that

you have so severe a master! He has an austerity that nothing can soften; he affects to despise pleasure himself, and therefore interdicts it to you, not excepting the most innocent amusements. It might, indeed, be proper for you to submit to his direction before you were able to govern yourself; but after you have given such proofs of wisdom, you ought no longer to suffer yourself to be treated like a child."

This subtle reproach stung Telemachus to the heart: he felt a secret indignation against Mentor, and an impatient desire to throw off his yoke, yet he was still afraid to see him; and his mind was in such agitation that he made the nymph no reply. The hunt, during which all parties had felt equal constraint and uneasiness, being now over, they returned home by that part of the forest where Mentor had been all day at work. Calypso saw the vessel finished at a distance: a thick cloud, like the shades of death, fell instantly upon her eyes. Her knees trembled, she was covered with a cold sweat,[1] and obliged to support herself by leaning on the nymphs that surrounded her; among whom Eucharis pressing to assist her, she pushed her back with a frown of indignation and disdain.

Telemachus, who saw the vessel, but not Mentor, who had finished his work, and had retired, asked Calypso to whom it belonged, and for what purpose it was intended? She could not answer him immediately; but at length she told him it was to send away Mentor, whom she had directed to build it for that purpose. "You," said she, "shall be no longer distressed by the austerity of that severe censor, who opposes your happiness, and would become jealous of your immortality."

"To send away Mentor!" said Telemachus. "If he forsakes me I am undone; if he forsakes me, whom shall I have left, Eucharis, but thee?" Thus, in the unguarded moment of surprise and love, the secret escaped him in words, which his heart prompted, and of which he did not consider the import. He discovered his indiscretion the moment it was too late; the whole company was struck dumb with confusion; Eucharis

[1] "Then a cold sweat flowed over my whole body."—*Æn.*, iii. 175.

blushed, and, fixing her eyes upon the ground, stood behind the crowd, not daring to appear. But, though shame glowed upon her cheek, joy revelled at her heart. Telemachus so far lost his recollection that he scarcely knew what he had done: the whole appeared to him like a dream, but it was like a dream of confusion and trouble.

Calypso instantly quitted the place; and, transported with rage, made her way through the forest with a hasty and disordered pace, following no track, and not knowing whither she was going. At length, however, she found herself at the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting her return. "Begone," said she, "from this island, O stranger, who art come hither only to interrupt my peace! Begone, thou hoary dotard, with that infatuated boy, and be assured that, if he is found another hour within my dominions, thou shalt know the power of a deity to punish. I will see him no more, nor will I suffer my nymphs to have any further intercourse with him. This I swear by the waters of the Styx, an oath at which the inhabitants of eternity tremble.[1] But thou, Telemachus, shalt know that thy sufferings are yet but begun. I dismiss thee from this island, but it is only to new misfortunes; I will be revenged, and thou shalt regret the abuse of my bounty in vain. Neptune still resents the injury which he received from thy father in Sicily,[2] and solicited by Venus, whose worship thou hast since despised in the isle of Cyprus, he is now preparing to excite new tempests against thee. Thou shalt see thy father, who is not dead; but, when thou seest him, thou shalt not know him. Thou shalt meet him in Ithaca, but thou shalt first suffer the severest persecutions of fortune. Begone! I conjure the celestial deities to revenge me! Mayst thou be suspended in the middle of the deep, by the crag of some solitary and naked rock: there may the thunder

---

[1] "And the Stygian Lake, by whose divinity the gods dread to swear and violate their oath."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 323.

[2] In Sicily, Ulysses deprived Polyphemus of sight, and Polyphemus was the son of Neptune. The sea-god consequently persecuted Ulysses to revenge the Cyclop, his offspring.—*Odyssey*, i. 68.

strike thee from above; and there mayst thou invoke Calypso, who shall scorn thy repentance and enjoy[1] thy punishment."

But the rage of Calypso evaporated with the very breath that expressed it, and the desire of retaining Telemachus revived in her bosom. "Let him live," said she to herself, "and let him live here; perhaps in time he will learn to set a just value upon my friendship, and reflect that Eucharis has no immortality to bestow. But, alas! I have ensnared myself by an inviolable oath; it has bound me with everlasting bonds, and the waters of the Styx, by which I have sworn, preclude forever the return of hope." While these thoughts passed silently in her bosom, all the furies were painted upon her countenance, and all the pestilential vapors of Cocytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Her whole appearance struck Telemachus with horror. She instantly perceived it,—for what is hidden[2] from the perspicacity of love?—and the discovery added new violence to her phrensy. She suddenly started away from the place where she stood, with all the fury that inspires the votaries of Bacchus[3] when their shouts echo from the mountains of Thrace; she rushed into the woods with a javelin in her hand, calling all her nymphs to follow her, and threatening to pierce those who should stay behind. Terrified at this menace they thronged round her, and Eucharis among the rest, her eyes swimming in tears, and her last look directed to Telemachus, to whom she did not dare to speak. The goddess trembled when she approached her, and was so far from being softened by her submission, that she burned with new rage when she perceived that affliction itself only heightened her beauty.[4]

---

[1] "I hope, however, . . . thou mayst suffer punishment amid the rocks, and often call on Dido's name."—*Æn.*, iv. 381.

[2] "Who can deceive a lover?"—*Æn.*, iv. 296.

[3] "Like a Bacchanal wrought up to enthusiastic fury," etc.—*Æn.*, iv. 301.

[4] "Fénelon," says Delille, "has, like Virgil, painted a chase; but he has added many happily conceived touches. He alone has given to his poetic prose images enough and sufficient harmony to make us forget the absence of verse, which all other poets have considered necessary for epic action."

Telemachus was now left alone with Mentor. After a short interval of silence and confusion, he threw himself on the ground, and embraced his knees: he did not dare to throw himself on his neck, or even to lift up his eyes upon him. He burst into tears: he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him, and he was yet more at a loss for words: he knew not what he ought to do, what he did, or what he would do; but at length he cried out: "O more than father! O Mentor! deliver me from the evils that surround me. I can neither forsake nor follow you: deliver me from evils that are worse than death; deliver me from myself; put an end to my being!"

Mentor embraced him, comforted and encouraged him; and, without soothing his passion, reconciled him to life. "O son of the wise Ulysses," said he, "whom the gods have so highly favored, and whom they favor still, the very sufferings of which thou art now complaining are new testimonies of their love. He who has never felt the strength of his passions, and his own weakness, is not yet acquainted with wisdom; he is not yet acquainted with himself; nor is he aware how little his own heart is to be trusted. The gods have led thee, as it were, by the hand, to the brink of destruction; they have showed thee the depth of the abyss, but they have not suffered thee to fall in. Secure now the knowledge which otherwise thou couldst never have acquired. Improve that experience, without which it would have been in vain to tell thee of the treachery of Love, who flatters only to destroy, and who conceals the keenest anguish under the appearance of delight. Thou hast now seen and known this lovely, this perfidious boy. He came hither blooming in immortal beauty, and all was mirth and sport, elegance and dissipation. He stole away thy heart, and thou hadst pleasure in permitting the theft; yet didst thou wish to persuade thyself that it was still thy own. Thou wast solicitous to deceive me and to flatter thyself, and thou art now gathering the fruits of thy indiscretion. Thou art importuning me to take away thy life, and that I will comply is the only hope that lingers in thy breast. The goddess is transformed, by the violence of her passions, to an in-

fernal fury. Eucharis is tormented by a flame less tolerable than the pains of death, and among the nymphs of Calypso, Jealousy has scattered her plagues with an unsparing hand. Such are the exploits of that boy, whose appearance was so gentle and lovely. How greatly, then, art thou beloved by the gods, who have opened a way for thee to fly from him, and return to thy country, the object not only of a blameless, but a noble passion. Calypso is herself compelled to drive thee hence. The vessel is ready; call up, then, all thy courage, and let us make haste to quit this island, where it is certain that virtue can never dwell."

Mentor, while he was yet speaking, took Telemachus by the hand and led him towards the shore. Telemachus consented with silent reluctance, and looked behind him at every step. Eucharis was still in sight, though at a considerable distance. Not being able to see her face, he gazed at her fine hair, which, tied in a lock, played gracefully behind her, and at her loose light robe that flowed negligently in the wind. He remarked the easy majesty of her gait, and could have kissed the mark of her footsteps on the ground. When his eye could no longer reach her, he listened, and he persuaded himself that he heard her voice. He still saw her though she was absent:[1] his fancy realized her image;[2] and he thought that he was talking with her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing any thing that was said by Mentor.

But, at length, awaking as from a dream, he said: "Mentor, I am resolved to follow you; but I have not yet taken leave of Eucharis. I would rather perish than abandon her thus with ingratitude. Stay only till I see her once more; stay only till I bid her farewell forever. Let me tell her that the gods, jealous of my felicity, compel me to depart; but that they shall sooner put an end to my life than blot her from my remembrance. O my father, grant me this last, this most

---

[1] "In fancy hears and sees the absent hero."—*Æn.*, iv. 83.

[2] "The form of my wife, as though she were present, is before my eyes."—Ovid, *Tristia*, III., iv. 59.

reasonable request; or destroy me this moment, and let me die at your feet. I have no desire to continue in this island; nor will I give up my heart to love. Love is, indeed, a stranger to my heart; for all that I feel for Eucharis amounts but to friendship and gratitude. I desire only to bid her farewell, and I will then follow you without a moment's delay."

"My son," replied Mentor, "my pity for you is more than I can express. Your passion is so violent that you are not conscious it possesses you. You imagine yourself to be in a state of tranquillity, even while you are abjuring me to take away your life. You declare that you are not under the influence of love, while you feel yourself unable to quit the object of your passion—while you see and hear her only, and are blind and deaf to all besides. So the man whom a fever has rendered delirious tells you he is not sick. Your understanding is blinded by desire: you are ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you in Ithaca; and Ulysses, whom you shall certainly see again at your return, and to whose throne you are to succeed. You would give up all the glory which the gods have promised, and confirmed by the miracles which they have wrought in your behalf, to live with Eucharis in obscurity and disgrace; and yet you pretend that your attachmeut to her is not the effect of love. What is it but love that troubles you? what but love has made you weary of life? and what else produced the transport that betrayed your secret to Calypso? I do not accuse you of insincerity, but I pity your delusion. Fly, fly, O Telemachus, for love is conquered only by flight. Against such an enemy, true courage consists in fear and retreat—in retreat without deliberation, and without looking back. You cannot have forgotten the tender anxieties you have cost me from your earliest infancy, nor the dangers which my counsel has enabled you to avoid; why, then, will you distrust me now? Believe me, or let me leave you to your fate. You know not the anguish that my heart has felt to see you rush forward in the path of destruction; you know not what I secretly suffered when I did not dare to speak to you: your mother felt not a severer pang at your birth. I was silent,

and suppressed even my sighs, in the fond hope that you would at length return to me without admonition or reproof. O my son, restore to me that which is dearer than life—give me thyself, and be once more mine and thy own. If reason shall at length prevail over passion, I shall live, and my life shall be happy; but if, in the contest with passion, reason shall give way, my happiness is at an end, and I can live no longer."

During this discourse, Mentor continued to advance towards the sea; and Telemachus, who had not yet sufficient resolution to follow him, was already so far influenced as to suffer himself to be led forward without resistance. Minerva, in this crisis of his fate, still concealed under the form of Mentor, covered him invisibly with her shield, and diffused round him the divine radiance of uncreated light: its influence was immediate and irresistible; and Telemachus was conscious of a strength of mind which, since his arrival in the island of Calypso, he had never felt. They came at length to the sea-shore, which in that place was steep and rocky—a lofty cliff, ever beaten by the foaming surge below. From this promontory they looked to see whether the ship which had been built by Mentor was still in the place where they had left it, and they beheld a scene which, to Mentor at least, was extremely mortifying and distressful.

Love, who was conscious that his shafts could make no impression upon Mentor, now saw him carry off Telemachus with new pangs of disappointed malignity. He wept with rage and vexation, and went in search of Calypso, who was wandering about in the most gloomy recesses of the forest. The moment she saw him, a deep sigh escaped her, and she felt every wound in her bosom begin to bleed afresh. "Art thou a goddess," said the disdainful boy, "and dost thou suffer thyself to be denied by a feeble mortal who is captive in thy dominions? Why is he suffered to depart with impunity?" "O fatal power," replied Calypso, "let me no more listen to thy dangerous counsel, which has already seduced me from a state of perfect and delicious tranquillity, and plunged me into an

abyss of misery. All counsel is, indeed, too late: I have sworn, by the waters of the Styx, that I will not detain him. This awful oath Jupiter himself, the father of the gods, omnipotent and eternal, does not dare to violate. Depart, then, Telemachus, from this island; depart thou also, pernicious boy, for my misfortunes are derived rather from thee than from him."

Love, drying up his tears, replied with a smile of derision and disdain: "And this oath has left you without an expedient! Leave the matter, then, to my management. As you have sworn to let Telemachus depart, take no measures to detain him; but neither I nor your nymphs are bound by your oath. I will incite them to burn the vessel that Mentor has so hastily built; and his diligence to circumvent us shall be ineffectual. He also shall be circumvented in his turn, and find himself unexpectedly deprived of all means to rescue Telemachus from your power."

The voice of Love thus soothed the despair of Calypso, as the breath of the zephyrs, upon the margin of a stream, refreshes the languid flock which are fainting in the burning heat of a summer's sun. The sweet influence of hope and joy was again felt in her breast; her countenance became serene, and her eyes soft and placid; the glooms of care were dissipated for a moment; she stopped, she smiled; and she repaid the flattery of the wanton boy with caresses, which prepared new anguish for her heart.

Cupid, pleased with having persuaded Calypso, went to try his influence upon her nymphs. They were scattered about upon the mountains like a flock of sheep, which, pursued by some hungry wolf, have fled far from the shepherd. Love collects them, and says: "Telemachus is still in your hands; but if a moment is lost, he will escape you. Make haste, then, and set fire to the vessel which Mentor in his temerity has constructed to carry him off." Torches were lighted in a moment; they rushed towards the sea-shore, with the cries and gestures of frantic Bacchanals; their hair dishevelled, and their limbs trembling. The flames spread; the whole vessel was soon

in a blaze; and the smoke, intermixed with sheets of fire, rose in a cloudy volume to the sky.[1]

Telemachus and Mentor saw the flames, and heard the cries of the nymphs from the top of the rocks. Telemachus was secretly inclined to rejoice at what had happened; the health of his mind was not yet perfectly restored; and Mentor remarked that his passion was like a fire not totally extinguished, which, from time to time, gleams from the embers, and frequently throws out sparks with a sudden and unexpected vigor. "Now," said Telemachus, "our retreat is cut off, and our escape from the island is impossible."

Mentor, who perceived that he was relapsing into all his follies, knew that not a moment was to be lost. He saw a vessel laying at anchor in the distance, which did not approach the shore, because it was well known to all pilots that the island of Calypso was inaccessible. This wise guardian of inexperienced youth, therefore, suddenly pushed Telemachus from the top of the rock into the sea, and instantly leaped after him. Telemachus, who was at first stunned by the fall, drank of the briny wave and became the sport of the surge. But, at length, recovering from his astonishment, and seeing Mentor, who had stretched out his hand to assist him in swimming, he thought only how to leave the island at a distance.

The nymphs, who before imagined that they had secured their captives, uttered a dreadful cry when they saw them escape. Calypso, again overwhelmed with despair, retired to her grotto, which she filled with unavailing complaints. Love, who saw his triumph suddenly changed into a defeat, sprung up into the air, and, spreading his wings, took his flight to the groves of Idalia, where he was expected by Venus. The boy, still more cruel than his mother, consoled himself for his disappointment by laughing, with her, at the mischief they had done.

Telemachus felt, with pleasure, that his fortitude and his

---

[1] "The conflagration rages with loose reins amid the rowers' seats, and oars, and painted sterns of fir."—*Æn.*, v. 661.

love of virtue revived as his distance from the fatal island of Calypso increased. "I now," said he to Mentor, "experience what you have told me,—what, without experience, I could never have believed: 'Vice can only be conquered by flight.' My father, how dear a testimony have the gods given me of their love, by granting me the guidance and protection of thy wisdom! I deserved, indeed, to be deprived of both; I deserved to be abandoned to my own folly. I now fear neither seas nor winds; I apprehend danger only from my passions. Love alone is more to be dreaded than all the calamities of shipwreck."

BOOK VII.

The vessel proves to be a Tyrian, commanded by Adoam, the brother of Narbal, by whom the adventurers are kindly received. Adoam recollects Telemachus, and relates the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and the accession of Baleazar, whom the tyrant his father had disgraced at her instigation. During a banquet which he prepares for his guests, Achitoas entertains them with music, which brings the Tritons, the Nereids, and other divinities of the sea, in crowds around the vessel. Mentor, taking up a lyre, plays much better than Achitoas. Adoam relates the wonders of Bœtica: he describes the soft temperature of the air, and the beauties of the country, where the utmost simplicity of manners secures to the people uninterrupted tranquillity.

The vessel which lay at anchor, and which Telemachus and Mentor were approaching, was of Phœnicia, and bound to Epirus.[1] The Phœnicians who were on board had seen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt, but he could not be sufficiently distinguished to be known while he was swimming in the sea. When Mentor was near enough the vessel to be heard, he raised his head above the water and called out with a loud voice: "Phœnicians, you who succor alike the distressed of all nations, refuse not your assistance to two strangers, whose life depends upon your humanity. If you have any reverence for the gods, take us on board, and we will accompany you whithersoever you are bound." The commander of the vessel immediately answered: "We will receive you with joy; it is not necessary that you should be known to us; it suffices that you are men, and in distress." He gave orders accordingly, and they were taken into the ship.

When they first came aboard, they were so exhausted and

---

[1] Epirus, "the mainland," a country in the northwest of Greece, so called to distinguish it from Corcyra, and the other islands off the coast.

out of breath that they could neither speak nor move, for they had been swimming a long time, and struggling hard with the billows. They recovered, however, by degrees, and had change of apparel brought them, their own being heavy with the water it had imbibed, which ran off from all parts. As soon as they were able to speak, the Phœnicians gathered around them, and were impatient to hear their adventures. "How," said the commander, "did you get into that island, from which you have come? It is in the possession of a goddess, who suffers no man to enter it; and, indeed, it is surrounded by rocks, which are always beaten by so dreadful a surge that it can scarcely be approached without certain shipwreck." Mentor replied: "We were driven on shore by a storm. We are Greeks from Ithaca, an island not far from Epirus, whither you are bound. If you should not touch there, which however is in your course, we shall be satisfied to be put on shore at your port; for we shall find friends in Epirus, who will procure us a passage to Ithaca; and we shall still think ourselves indebted to your humanity, for the happiness of being again restored to all that is dear to us in the world."

Telemachus remained silent, and left Mentor to answer for them both, for the faults which he had committed in the island of Calypso had greatly increased his prudence. He was now diffident of himself; and, conscious how much he always stood in need of the instructions of superior wisdom, when he had no opportunity of asking Mentor's advice, he watched his countenance, and endeavored to discover his sentiments in his looks.

The Phœnician commander, observing the silence of Telemachus, looked earnestly at him, and thought he remembered to have seen him before; but, not being able to recollect any particulars, "Permit me," said he, "to ask, if you have not some remembrance of having seen me before, for I think this is not the first time I have seen you: your countenance is well known to me; it struck me at the first glance, but I cannot recollect where we have met: perhaps my memory may be assisted by yours."

Telemachus immediately replied, with a mixture of surprise and pleasure: "I have felt at the sight of you exactly what you have felt at the sight of me. I well remember to have seen you, but I cannot recollect whether in Egypt or at Tyre." The Phœnician, at the mention of Egypt and Tyre, like a man who, waking in the morning, has brought back by degrees, and as it were from a remote distance, the evanescent images of a dream which had fled with the shadows of the night, suddenly cried out: "Thou art Telemachus, with whom Narbal contracted a friendship when we were returning from Egypt. I am his brother, of whom you have doubtless heard him often speak. I left you with him when we arrived at Tyre, being myself obliged to make a voyage to Bœtica,[1] that celebrated country, near the Pillars of Hercules. Having, therefore, but just seen you, it is not strange that I did not perfectly recollect you at first sight."

"I perceive," said Telemachus, "that you are Adoam. I had no opportunity of a personal acquaintance with you, but I have heard much of you from Narbal. How should I rejoice to hear of him from you; for to me his memory will be forever dear. Is he still at Tyre? has he suffered nothing from the suspicion and cruelty of Pygmalion?" "Telemachus," said Adoam, interrupting him, "fortune has now given you in charge to a man who will, to the utmost of his abilities, deserve the trust. I will put you on shore at Ithaca before I proceed to Epirus, and you shall not find less friendship in the brother of Narbal than in Narbal himself."

Having looked aloft while he was speaking, he observed that the wind for which he had waited began to blow; he therefore gave orders instantly to weigh anchor. The sails were spread to the breeze, and the oars divided the flood. Adoam then took Telemachus and Mentor apart to speak with them.

"I will now," said he to Telemachus, "gratify your curi-

---

[1] Bœtica took its name from the river Bœtis (Guadalquivir), and corresponds with the modern Andalusia.

osity. The tyranny of Pygmalion is at an end; from that scourge the righteous gods have delivered the earth. As he dared to trust no man, so no man dared to trust him. The good were content to sigh in secret, and to hide themselves from his cruelty, without attempting any thing against him; the wicked thought there was no way of securing their own lives but by putting an end to his. There was not a man in Tyre who was not in perpetual danger of alarming his suspicion. To this danger the guards themselves were more exposed than others: as his life was in their hands, he feared them in proportion to their power, and he sacrificed them to his safety upon the slightest mistrust. Thus, his very search of security rendered the finding of it impossible. Those in whose hands he had deposited his life, were themselves in perpetual danger by his suspicion; and the only expedient to deliver themselves from this dreadful situation, was to anticipate the effects of his suspicion by his death.

"The first, however, who took a resolution to destroy him, was the impious Astarbe, whom you have heard so often mentioned already. She was passionately enamored of a rich young Tyrian, whose name was Joazar, and had conceived a design of placing him upon the throne. To facilitate the execution of this project, she persuaded the king that Phadael, the eldest of his two sons, being impatient to succeed him, had conspired against his life. She suborned witnesess to support the charge, and the unhappy tyrant caused Phadael to be put to death. Baleazar, his second son, was sent to Samos, under pretence of learning the manners and the sciences of Greece; but, in reality, because Astarbe had persuaded the king that it was necessary to send him away, lest he should associate himself with the malcontents. The ship in which he embarked had scarcely quitted the port, when those who had been appointed to navigate it, having been corrupted by the perfidious inhumanity of Astarbe, contrived to make a shipwreck of the vessel in the night. Having thrown the young prince into the sea, they preserved themselves by swimming to some foreign barks that waited for them at a convenient distance.

"In the mean time, the amours of Astarbe were secrets to none but Pygmalion, who fondly imagined himself to be the only object of her affection. He who heard even the whispers of the breeze with distrust and dread, relied on this abandoned woman with a blind and implicit confidence. At the time, however, when love rendered him the dupe of her artifices, he was incited by avarice to find some pretence for putting Joazar, her favorite, to death, that he might seize upon his riches.

"But while suspicion, love, and avarice were thus sharing the heart of Pygmalion, Astarbe was contriving his immediate destruction. She thought it possible that he might have discovered something of her connection with Joazar, and if not, she knew that avarice alone would furnish him with a sufficient motive to cut him off. She concluded, therefore, that not a moment was to be lost. She saw that all the principal officers of the court were ready to dip their hands in his blood, and she heard of some new conspiracy every day. Yet there was none whom she could make the confidant of her design, without putting her own life in his power. She therefore determined to destroy Pygmalion by poison, and to administer it herself.

"It was his general practice to eat with her in private; and he always dressed his food himself, not daring to trust any hand but his own. While he was thus employed, he used to lock himself up in the most retired part of his palace, the better to conceal his fears and elude observation. He did not dare to enjoy any of the pleasures of the table, nor even to taste any thing which had not been prepared wholly by himself. He was thus precluded from the use, not only of delicacies and refinements in cookery, but of wine, bread, salt, oil, milk, and all other ordinary food. He lived entirely upon fruit, which he gathered himself from his garden, or such roots and herbs as he had sowed and dressed with his own hands. He drank no liquor but the water which he drew from a fountain that was inclosed in a part of the palace, of which he always kept the key. Notwithstanding his confidence in Astarbe, he did not, in this particular, lay aside his precaution

even with respect to her. He made her eat and drink of every thing that constituted their repast before he tasted it himself, that he might be sure not to be poisoned without her, and that she might have no hope of surviving him. She contrived, however, to render this precaution ineffectual; for she took a counter-poison, which she had obtained of an old woman yet more wicked than herself, whom upon this occasion she made no scruple to trust, as she was already the confidante of her amours. As she was thus secured against danger in poisoning the king with food, of which she was herself to partake, she accomplished her purpose in the following manner:

"At the moment when they were sitting down to their repast, the old woman made a noise at one of the doors of the apartment. The king, always fearing assassination, was greatly alarmed, and ran in haste to the door to see that it was secured. The old woman, having performed her part, withdrew. The king stood torpid in suspense, not knowing what to think of the noise he had heard, nor daring to resolve his doubts by opening the door. Astarbe encouraged him, caressed him, and pressed him to eat, having thrown poison into his golden cup while he ran to the door upon the alarm. Pygmâlion, with his usual precaution, gave the cup first into her hand; and she drank without fear, confiding in the antidote she had taken. Pygmalion then drank himself, and in a short time afterwards sunk down in a state of total insensibility.

"Astarbe, who knew that he was capable of stabbing her to the heart upon the slightest suspicion, and that he might recover from this fit while he had yet strength to do it, immediately rent her clothes, tore her hair, and burst into clamorous lamentations. She took the dying king in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and shed over him a flood of tears, which she had always at command. But when she saw that his strength was just exhausted, and the last agony coming on, she dropped the mask, and to prevent the possibility of his recovery, threw herself upon him and smothered him. She

then took the royal signet from his finger, and the diadem from his head, and presented them both to Joazar, whom she called in for that purpose. She imagined that all her partisans would readily concur in the gratification of her passion, and that her lover would not fail to be proclaimed king. But those who had paid their court to her with the greatest assiduity, were base and mercenary wretches, who were incapable of a sincere affection, and, besides being destitute of courage, were deterred from supporting Astarbe by fear of her enemies. Her own pride, dissimulation, and cruelty were yet more formidable; and every one wished that she might perish, as a pledge of his own security.

"In the mean time, the palace was in the utmost confusion; nothing was heard but a repetition of the words, 'The king is dead!' Some stood terrified and irresolute; others ran to arms; every one rejoiced at the event, but every one apprehended the consequences. The news presently circulated, from mouth to mouth, through the whole city, where there was not so much as a single person that regretted the death of the king, which was a universal deliverance and consolation.

"Narbal, struck with an event so sudden and awful, compassionated the misfortunes of Pygmalion, though he could not but detest his vices. He regretted, like an honest man, his having betrayed himself to destruction by an unlimited and unreserved confidence in Astarbe; choosing rather to be a tyrant, disclaimed by nature and abhorred by mankind, than to fulfil the duties of a sovereign and become the father of his people. He was also attentive to the interests of the State, and made haste to assemble the friends of their country to oppose the measures of Astarbe, under whose influence there was the greatest reason to apprehend a reign yet more oppressive than that of Pygmalion himself.

"Narbal knew that Baleazar was not drowned when he was thrown into the sea, though the wretches who assured Astarbe of his death thought otherwise. He saved himself, under favor of the night, by swimming; and some Cretan merchants, touched with compassion, took him into their vessel. Having

no reason to doubt that his destruction was intended, and being equally afraid of the cruel jealousy of Pygmalion and the fatal artifices of Astarbe, he did not dare to return into his father's dominions. He wandered about for a long time on the coast of Syria, where he had been left by the Cretans who took him up, and gained a scanty subsistence by tending a flock of sheep. At length, however, he found means to make Narbal acquainted with his situation, not doubting that he might safely trust his secret and his life with a man whose virtue had been so often tried. Narbal, though he had been ill-treated by the father, did not look with less tenderness upon the son. Nor was he less attentive to his interests, in which, however, his principal view was to prevent his undertaking any thing inconsistent with the duty he still owed to his father, and therefore he exerted all his influence to reconcile him to his ill fortune.

"Baleazar had requested Narbal to send him a ring as a token, whenever it should be proper for him to repair to Tyre; but Narbal did not think it prudent during the life of Pygmalion, as it would have been attended with the utmost danger to them both. The tyrant's inquisitive circumspection was such that no subtlety or diligence could elude it; but as soon as the fate he merited had overtaken him, Narbal sent the ring to Baleazar. Baleazar set out immediately, and arrived at the gates of Tyre while the whole city was in the utmost trouble and perplexity to know who should succeed to the throne. He was at once known and acknowledged, as well by the principal Tyrians as by the people. They loved him, not for the sake of his father, who was the object of universal detestation, but for his own amiable and gracious disposition. Even his misfortunes now threw a kind of splendor around him, which showed his good qualities to the greatest advantage, and produced a tender interest in his favor.

"Narbal assembled the chiefs of the people, the elders of the council, and the priests of the great goddess of Phœnicia. They saluted Baleazar as their king; and he was immediately proclaimed by the heralds, amid the acclamations of the

people. The shouts were heard by Astarbe in one of the innermost recesses of the palace, where she had shut herself up with Joazar, her effeminate and infamous favorite. She was abandoned by all the sycophants and parasites, the corrupt prostitutes of power, who had attached themselves to her during the life of Pygmalion; for the wicked fear the wicked; they know them to be unworthy of confidence, and therefore do not wish they should be invested with authority. Men of corrupt principles know how much others, of the same character, abuse authority, and to what excess they carry oppression. They wish rather to have the good set over them; for, though they cannot hope for reward, they know that they shall not suffer injury. Astarbe, therefore, was deserted by all but a few wretches, who had so far involved themselves in her guilt, that, whatever party they should espouse, they could not hope to escape punishment.

"The palace was soon forced. The guilty, naturally irresolute and timid, made little resistance, and endeavored to save themselves by flight. Astarbe tried to make her escape disguised like a slave, but she was recognized and seized by a soldier. It was with great difficulty that the people were prevented from tearing her to pieces. They had already thrown her down, and were dragging her along the pavement, when Narbal rescued her out of their hands. She then entreated that she might speak to Baleazar, whom she hoped to influence by her beauty, and to impose upon by pretending that she could make important discoveries. Baleazar could not refuse to hear her. She approached him with an expression of sweetness and modesty in her countenance, which gave new power to her beauty, and might have softened rage into pity and complacency. She addressed him with the most delicate and insinuating flattery; she conjured him, by the ashes of his father, to take pity upon her, whom he had so tenderly loved; she invoked the gods, as if she had paid them the homage of sincere adoration; she shed a flood of tears, and, prostrating herself on the ground before the young king, she passionately embraced his knees. But as soon as she imagined these arts

had gained an influence over him, she neglected nothing to render him suspicious of the most faithful and affectionate of his servants. She accused Narbal of having entered into a conspiracy against Pygmalion, and of intrigues to get himself chosen king instead of Baleazar, whom she insinuated he had intended to poison. In the same manner she calumniated every other person whom she knew to be a friend to virtue. She hoped to find Baleazar susceptible of the same distrust and suspicion as his father, but the young prince, discerning and disdaining both her subtlety and her malice, suddenly interrupted her by calling for his guards. She was immediately carried to prison, and a proper number of persons, distinguished for their experience and their wisdom, were appointed to inquire into her conduct.

"They discovered, with horror, that she had first poisoned, and then smothered Pygmalion, and that her whole life had been one uninterrupted series of the most enormous crimes. She was, therefore, judged worthy of the severest punishment which the laws of Phœnicia could inflict, and condemned to be burnt by a slow fire. But as soon as she found that her crimes were known, and her judges inexorable, she gave way to all the furies that had taken possession of her soul. She immediately swallowed poison, which she had taken care to conceal about her, as the means of a speedy death, if she should be condemned to suffer lingering torments. Those who were about her soon perceived that she suffered intolerable pain, and offered such relief as was in their power; but, without giving any answer, she made signs that she would receive no assistance. They then spoke to her of the righteous gods, whose anger she had provoked, but, instead of expressing contrition or remorse, she looked upwards with a mixture of despite and arrogance, as if she abhorred their attributes and defied their vengeance.

Her dying aspect expressed only impiety and rage. Of that beauty which had been fatal to so many, no remains were now left; every grace had vanished; her eyes, upon which the hand of death was already heavy, were turned hastily on every

side, with a wild and unmeaning ferocity; her lips were convulsed, her mouth open, and her whole countenance distorted; a livid paleness succeeded, and her body became cold: yet sometimes she started, as it were, back to life; but it was only to express the pang that roused her by shrieks and groans. At length, however, she expired, leaving those that stood around her in a state of inexpressible fright and horror. Her guilty soul, without doubt, descended to those mournful regions, where the unrelenting daughters of Danaus are perpetually employed in filling vessels that will not hold water—where Ixion forever turns his wheel—where Tantalus, in vain, endeavors to slake his everlasting thirst with the water that eludes his lips—where Sisyphus, with unavailing labor, rolls up the stone which eternally falls back—where Tityus feels the vulture incessantly preying upon his liver, which, as fast as it is devoured, is renewed.

"Baleazar expressed his gratitude to the gods for his deliverance from this monster, by innumerable sacrifices. He began his reign by a conduct altogether different from that of Pygmalion. He applied himself, with great diligence, to revive commerce, which had long languished by a gradual decline. In matters of great importance he takes the advice of Narbal, yet does not submit implicitly to his direction; for, in every instance, he makes the administration of government his own act, and takes cognizance of all things with his own eye. He hears every one's opinion, and then determines according to his own. He is, consequently, the idol of his people. By possessing their affections, he is master of more wealth than the cruel avarice of his father could ever hoard; for there is not a man in his dominions that would not freely part with his whole property, if, upon a pressing necessity, he should require it of him. What he leaves his people, therefore, is more effectually his own than it would be if he took it away. All precautions for the security of his person are unnecessary, for he is continually surrounded with an impregnable defence —the affection of the public. There is not a subject in his kingdom that does not dread the loss of his prince as a

calamity to himself, and who would not interpose between him and danger at the hazard of his life. He is happy, and all his people are happy with him. He is afraid of requiring too much of them, and they are afraid of offering him too little. His moderation leaves them in affluence, but this affluence renders them neither intractable nor insolent; for they are habitually industrious, addicted to commerce, and inflexible in supporting the ancient purity of their laws. Phœnicia has now reached the summit of greatness and glory, and owes all her prosperity to her young king.

"Narbal is his minister, the instrument of his virtue, and of wisdom. O Telemachus, if he were now to see you, with what joy he would load you with presents, and send you back with magnificence to your own country! How would he have rejoiced to have placed the son of Ulysses upon the throne of Ithaca, to diffuse the same happiness through that island which Baleazar dispenses at Tyre! And how happy am I to render you this service in his stead!"

Telemachus, who had listened with great pleasure to the relation of these events, and was yet more sensibly touched with the tender and zealous friendship with which Adoam had received him in his misfortunes, replied only by clasping him to his breast in a transport of gratitude, affection, and esteem. Adoam then inquired how he came on shore at the island of Calypso; and Telemachus, in his turn, gave him the history of his departure from Tyre, of his passage to the isle of Cyprus, of the manner of his finding Mentor, of their voyage to Crete, of the public games for the election of a king after the flight of Idomeneus, of the resentment of Venus, of their shipwreck, of the pleasure with which Calypso received them, of her becoming jealous of Eucharis, and of his being thrown into the sea by Mentor, upon his perceiving a Phœnician vessel at some distance from the coast.

Adoam then ordered a magnificent entertainment; and, as further testimony of his joy, he improved it with all the pleasures of which his situation would admit. During the repast, which was served by young Phœnicians, dressed in white gar-

ments and crowned with flowers, the place was perfumed by burning the most odoriferous gums of the East; they were entertained with the sound of the flute by musicians, to whom the rowers had resigned their seats; and this melody was from time to time interrupted by Achitoas, who accompanied his lyre with his voice, in strains which were worthy to be heard at the table of the gods, and to which even Apollo might have listened with delight. The Tritons, Nereids, and all the deities who rule the waters in subordination to the father of the deep, and even all the monsters of those hoary regions unknown to man, quitted the watery grottos of the abyss, and swam in crowds around the vessel to enjoy the harmony. A band of Phœnician youths, of exquisite beauty, clothed in fine linen whiter than snow, entertained them a long time with dancing, in the manner of their country, afterwards with the dances of Egypt, and at last with those of Greece. At proper intervals the shrill voice of the trumpet interposed, and the waves resounded to the distant shores. The silence of the night, the calmness of the sea,[1] the lambent radiance of the moon, which trembled on the surface of the waves, and the deep azure of the sky, spangled with a thousand stars, concurred to heighten the beauty of the scene.

Telemachus, who was remarkable for a quick and lively sensibility, tasted all these pleasures with a high relish; yet he did not dare to give his heart up to their influence. Since he had experienced in the island of Calypso, to his great confusion and disgrace, how easily a young mind is inflamed, he regarded all pleasures, however innocent, with distrust and dread, and watched the looks of Mentor to discover what he thought of these.

Mentor was pleased with his embarrassment, but without seeming to notice it. At length, however, touched with this self-denial, he said, with a smile: "I know of what you are afraid, and your fear does you honor; do not, however, let it

---

[1] The whole of this passage is in imitation of the opening scene in the seventh book of the *Æneid*.

carry you too far. It is not possible to wish you the enjoyment of pleasure more earnestly than I wish it to you, provided it is a pleasure that neither inflames the passions nor effeminates the character. Your pleasures must be such as refresh and unbend the mind, such as leave you complete master of yourself; not such as subdue you to their power. Those that I wish you, do not inflame the soul with a brutal fury, but soothe it, by a sweet and gentle influence, to a pure and peaceful enjoyment. You have endured toil and danger, and relaxation and solace are now necessary. Accept, then, with gratitude to Adoam, the pleasures that he now offers you; enjoy them, my dear Telemachus, enjoy them without fear or restraint. There is neither austerity nor affectation in Wisdom, who is, indeed, the parent of delight, for she alone has the secret of intermixing sports and merriment with serious thought and important labor;—by labor she gives poignancy to pleasure, and by pleasure she restores vigor to labor. Wisdom blushes not to be merry when she sees a fit occasion for mirth."[1]

Mentor, as he pronounced these words, took up a lyre, which he touched with so much skill, that Achitoas, struck with surprise and jealousy, suffered his own instrument to drop from his hand; his eyes sparkled, his countenance changed color, and his anguish and confusion would have been remarked by all present, if their attention had not been wholly engrossed by the music of Mentor. They were afraid even to breathe, lest they should mingle any other sound with his harmony, and lose some strain of his enchanting song. Their enjoyment would, indeed, have been perfect, if they had not feared it would end too soon; for the voice of Mentor, though it had no effeminate softness, was capable of all the varieties of modulation; it was equally melodious and strong, and had an expression perfectly adapted to the sentiment even in the minutest particular.

He first sung the praises of Jupiter, the father and the sov-

---

[1] "It is delightful to unbend on a proper occasion."—Horace, *Od.*, iv. 12.

ereign of gods and men,[1] who shakes the universe with a nod.[2] He then represented, under the figure of Minerva issuing from his head, that wisdom which, proceeding from himself, as its only and eternal source, is diffused in boundless emanation, to irradiate such created minds as are open to receive it. These truths he sung in such a strain of unaffected piety, and with such a sense of their sublimity and importance, that his audience imagined themselves transported to the summit of Olympus, and placed in the presence of Jupiter, whose eye is more piercing than his thunder. He then sung the fate of Narcissus, who becoming enamored of his own beauty, at which he gazed incessantly from the brink of a fountain that reflected it, pined away with ineffectual desire, and was changed into a flower that bears his name. And he last sung of the untimely death of the beautiful Adonis, who perished by the tusks of a boar, and whom Venus, unable to revive, lamented with unavailing grief.

The passions of the audience corresponded with the subject of the song; they melted silently into tears, and felt an inexpressible delight in their grief. When the music was at an end, the Phœnicians looked round upon each other with astonishment and admiration. One said: "This is certainly Orpheus; and these are the strains by which he tamed the wild beasts of the desert, and gave motion to trees and rocks: it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, suspended the torments of Ixion and the Danäides, and touched with pity the inexorable breast of Pluto, who permitted him to lead back the fair Eurydice from his dominions." Another said it was Linus, the son of Apollo; and a third, that it was Apollo himself. Even Telemachus was little less surprised than the rest, for he did not know that Mentor was so excellent a proficient in music.

Achitoas, who had now sufficiently recollected himself to

---

[1] "Father of gods and king of men," is often repeated in Virgil.

[2] "The father and director of the gods . . . . who shakes the world with his nod."—Ovid, *Metam.*, ii. 848.

conceal his jealousy, began an encomium upon Mentor, but he blushed as he spoke, and found himself unable to proceed. Mentor, who perceived his confusion, was desirous to hide it from others; and, seeing he could not go on, he began to speak, that he might appear to interrupt him; he also endeavored to console him, by giving him the praise due to his merit. Achitoas, however, could not be consoled; for he felt that Mentor surpassed him yet more in generosity than in skill.

In the mean time, Telemachus addressed himself to Adoam. "I remember," said he, "that you mentioned a voyage you made to Bœtica, after we returned together from Egypt. Bœtica is a country, concerning which many wonders are related, which it is difficult to believe. Tell me, therefore, whether they are true." "I shall be glad," said Adoam, "to describe that country to you; for it is well worthy your curiosity, and is yet more extraordinary than fame has reported it.

"The river Bœtis flows through a fertile country, where the air is always temperate, and the sky serene. This river, which gives name to the country, falls into the ocean near the Pillars of Hercules; not far from the place where the sea heretofore, breaking its bounds, separated the country of Tarsis[1] from the vast continent of Africa. This region seems to have preserved all the felicity of the golden age. In the winter, the freezing breath of the north is never felt, and the season is mild; but, in summer, there are always refreshing gales from the west, which blow about the middle of the day, and in this season, therefore, the heat is never intense. Thus Spring and Autumn, espoused as it were to each other, walk hand in hand through the year. The valleys and the plains yield annually a double harvest. The hedges consist of laurels, pomegranates, jasmines, and other trees, that are not only always green, but in flower. The mountains are covered with flocks, whose wool, for its superior fineness, is sought by all nations. This beautiful country contains also many mines of gold and silver; but

[1] This name is a mistake for Tartessus, which was situated between the two mouths of the Bœtis (Guadalquivir).

the inhabitants, happy in their simplicity, disdain to count silver and gold among their riches, and value that only which contributes to supply the real and natural wants of mankind.[1]

"When we first traded with these people, we found gold and silver used for ploughshares; and, in general, employed promiscuously with iron. As they carried on no foreign trade, they had no need of money. They were, almost all, either shepherds or husbandmen. As they suffered no arts to be exercised among them, but such as tended immediately to answer the necessities of life, the number of artificers was consequently small. A greater part even of those that live by husbandry, or keeping of sheep, are skilful in the exercise of such arts as are necessary to manners so simple and frugal.

"The women are employed in spinning the wool, and manufacturing it into stuffs that are remarkably fine and white; they also make the bread and dress the food, which costs them very little trouble, for they live chiefly upon fruits and milk, animal food being seldom eaten among them. Of the skins of their sheep they make a light sort of covering for their legs and feet, with which they furnish their husbands and children. The women also make the habitations, which are a kind of tents, covered either with waxed skins or the bark of trees. They make and wash all the clothes of the family, and keep their houses in great neatness and order. Their clothes, indeed, are easily made; for, in that temperate climate, they wear only a piece of fine white stuff, which is not formed to the shape of the body, but wrapped round it so as to fall in long plaits, and take what figure the wearer thinks fit.

"The men cultivate the ground and manage their flocks; and the other arts which they practise are those only of forming wood and iron into necessary utensils; and of iron they make little use, except in instruments of tillage. All the arts that relate to architecture are useless to them, for they build no houses. 'It shows too much regard to the earth,' say they,

[1] Fénelon follows the description of Strabo.

'to erect a building upon it which will last longer than ourselves; if we are defended from the weather, it is sufficient.' As to the other arts, which are so highly esteemed in Greece, in Egypt, and in all other nations that have admitted the innumerable wants of polished life, they hold them in the greatest detestation, as the inventions of vanity and voluptuousness.

"When they are told of nations who have the art of erecting superb buildings, and making splendid furniture of silver and gold, stuffs adorned with embroidery and jewels, exquisite perfumes, delicious meats, and instruments of music, they reply, that the people of such nations are extremely unhappy in employing so much ingenuity and labor to render themselves at once corrupt and wretched. 'These superfluities,' say they, 'effeminate, intoxicate, and torment those who possess them. They tempt those who do not possess them, to acquire them by fraud and violence. Can that superfluity be good which tends only to make men evil? Are the people of these countries more healthy or more robust than we are? Do they live longer, or agree better with each other? Do they enjoy more liberty, tranquillity, and cheerfulness? On the contrary, are they not jealous of each other? Are not their hearts corroded with envy, and agitated by ambition, avarice, and terror? Are they not incapable of pleasures that are pure and simple? and is not this incapacity the unavoidable consequence of the innumerable artificial wants to which they are enslaved, and upon which they make all their happiness depend?'

"Such," said Adoam, "are the sentiments of this sagacious people, who have acquired wisdom only by the study of nature. They consider our refinements with abhorrence; and it must be confessed, that, in their simplicity, there is something not only amiable, but great. They live in common, without any partition of lands. The head of every family is its king. This patriarchal monarch has a right to punish his children, or his grandchildren, if they are guilty of a fault; but he first takes the advice of his family. Punishment, indeed, is very rare among them; for innocence of manners, sincerity of heart, and hatred of vice, seem to be the natural productions of the coun-

try. Astrea, who is said to have quitted the earth and ascended to heaven, seems still to be hidden among these happy people. They have no need of judges, for every man submits to the jurisdiction of conscience. They possess all things in common; for the cattle produce milk, and the fields and orchards fruit and grain of every kind in such abundance, that a people so frugal and temperate have no need of property. They have no fixed place of abode; but when they have consumed the fruits, and exhausted the pasturage, of one part of the paradise which they inhabit, they remove their tents to another. They have, therefore, no opposition of interest, but are connected by a fraternal affection which there is nothing to interrupt. This peace, this union, this liberty, they preserve, by rejecting superfluous wealth and deceitful pleasure. They are all free, and all equal.

"Superior wisdom, the result either of long experience or uncommon abilities, is the only mark of distinction among them. The sophistry of fraud, the cry of violence, the contention of the bar, and the tumult of battle, are never heard in this sacred region, which the gods have taken under their immediate protection. This soil has never been stained with human blood; and even that of a lamb has rarely been shed upon it. When the inhabitants are told of bloody battles, rapid conquests, and the subversion of empires, which happen in other countries, they stand aghast with astonishment. 'What!' say they, 'do not men die fast enough without being destroyed by each other? Can any man be insensible of the brevity of life? and can he who knows it, think life too long? Is it possible to suppose that men came into the world, merely to propagate misery, and to harass and destroy one another?'

"Neither can the inhabitants of Bœtica comprehend how those, who, by subjugating great empires, obtain the name of conquerors, come to be so much the object of admiration. 'To place happiness in the government of others,' say they, 'is madness, since to govern well is a painful task. But a desire to govern others against their will, is madness in a still

greater degree. A wise man cannot, without violence to himself, submit to take upon himself the government of a willing people, whom the gods have committed to his charge, or who apply to him for guidance and protection; but to govern a people against their will, is to become miserable for the false honor of holding others in slavery. A conqueror is one whom the gods, provoked by the wickedness of mankind, send in their wrath upon the earth, to ravage kingdoms; to spread around them in a vast circle, terror, misery, and despair; to destroy the brave, and enslave the free. Has not he, who is ambitious of glory, sufficient opportunities of acquiring it, by managing with wisdom what the gods have intrusted to his care? Can it be imagined that praise is merited only by arrogance and injustice, by usurpation and tyranny? War should never be thought of, but in the defence of liberty. Happy is he who, not being the slave of another, is free from the frantic ambition of making another a slave to him! Those conquerors who are represented as encircled with glory, resemble rivers that have overflowed their banks, which appear majestic, indeed, but which desolate the countries they ought to fertilize.'"

After Adoam had given this description of Bœtica, Telemachus, who had listened to it with great delight, asked him several questions, which would not have been suggested by common curiosity. "Do the inhabitants of Bœtica," said he, "drink wine?" "They are so far from drinking wine," said Adoam, "that they make none; not because they are without grapes, for no country in the world produces them in greater plenty or perfection; but they content themselves with eating them as they do other fruit, and are afraid of wine as the corrupter of mankind. 'Wine,' they say, 'is a species of poison, which produces madness; which does not kill men, indeed, but degrades them into brutes. Men may preserve their health and their vigor without wine; but, with wine, not only their health, but their virtue is in danger.'"

Telemachus then inquired what laws were established in Bœtica relating to marriage. "No man," said Adoam, "is allowed to have more than one wife; and every man is obliged

to keep his wife as long as she lives. In this country a man's reputation depends as much upon his fidelity to his wife, as a woman's reputation, in other countries, depends upon her fidelity to her husband. No people ever practised so scrupulous a decorum, or were so jealous of their chastity. Their women are beautiful and agreeable, but simple, modest, and laborious. Their marriages are peaceable, fruitful, and undefiled. The husband and wife seem to be two bodies animated by one soul. The husband manages affairs without, and the wife within; she provides for his refreshment at his return, and seems to live only to please him; she gains his confidence; and, as she charms him yet more by her virtue than her beauty, their happiness is such as death only can destroy. From this temperance, sobriety, and simplicity of manners, they derive longevity and health. It is common to see among them men a hundred or a hundred and twenty years old, who have all the cheerfulness and vigor that make life desirable."

"But how," said Telemachus, "do they escape the calamities of war? Are they never invaded by other nations?"

"Nature," said Adoam, "has separated them from other nations, by the sea on one side, and by mountains almost inaccessible on the other. Besides, their virtue has impressed foreign powers with reverence and awe. When any contest arises among the neighboring States, they frequently make a common deposit of the territory in question in the hands of the Bœticans, and appoint them arbitrators of the dispute. As these wise people are guilty of no violence, they are never mistrusted. They laugh when they hear of kings who disagree about the boundaries of their country. 'Are they afraid,' say they, 'that the earth will not contain room for its inhabitants? There will always be much more land than can be cultivated; and while any remains unappropriated by cultivation, we should think it folly to defend even our own against those who would invade it.' These people are, indeed, wholly free from pride, fraud, and ambition. They do no injury, they violate no compact, they covet no territory. Their neighbors, therefore, having nothing to fear from them, nor any hope of making

themselves feared by them, give them no disturbance. They would sooner abandon their country, or die upon the spot, than submit to a state of slavery; so that the same qualities which render them incapable of subjugating others, render it almost impossible for others to subjugate them. For these reasons, there is always a profound peace between them and their neighbors."

Adoam proceeded to give an account of the traffic which the Phœnicians carried on in Bœtica. "The inhabitants of that happy country," said he, "were astonished when they first saw the waves bringing strangers from a distant region to their coast. They received us, however, with great benevolence, and gave us part of whatever they had, without asking or expecting a return. They suffered us to establish a colony on the island of Gadira, and offered us whatever should remain of their wool, after their own necessities were supplied—sending us, at the same time, a considerable quantity of it as a present; for they have great pleasure in bestowing their superfluities upon strangers.

"As to their mines they made no use of them; and therefore, without reluctance, left them entirely to us. Men, they thought, were not over-wise who, with so much labor, searched in the bowels of the earth for that which could give no true happiness, nor satisfy any natural want. They admonished us not to dig in the earth too deep. 'Content yourselves,' said they, 'with ploughing it, and it will yield you real benefits in return; it will yield those things to which gold and silver owe all their value; for gold and silver are valuable only as a means of procuring the necessaries of life.'

"We frequently offered to teach them navigation, and carry some of their youth with us to Phœnicia; but they never would consent that their children should live as we do. 'If our children were to go with you,' said they, 'their wants would soon be as numerous as yours. The nameless variety of things which you have made necessary, would become necessary to them; they would be restless till these artificial wants were supplied; and they would renounce their virtue, by the

practice of dishonest arts to supply them. They would soon resemble a man of good limbs and a sound constitution, who having by long inactivity forgotten how to walk, is under the necessity of being carried like a cripple.' As to navigation, they admire it as a curious art, but they believe it to be pernicious. 'If these people,' say they, 'have the necessaries of life in their own country, what do they seek in ours? Will not those things which satisfy the wants of nature satisfy their wants? Surely, they that defy the tempest to gratify avarice or luxury, deserve shipwreck.'"

Telemachus listened to this discourse of Adoam with unspeakable delight, and rejoiced that there was yet a people in the world, who, by a perfect conformity to the law of nature, were so wise and so happy. "How different," said he, "are the manners of this nation from those which, in nations that have obtained the highest reputation for wisdom, are tainted throughout with vanity and ambition! We are so accustomed to the follies that have depraved us that we can scarcely believe this simplicity—though it is, indeed, the simplicity of nature—to be real. We consider the manners of these people as a splendid fiction, and they must regard ours as a preposterous dream."

Library.
Of California

BOOK VIII.

Venus, still incensed against Telemachus, requests of Jupiter that he may perish; but this not being permitted by the Fates, the goddess consults with Neptune how his return to Ithaca, whither Adoam is conducting him, may be prevented. They employ an illusive divinity to deceive Acamas the pilot, who, supposing the land before him to be Ithaca, enters full sail into the port of Salentum. Telemachus is kindly received by Idomeneus in his new city, where he is preparing a sacrifice to Jupiter, that he may be successful in a war against the Mandurians. The entrails of the victims being consulted by the priest, he perceives the omens to be happy, but declares that Idomeneus will owe his good fortune to his guests.

While Telemachus and Adoam were engaged in conversation, forgetful of sleep, and not perceiving that the night was already half spent, an unfriendly and deceitful power turned their course from Ithaca, which Acamas,[1] their pilot, sought in vain. Neptune, although he was propitious to the Phœnicians, could not bear the escape of Telemachus from the tempest which had shipwrecked him on the island of Calypso. Venus was still more provoked at the triumph of a youth who had been victorious over all the power and wiles of Love. Her bosom throbbed at once with grief and indignation. She could not endure the places where Telemachus had treated her sovereignty with contempt; turning, therefore, from Cythera, Paphos, and Idalia, and disregarding the homage that was paid her in the isle of Cyprus, she ascended the radiant summit of Olympus, where the gods were assembled round the throne of Jupiter. From this place they behold the stars rolling beneath their feet; and this earth, an obscure and diminutive spot, is scarcely distinguished among them. The vast oceans appear

---

[1] In nearly all the editions of Telemachus the word is Athamas. We adopt with M. Lefèvre, Acamas (*indefatigable*).

but as drops of water, and the most extended empires but as a little sand scattered between them. The innumerable multitudes that swarm upon the surface of the globe are like insects, and the most powerful armies resemble clusters of ants, contending for a grain of corn or a blade of grass. Whatever is most important in the consideration of men excites the smiles of the gods, like the sport of children; and what we distinguish by the names of grandeur, glory, power, and policy, is, in their sight, no better than misery and folly.

On this stupendous height Jupiter has fixed his everlasting throne. His eyes penetrate to the centre, and pass in a moment through all the labyrinths of the heart; his smile diffuses over all nature serenity and joy; but at his frown, not only earth, but heaven trembles. The gods themselves are dazzled with the glory that surrounds him, and approach not his throne but with reverence and fear.

He was now surrounded by the celestial deities. Venus presented herself before him, in all the splendor of that beauty of which she is herself the source. Her robe, which flowed negligently round her, exceeded in brightness all the colors with which Iris decks herself amid the dusky clouds, when she promises to affrighted mortals that the storm shall have an end, and that calm and sunshine shall return. Her waist was encircled by that famous zone[1] which comprises every grace that can excite desire, and her hair was tied negligently behind in a fillet of gold. The gods were struck with her beauty, as if they had never seen it before; and their eyes were dazzled with its brightness, like those of mortals when the first radiance of the sun unexpectedly breaks upon them after a long night. They glanced a hasty look of astonishment at each other, but their eyes still centered in her; they perceived,

---

[1] "And loosed from her bosom the embroidered, variegated cestus, where all allurements were inclosed. In it were love and desire, converse and seductive speech, which steal away the mind even of the very prudent."—Homer, *Iliad*, xiv. 214.

however, that she had been weeping, and that grief was strongly pictured in her countenance.

In the mean time she advanced towards the throne of Jupiter with a light and easy motion, like the flight of a bird, which glides unresisted through the regions of the air. The god received her with a smile of divine complacency, and, rising from his seat, embraced her.[1] "What is it, my dear child," said he, "that has troubled you? I cannot behold your tears with indifference: fear not to tell me all that is in your heart; you know the tenderness of my affection, and my readiness to indulge your wish."

"O father, both of gods and men," replied the goddess, with a sweet and gentle, but interrupted voice, "can you, from whom nothing is hidden, be ignorant of the cause of my distress? Minerva, not satisfied with having subverted to its foundation the superb city which was under my protection, nor with having gratified her revenge upon Paris for judging her beauty to be inferior to mine, conducts in safety, through every nation and over every sea, the son of Ulysses, by whose cruel subtlety the ruin of Troy was effected. Minerva is now the companion of Telemachus; and it is for this reason that her place among the celestial deities, who surround the throne of Jupiter, is vacant. She has conducted that presumptuous mortal to Cyprus, only that he might insult me. He has despised my power; he disdained even to burn incense upon my altars; he turned with abhorrence from the feasts which are there celebrated to my honor; and he has barred his heart against every pleasure that I inspire. Neptune has, at my request, provoked the winds and waves against him in vain. He was shipwrecked in a dreadful storm upon the island of Calypso; but he has there triumphed over Love himself, whom I sent to soften his unfeeling heart. Neither the youth nor the beauty of Calypso and her nymphs, nor the burning shafts of immortal Love,

---

[1] "The sire of gods and men, smiling upon her, with aspect wherewith he clears the tempestuous sky, gently kissed his daughter's lips."—Virgil, *Æn.*, i. 254.

have been able to defeat the artifices of Minerva. She has torn him from that island; a stripling has triumphed over me, and I am overwhelmed with confusion."

"It is true, my daughter," said Jupiter, who was desirous to soothe her sorrows, "that Minerva defends the breast of Telemachus against all the arrows of your son, and designs a glory for him which no youth has yet deserved. I am not pleased that he has despised your altars; but I cannot subject him to your power. I consent, however, for your sake, that he shall be still a wanderer by land and sea; that he shall be still distant from his country, and still exposed to danger and misfortune; but the Destinies forbid that he shall perish; nor will they permit his virtue to be drowned in the pleasures which you vouchsafe to man. Take comfort, then, my child; remember over how many heroes and gods your sway is absolute, and be content."

While he thus spoke, a gracious smile blended ineffable sweetness and majesty over his countenance. A glancing radiance issued from his eye, brighter and more piercing than lightning. He kissed the goddess with tenderness, and the mountain was suffused with ambrosial odors. This favor from the sovereign of the skies could not fail to touch the sensibility of Venus; her countenance kindled into a lively expression of joy, and she drew down her veil to hide her blushes and confusion. The divine assembly applauded the words of Jupiter; and Venus, without losing a moment, went in search of Neptune, to concert new means of revenging herself upon Telemachus.

She told Neptune all that Jupiter had said. "I knew already," replied Neptune, "the unchangeable decrees of fate; but if we cannot overwhelm Telemachus in the deep, let us neglect nothing that may make him wretched, or delay his return to Ithaca. I cannot consent to destroy the Phœnician vessel in which he is embarked. I love the Phœnicians; they are my peculiar people, and they do more honor to my dominion than any other nation on earth. They have rendered the ocean itself the bond of society, by which the most distant countries are united. Their sacrifices continually smoke upon

my altars; they are inflexibly just; they are the fathers of commerce, and diffuse through all nations convenience and plenty. I cannot, therefore, permit one of their vessels to suffer shipwreck; but I will cause the pilot to mistake his course, and steer from Ithaca, the port that he designs to make."

Venus, satisfied with this promise, expressed her pleasure by a malignant smile, and turned the rapid wheels of her celestial chariot over the blooming plains of Idalia, where the Graces, the Sports, and the Smiles expressed their joy at her return, by dancing round her upon the flowers, which, in that delightful country, variegate the ground with beauty and fill the air with fragrance.

Neptune immediately dispatched one of the deities which preside over those deceptions which resemble Dreams; except that Dreams affect only those that sleep, and these impose upon the waking. This malevolent power, attended by a number of winged Illusions that perpetually fluttered round him, shed a subtle and fascinating liquor over the eyes of Acamas, the pilot, while he was attentively considering the brightness of the moon, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, the cliffs of which he discovered not far distant.

From that moment the eyes of Acamas became unfaithful to their objects, and presented to him a false heaven and deceptive earth. The stars appeared as if their course had been inverted. Olympus seemed to move by new laws, and the earth itself to have changed its position. A false Ithaca rose up before him, while he was steering from the real country. The delusive shore fled as he approached it: he perceived that he did not gain upon it, and he wondered at the cause. Yet sometimes he fancied he heard the noise of people in the port; and he was about to make preparations, according to the orders he had received, for putting Telemachus ashore on a little island adjacent to that of Ithaca, in order to conceal his return from the suitors of Penelope, who had conspired for his destruction. Sometimes he thought himself in danger of the rocks which surround the coast, and imagined that he

heard the dreadful roaring of the surge that broke against them; then the land suddenly appeared to be again distant; and the mountains looked like the small clouds which sometimes obscure the horizon at the setting of the sun.

Thus was Acamas astonished and confounded; and the influence of the deity which had deceived his sight impressed a dread upon his mind, which, till then, he had never felt. He sometimes almost doubted whether he was awake, or whether what he saw was not the illusion of a dream. In the mean time, Neptune commanded the east wind to blow, that the vessel might be driven upon the coast of Hesperia. The wind obeyed with such violence that the coast of Hesperia was immediately before them.

Aurora had already proclaimed the day to be at hand; and the stars, touched at once with fear and envy at the rays of the sun, retired to conceal their fading fires in the bosom of the deep, when the pilot suddenly cried out: "I am now sure of my port; the island of Ithaca is before us, and we almost touch the shore. Rejoice, O Telemachus, for in less than an hour you will embrace Penelope, and perhaps again behold Ulysses upon his throne."

This exclamation roused Telemachus, who was now in a profound sleep. He awaked, started up, and, running to the helm, embraced the pilot, at the same time fixing his eyes, which were scarcely open, upon the neighboring coast. The view struck him, at once, with surprise and disappointment, for in these shores he found no resemblance of his country. "Alas!" said he, "where are we? This is not Ithaca, the dear island that I seek. You are certainly mistaken, and are not perfectly acquainted with a country so distant from your own." "No," replied Acamas, "I cannot be mistaken in the coast of the island. I have entered the port so often that I am acquainted with every rock, and have not a more exact remembrance even of Tyre itself. Observe that mountain which runs out from the shore, and that rock which rises like a tower. Do you not see others, that, projecting from above, seem to threaten the sea with their fall? and do you not hear the

waves that break against them below? There is the temple of Minerva which seems to penetrate to the clouds, and there the citadel and the palace of Ulysses."

"Still you are mistaken," replied Telemachus. "I see a coast which is elevated, indeed, but level and unbroken. I perceive a city, but it is not Ithaca. Is it thus, ye gods, that ye sport with men?"

While Telemachus was yet speaking, the eyes of Acamas were again changed. The charm was broken; he saw the coast as it was, and acknowledged his mistake. "I confess," said he, "O Telemachus, that some unfriendly power has fascinated my sight. I thought I beheld the coast of Ithaca, of which a perfect image was represented to me, that is now vanished like a dream. I now see another city, and know it to be Salentum[1], which Idomeneus, a fugitive from Crete, is founding in Hesperia: I perceive rising walls as yet unfinished; and I see a port not entirely fortified."

While Acamas was remarking the various works which were building in this rising city, and Telemachus was deploring his misfortunes, the wind, which Neptune had commanded to blow, carried them with full sails into the road, where they found themselves under shelter, and very near the port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of the resentment of Neptune nor the cruel artifices of Venus, only smiled at the mistake of Acamas. When they had got safe into the road, he said to Telemachus: "Jupiter tries you, but he will not suffer you to perish; he tries you, that he may open before you the path of glory. Remember the labors of Hercules, and let the achievements of your father be always present to your mind. He that knows not how to suffer, has no greatness of soul. You must weary fortune,[2] who delights to persecute you, by patience and fortitude. Be assured that you are much less endangered by the displeasure of Neptune than by the caresses

---

[1] On the coast of Magna Grecia, in southeastern Italy.

[2] "Every fortune is to be surmounted by patience."—Virgil, *Æn.*, v. 710.

of Calypso. But why do we delay to enter the harbor? The people here are our friends, for they are natives of Greece; and Idomeneus, having himself been ill-treated by fortune, will naturally be touched with pity at our distress."[1] They immediately entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnicians were admitted without scruple, for they are at peace and in trade with every nation upon earth.

Telemachus looked upon that rising city with admiration. As a young plant that has been watered with the dews of the night feels the glow of the morning sun, grows under the genial influence, opens its buds, unfolds its leaves, spreads out its odoriferous flowers, variegated with a thousand dyes, and discloses every moment some fresh beauty; so flourished this infant city of Idomeneus on the borders of the deep. It rose into greater magnificence every hour, and discovered in a distant prospect, to the strangers that approached it by sea, new ornaments of architecture that seemed to reach the clouds. The whole coast resounded with the voices of workmen and the strokes of the hammer, and huge stones were seen suspended from pulleys in the air. As soon as the morning dawned, the people were animated to their labor by their chiefs; and Idomeneus himself being present to dispense his orders, the works were carried on with incredible expedition.

As soon as the Phœnician vessel came to shore, the Cretans received Telemachus and Mentor with all the tokens of a sincere friendship. They immediately acquainted Idomeneus that the son of Ulysses had arrived in his dominions. "The son of Ulysses!" said he, "of my dear friend Ulysses! of him, who is at once a hero and a sage, by whose council alone the destruction of Troy was accomplished? Let him be conducted hither, that I may convince him how much I loved his father!" Telemachus being then presented to him, told him his name, and then demanded the rights of hospitality.

---

[1] "Not unacquainted with misfortune, I have learned to succor the distressed."—Virgil, *Æn.*, i. 630.

Idomeneus received him with a smile of tender cordiality. "I believe," said he, "I should have known you, if I had not been told your name. I perceive your father's fire and firmness in your eye, the same coldness and reserve in your first address, which, in him, concealed so much vivacity and such various grace. You have his smile of conscious penetration, his easy negligence, and his sweet, simple, and insinuating elocution, which takes the soul captive before it can prepare for defence. You are, indeed, the son of Ulysses; and from this hour you shall also be mine. Tell me, then, what adventure has brought you to this coast? Are you in search of your father? Alas! of your father I can give you no intelligence. Fortune has equally persecuted both him and me; he has never been able to return to his country, and I became the victim of divine displeasure in mine."

While Idomenus was thus speaking to Telemachus, he fixed his eyes attentively upon Mentor, as a man whose countenance was not wholly unknown to him, though he could not recollect his name.

In the mean time the eyes of Telemachus were filled with tears. "Forgive," said he, "O king, the grief that I cannot hide. I ought now, indeed, to betray no passion, but joy at your presence, and gratitude for your bounty; yet, by the regret you express for the loss of Ulysses, you impress me with a new sense of my misfortune in the loss of a father. I have already long sought him through all the regions of the deep. Such is the displeasure of the gods, that they neither permit me to find him, nor to learn whether the sea has not closed over him forever; nor yet to return to Ithaca, where Penelope pines with an anxious desire to be delivered from her lovers. I hoped to have found you in Crete, where I only heard the story of your misfortunes; and I had then no thought of approaching the coast of Hesperia, where you have founded another kingdom. But fortune, which sports with mankind, and keeps me wandering through every country that is distant from my own, has at length thrown me upon your coast—a misfortune which I regret less than any other, since,

though I am driven from Ithaca, I am at least brought to Idomeneus, the most generous of men."

Idomeneus, having embraced Telemachus with great tenderness, conducted him to his palace, where he inquired what venerable old man it was that accompanied him. "I think," said he, "that I have somewhere seen him before." "That is Mentor," replied Telemachus, "the friend of Ulysses, to whose care he confided my infancy, and to whom my obligations are more than I can express."

Idomeneus immediately advanced towards Mentor, and gave him his hand. "We have seen each other before," said he; "do you remember the voyage that you made to Crete, and the good counsel that you gave me there? I was then carried away by the impetuosity of youth, and the love of deceitful pleasure. It was necessary that what I refused to learn from wisdom, I should be taught by adversity. Would to heaven that I had confided in your counsel! But I am astonished to see that so many years have made so little alteration in your appearance; there is the same freshness in your countenance; your stature is still erect, and your vigor is undiminished: I see no difference, except that there are a few more gray hairs upon your head."

"If I were inclined to flatter," replied Mentor, "I would say that you also preserve the same bloom of youth which glowed upon your countenance before the siege of Troy; but I had rather deny myself the pleasure of gratifying you, than offend against truth. I perceive, indeed, by the wisdom of your discourse, that, from flattery, you could receive no gratification, and that he who speaks to Idomeneus risks nothing by his sincerity. You are, indeed, much changed; so much, that I should scarcely have known you. But I am not ignorant of the cause—the hand of misfortune has been upon you. You are, however, a gainer, even by your sufferings; for they have taught you wisdom. The wrinkles that Time impresses on your face ought not much to be regretted, if, in the mean while, he is planting virtue in the breast. Besides, it should be considered that kings must wear out faster than other men.

In adversity, the solicitude of the mind and the fatigues of the body bring on infirmities of age before they are old. In prosperity, the indulgences of a voluptuous life wear them out still more than physical or mental toil. Nothing is so fatal to health as immoderate pleasure; therefore kings, both in peace and war, have pains and pleasures which precipitate old age. A sober, temperate, and simple life, free from the inquietudes both of accident and passion, divided in due proportions between labor and rest, continues long to the wise the blessings of youth, which, if these precautions do not retain them, are ever ready to fly away upon the wings of time."

Idomeneus, who listened with delight to the wisdom of Mentor, would longer have indulged himself in so noble a pleasure, if he had not been reminded of a sacrifice which he was to offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor followed him to the temple, surrounded by a crowd of people, who gazed at the two strangers with great eagerness and curiosity. "These men," said they, "are very different from each other. The younger has something sprightly and amiable, that is hard to be defined; all the graces of youth and beauty are diffused over his whole person, yet he has nothing effeminately soft; though the bloom of youth is scarcely ripened into manhood, he appears vigorous, robust, and inured to labor. The other, though much older, has suffered no injury from time; at the first view, his general appearance is less noble, and his countenance less gracious; but, upon a closer examination, we find, under this unassuming simplicity, strong indications both of wisdom and of virtue, with a kind of nameless superiority that excites at once both reverence and admiration. When the gods descended upon the earth, they doubtless assumed the form of such strangers and travellers as these."[1]

In the mean time, they arrived at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was descended from the god, had

---

[1] "For the gods, like unto foreign strangers, being [seen] in all forms, go about cities, looking into the insolence and good conduct of men."—Homer, *Odyss.*, xvii. 485.

adorned with the utmost magnificence. It was surrounded with a double range of columns of variegated marble, the capitals of which were of silver. The whole building was cased with marble, enriched with bas-reliefs that represented the transformation of Jupiter into a bull, and his rape of Europa, whom he bore into Crete through the waves, which seemed to reverence the god, though he was concealed under a borrowed form; and the birth of Minos, the events of his youth, and the dispensation of those laws in his more advanced age, which were calculated to perpetuate the prosperity of his country. Telemachus observed also representations of the principal events in the siege of Troy, at which Idomeneus acquired great military renown. Among these representations, Telemachus looked for his father; and he found him seizing the horses of Rhesus, whom Diomedes had just slain; disputing the armor of Achilles with Ajax, before the princes of Greece; and descending from the fatal horse, to deluge Troy with the blood of her inhabitants.[1]

By these achievements Telemachus knew his father; for he had frequently heard them mentioned, and they had been particularly described by Mentor. His mind kindled as he considered them; the tears swelled in his eyes; he changed color, and his countenance was troubled. He turned away his face to conceal his confusion, which, however, was perceived by the king. "Do not be ashamed," said Idomeneus, "that we should see how sensibly you are touched with the glory and misfortunes of your father."

The people were now gathered in a throng under the vast porticos, which were formed by the double range of columns that surrounded the building. There were two companies of boys and virgins, who sung hymns to the praise of the god, in whose hand are the thunders of the sky. These children were selected for their beauty, and had long hair, which flowed in loose curls over their shoulders. They were clothed in white, and their heads were crowned with roses and sprinkled

[1] These several achievements are recounted in the *Iliad*.

with perfume. Idomeneus sacrificed a hundred bulls to Jupiter, to obtain success in a war which he had undertaken against the neighboring States. The blood of the victims smoked on every side, and was received into large vases of silver and gold.

Theophanes, the priest of the temple, venerable for his age, and beloved of the god, having kept his head covered, during the ceremony, with the skirt of his purple robe, proceeded to examine the still panting entrails of the victims. He then mounted the sacred tripod and cried out: "Who, ye gods, are these strangers that ye have brought among us? Without them, the war which we have undertaken would have been fatal, and Salentum would have fallen into ruin while it was yet rising from its foundation. I see a hero in the bloom of youth; I see him conducted by the hand of Wisdom. To mortal lips thus much only is permitted."

While he spoke his looks became wild, and his eyes fiery; he seemed to see other objects than those that were before him; his countenance was inflamed, his hair stood up, his mouth foamed, his arms, which were stretched upwards, remained immovable, and all his faculties seemed to be under a supernatural influence. His voice was more than human; he gasped for breath,[1] and was agonized by the divine spirit that moved within him.

"O happy Idomeneus," again he exclaimed, "what do I see! tremendous evils! but they are averted. Within there is peace, but without there is battle! There is victory! O Telemachus, thy achievements surpass those of thy father! Under thy falchion, pride and hostility grovel in the dust together, and gates of brass and inaccessible ramparts fall in one ruin at thy feet! O mighty goddess, let his father—— Illustrious youth, thou shalt again behold——." Here the

---

[1] "While thus before the gate she speaks—on a sudden her looks change, her color comes and goes, her locks are dishevelled, her breast heaves, and her fierce heart swells with enthusiastic rage; she appears in a larger form, her voice speaking her not a mortal."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 46. Description of the Sibyl.

words died upon his tongue, and his powers were involuntarily suspended in silence and astonishment.

The multitude was chilled with horror.[1] Idomeneus trembled, and did not dare to urge Theophanes to proceed. Telemachus himself scarcely comprehended what he had heard, and almost doubted whether predictions so sublime and important had really been delivered. Mentor was the only person, in that vast assembly, whom the effusion of the divinity had not astonished. "You hear," said he to Idomeneus, "the purposes of the gods. Against whatever nation you shall turn your arms, your victory is secure; but it is to this youth, the son of your friend, that you will owe your success. Be not jealous of his honor, but receive with gratitude what the gods shall give you by his hand."

Idomeneus endeavored to reply, but not being yet recovered from his surprise, he could find no words, and therefore remained silent. Telemachus was more master of himself, and said to Mentor: "The promise of so much glory does not much affect me; I desire only to know the meaning of those last words, 'Thou shalt again behold.' Is it my father, or my country only, that I shall behold again? Why, alas! was the sentence left unfinished? why was it so broken as rather to increase than diminish my uncertainty? O Ulysses! O my father! is it thy very self that I shall again behold? Is this possible? Alas! my wishes deceive me into hope; this cruel oracle has only sported with my misfortunes; one word more would have made me completely happy!"

"Reverence what the gods have revealed," said Mentor, "and do not seek to discover what they have hidden. It is fit that presumptuous curiosity should be covered with confusion. The gods, in the abundance of their wisdom and mercy, have concealed the future from the sight of man in impenetrable darkness. It is proper, indeed, that we should know the event of what depends wholly upon ourselves, as a motive to recti-

---

[1] "Chill horror ran thrilling cold through the bones of the Trojans."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 54.

tude of conduct; but it is equally fit that we should be ignorant of those events over which we have no influence, and of what the gods have determined to be our lot."

Telemachus felt the force of this reply, yet he could not restrain himself without difficulty.

In the mean time Idomeneus, having perfectly recovered the possession of his mind, began to express his gratitude to Jupiter, for having sent Telemachus and Mentor to give him victory over his enemies. A magnificent entertainment was given after the sacrifice, and he then addressed the strangers to this effect:

"I confess that when I returned from the siege of Troy to Crete, I was not sufficiently acquainted with the arts of government. You are not ignorant, my dear friends, of the misfortunes which excluded me from the sovereignty of that extensive island; for you tell me that you have been there since I left it. Happy am I, if my misfortunes have taught me wisdom and moderation. I traversed the seas, like a fugitive, pursued by the vengeance both of heaven and earth; the elevation of my former state served but to aggravate my fall. I sought an asylum for my household gods upon this desert coast, which I found covered with thorns and brambles, with impenetrable forests, as ancient as the earth upon which they grew, and abounding with almost inaccessible rocks, in which the wild beasts that prowled at night took shelter in the day. Such was my necessity, that I was glad to take possession of this desolate wilderness, with a small number of soldiers and friends who kindly became the companions of my misfortunes, and to consider these deserts as my country—having no hope of returning to that happy island in which it was the will of the gods that I should be born to reign. I felt the change with the keenest sensibility. What a dreadful example, said I, is Idomeneus to other kings, and what instructions may they derive from my sufferings! They imagine that their elevation above the rest of men is a security from misfortune; but, alas! their very superiority is their danger. I was dreaded by my enemies and beloved by my subjects; I commanded a powerful and warlike nation; fame had acquainted the remotest regions

with my glory; I was the lord of a fertile and delightful country; I received tribute from the wealth of a hundred cities; I was acknowledged, by the Cretans, to be descended from Jupiter, who was born in their country; I was beloved as the grandson of Minos, whose laws at once rendered them powerful and happy. What was wanting to my felicity, but the knowledge how to enjoy it with moderation? My pride, and the adulation which gratified it, subverted my throne. I fell, as every king must fall who delivers himself up to his own passions and to the counsels of flattery.

"When I came hither, I labored to conceal my anguish by a look of cheerfulness and hope, that I might support the courage of my companions. 'Let us build a new city,' said I, 'to console us for what we have lost. We are surrounded with people who have set us a fair example for the undertaking. We see Tarentum rising near us, a city founded by Phalanthus and his Lacedemonians. Philoctetes is building Petilia on the same coast, and Metapontum is another colony of the like kind. Shall we do less than these strangers have done, who are wanderers as well as we, and to whom fortune has not been less severe?'

"But I wanted the comfort which I sought to bestow, and concealed in my own bosom that anguish which I soothed in others. I hoped no other alleviation of anguish than to be released from the constraint of hiding it, and anticipated the close of the day with comfort, when, surrounded by the shades of night, I might indulge my sorrows without a witness. My eyes were then drowned in tears, and sleep was a stranger to my bed. Yet, the next morning, I renewed my labor with equal ardor and perseverance. These are the causes why I am old before my time."

Idomeneus then requested the assistance of Telemachus and Mentor, in the war that he had undertaken. "I will send you to Ithaca," said he, "as soon as it shall be over. In the mean time, I will dispatch ships to every country in quest of Ulysses, and from whatever part of the known world on which he shall have been cast by a tempest, or by the resentment of

some adverse deity, he shall be brought in safety. May the gods grant that he is still alive! As for you, I will embark you in the best vessels that ever were built in the island of Crete—vessels that are constructed of trees which grew upon Mount Ida, the birth-place of Jupiter. That sacred wood can never perish in the deep; it is reverenced equally by the rocks and winds. Neptune himself, in the utmost fury of his wrath, does not dare to swell the waves against it. Be assured, therefore, that you shall return to Ithaca in safety, and that no adverse deity shall again drive you to another coast. The voyage is short and easy. Dismiss, therefore, the Phœnician vessel that has brought you hither, and think only of the glory you will acquire by establishing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, to atone for his sufferings that are past. This, O son of Ulysses, shall prove that thou art worthy of thy father. Even if the inexorable Fates have already compelled him to descend into the gloomy dominions of Pluto, Greece shall think with pleasure that she still sees her Ulysses in thee."

Here Idomeneus was interrupted by Telemachus. "Let us send away the Phœnician vessel," said he; "why should we delay to take arms against your enemies, since your enemies must also be ours? If we have been victorious in behalf of Acestes, a Trojan, and consequently an enemy to Greece, should we not exert ourselves with more ardor, and shall we not be more favored by the gods in the cause of a Grecian prince, a confederate of those heroes by whom the perfidious city of Priam was overturned? Surely, the oracle that we have just heard has made doubt impossible."

BOOK IX.

Idomeneus acquaints Mentor with the cause of the war: he tells him that the Mandurians ceded to him the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his new city as soon as he arrived; that they withdrew to the neighboring mountains, where having been ill-treated by some of his people, they had sent deputies with whom he had settled articles of peace; and that after a breach of that treaty, on the part of Idomeneus, by some hunters who knew nothing of it, the Mandurians prepared to attack him. During this recital, the Mandurians, having already taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalanthus, whom Idomeneus supposed to be neuter, appear to have joined them with their forces. Mentor goes out of Salentum alone, and proposes new conditions of peace. Telemachus seeing Mentor in the midst of the allies, is impatient to know what passes between them. He causes the gates of Salentum to be opened, and joins his friend. His presence inclines the allies to accept the terms that Mentor has offered on the part of Idomeneus. The allies enter Salentum as friends. Idomeneus confirms the propositions of Mentor; hostages are reciprocally given; and all parties assist at a sacrifice between the city and the camp, as a solemn ratification of the treaty.

Mentor, regarding, with a benign and tranquil eye, Telemachus, who was already filled with a noble ardor for the combat, said to him: "I see with pleasure, O son of Ulysses, the desire of glory that now sparkles in your eyes; but you must remember that your father acquired his pre-eminence among the confederate princes at the siege of Troy, by his superior wisdom and dispassionate counsels. Achilles, though he was invincible and invulnerable, though he was sure to spread terror and destruction wherever he fought, could never take the city of Troy, which, when he expired under her walls, stood yet unshaken, and triumphed over the conqueror of Hector. But Ulysses, whose valor was under the direction of consummate prudence, carried fire and sword to its centre; and it is to Ulysses that we owe the fall of those lofty towers,

which threatened confederate Greece more than ten years with destruction. A circumspect and sagacious valor is as much superior to a thoughtless and impetuous courage as Minerva is to Mars; let us, therefore, before we engage in this war, inquire upon what grounds it is undertaken. I am willing to incur any danger; but it is fit I should first learn from Idomeneus whether his war is just, against whom it is waged, and on what forces he builds his hopes of success."

"When we arrived at this coast," replied Idomeneus, "we found it inhabited by a savage people, who lived wild in the forests, subsisting upon such animals as they could kill by hunting, and such fruits and herbage as the seasons produced without culture. These people, who were called Mandurians, being terrified at the sight of our vessels and our arms, fled to the mountains. But as our soldiers were curious to see the country, and were frequently led far into it in the pursuit of their game, they met with some of the fugitives, and were addressed by their chief to this effect: 'We have abandoned the pleasant borders of the sea, that you might possess them, and nothing remains for us but mountains that are almost inaccessible: it is, therefore, but equitable, that of these mountains you should leave us the peaceable possession. You are fallen into our hands, a wandering, dispersed, and defenceless party, and we could now destroy you, without leaving to your companions a possibility of discovering your fate; but we will not dip our hands in the blood of those who, though strangers, partake of one common nature with ourselves. Go then, in peace! Remember that you are indebted for your lives to our humanity, and that a people whom you have stigmatized with the name of savages and barbarians, have given you this lesson of moderation and generosity.'

"Our people, thus dismissed by the barbarians, came back to the camp, and told what had happened. The soldiers took fire at the relation; they disdained that Cretans should owe their lives to a company of wandering savages, who, in their opinion, were more like bears than men: they went out to the chase in greater numbers and better armed. They soon fell in

with a party of the natives, and immediately attacked them. The contest was bloody; the arrows flew on each side, as thick as hail in a storm, and the savages were at length driven back to their mountains, whither our people did not dare to pursue them.

"A short time afterwards they sent two of the wisest of their old men to me, demanding peace. They brought me such presents as they had—the skins of wild beasts and the fruits of the country. After they had given them, they addressed me in these terms:

"'We hold, as thou seest, O king, in one hand the sword, and an olive-branch in the other. Here are peace and war; make your choice. Peace has the preference in our estimation; it is for peace that we have yielded to thy people the delightful borders of the sea, where the sun renders the earth fertile, and matures the most delicious fruits. Peace is still more sweet than these fruits; and for peace we have retired to the mountains that are covered with eternal snow, where spring is decorated with no flowers, and autumn is enriched with no fruit. We abhor that brutality, which, under the specious names of ambition and glory, desolates the earth and destroys mankind. If thou hast placed glory in carnage and desolation, we do not envy, but pity the delusion, and beseech the gods that our minds may never be perverted by so dreadful a phrensy. If the sciences which the Greeks learn with so much assiduity, and the politeness of which they boast with such a conscious superiority, inspire them with desires so sanguinary and injurious, we think ourselves happy to be without these advantages. It will be our glory to continue ignorant and unpolished, but just, humane, faithful, and disinterested; to be content with little, and to despise the false delicacy which makes it necessary to have much. We prize nothing but health, frugality, freedom, and vigor both of body and of mind; we cultivate only the love of virtue, the fear of the gods, benevolence to our neighbors, zeal for our friends, integrity to the world, moderation in prosperity, fortitude in distress, courage to speak truth in every situation, and a just ab-

horrence and contempt of flattery. Such are the people whom we offer thee as neighbors and allies. If thou shalt be so blinded by the gods in their displeasure as to reject them, experience shall teach thee, when it is too late, that those whose moderation inclines them to peace, are most to be dreaded when compelled to war.'

"While these old men were speaking, I regarded them with a fixed yet unwearied attention. Their beards were long and neglected; their hair was shorter, but white as snow; their eyebrows were thick, and their eyes piercing; their look was firm, their speech deliberate and commanding, and their deportment simple and ingenuous. They were covered only with some furs, which, being thrown loosely over them, were fastened with a knot on the shoulder, and discovered muscles of a bolder swell, and arms of more sinewy strength, than those of our wrestlers. I told these two envoys that I was desirous of peace. We settled several articles of a treaty between us, with an honest intention to fulfil them, which we called upon the gods to witness, and having made them presents in my turn, I dismissed them.

"The gods, however, who had driven me from a kingdom that I was born to inherit, continued to persecute me in this. Our hunting-parties that were at this time out, and were consequently ignorant of our treaty, met a numerous body of these poor savages, who had accompanied their envoys, as they were returning home on the very day that the treaty had been concluded; and falling upon them with great fury, killed many of them, and pursued the rest into the woods. The war was thus kindled. The barbarians now believe that we are not to be trusted, either upon our promise or our oath.

"That they may be the better able to take the field against us, they have called in to their assistance the Locrians, the Apulians, the Lucanians, the Brutians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum, and Brundusium. The Lucanians come to battle with chariots that are armed with scythes. The Apulians are covered with the skins of the wild beasts they have slain, and are armed with maces that are covered with knots,

and stuck full of iron spikes; they are of gigantic stature, and the laborious exercises to which they are addicted render them so brawny and robust, that their very appearance is terrifying. The Locrians, who came anciently from Greece, have not yet lost all traces of their origin; they are less savage than the rest, but they have added to the regular discipline of the Greek troops the native vigor of the barbarians, and the habitual hardiness produced by constant activity and coarse fare, which render them invincible. They are armed with a long sword, and, for defence, carry a light buckler of wicker-work covered with skins. The Brutians are as light of foot as a roe, so that the grass scarcely bends under them; nor is it easy to trace their steps even upon the sand. They rush upon their enemies almost before they are seen, and again vanish with the same rapidity. The Crotonians are formidable for their archery. They carry such bows as few Greeks are able to bend; and if ever they should become candidates in the Olympic games, they would certainly carry the prize. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of some poisonous herb, which is said to grow upon the banks of Avernus, and the wound which they give is mortal. As for the inhabitants of Neritum, Brundusium, and Messapia, they have nothing but corporeal strength and instinctive courage. They make their onset with a yell which of all sounds is the most dreadful. They make no bad use of the sling, from which they discharge a shower of stones that darkens the air; but they fight altogether without order. You now know the origin of the war, and the nature of our enemies."

After this explanation, Telemachus, who was impatient for battle, thought only of taking the field. Mentor again perceived and restrained his ardor.

"How comes it," said he to Idomeneus, "that the Locrians, who are themselves of Grecian origin, have taken arms for the barbarians against the Greeks? How comes it that so many colonies flourish upon the same coast, that are not threatened with the same hostilities? You say, O Idomeneus, that the gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; and I say, that

they have not yet completed your instruction. All the misfortunes that you have suffered hitherto have not taught you what should be done to prevent a war. What you have yourself related of the candid integrity of these barbarians, is sufficient to show that you might have shared with them the blessings of peace; but pride and arrogance necessarily bring on the calamities of war. You might have changed hostages, and it would have been easy to have sent some persons of proper authority with the ambassadors, to have procured them a safe return. After the war had broken out, you might have put an end to it by representing to the sufferers that they were attacked by a party of your people, who could have received no intelligence of the treaty which had been just concluded. Such sureties ought to have been given them as they should have required, and your subjects should have been enjoined to keep the treaty inviolate, under the sanction of the severest punishments. But what further has happened since the war broke out?"

"I thought it beneath us," said Idomeneus, "to make any application to these barbarians, when they had precipitately called together all their fighting men, and solicited the assistance of all the neighboring nations, to which they necessarily rendered us hateful and suspected. I thought the best thing I could do was suddenly to seize certain passes in the mountains that were not sufficiently secured, which was accordingly done; and this has put the barbarians very much in our power. I have erected towers in these passes, from which our people can so annoy the enemy as effectually to prevent their invading our country from the mountains, while we can enter theirs, and ravage their principal settlements when we please. We are thus in a condition to defend ourselves against superior force, and keep off the almost innumerable multitude of enemies that surround us. As to peace, it seems at present to be impossible. We cannot abandon these towers without exposing ourselves to invasion, and while we keep them they are considered as fortresses, intended to reduce the natives to a state of slavish subjection."

"I know," replied Mentor, "that to the wisdom of Idom-

eneus, truth will be most welcome without ornament and disguise. You are superior to those who, with equal weakness and timidity, turn away their eyes at her approach, and not having courage to correct their faults, employ their authority to support them. I will then freely tell you that these savages set you a noble example when they came with propositions of peace. Did they desire peace because they were not able to sustain a war? Did they want either courage or strength to take the field against you? Certainly they did not, for their martial spirit is now equally manifest, with the number and force of their allies. Why was not their example thought worthy of imitation? You have been deceived into misfortune by false notions, both of honor and shame. You have been afraid of making your enemies proud; but you have, without scruple, made them powerful, by an arrogant and injurious conduct, which has united innumerable nations against you. To what purpose are these towers, of which you have so pompously displayed the advantages, but to reduce all the surrounding nations to the necessity, either of perishing themselves, or of destroying you to preserve their freedom? You erected these towers for your security, but they are really the source of your danger.

"A kingdom is best fortified by justice, moderation, and good faith, by which neighboring States are convinced that their territories will never be usurped. The strongest walls may give way, by various accidents, which no sagacity can foresee; the best conducted war may be rendered unsuccessful, by the mere caprice and inconsistency of Fortune; but the love and confidence of neighboring States that have long experienced your moderation, will surround you with bulwarks against which no force can prevail, and which temerity will seldom attack. If you shall be assailed by the folly and injustice of some neighboring power, all the rest, being interested in your preservation, will unite in your defence. The assistance of united nations, who would find it their interest to support yours, would give you advantages greatly superior to any that you can hope from these boasted towers, which can only render

irremediable those evils they were intended to obviate. If you had been careful, at first, to prevent jealousy in the neighboring States, your rising city would have flourished in peace, and you would have become the arbiter of all the nations in Hesperia.

"Let us, however, at present, consider only how the future can be made to atone for the past.

"You say, there are many colonies settled upon this coast from Greece. These, surely, must be disposed to succor you. They cannot have forgotten the name of Minos, the son of Jupiter, nor your achievements at the siege of Troy, where you often signalized yourself among the Grecian princes in the cause of Greece. Why do you not engage these colonies in your interest?"

"These colonies," replied Idomeneus, "have all resolved to stand neuter. They have, indeed, some inclination to assist me; but the magnificent appearance of our city, while it is yet rising from its foundations, has alarmed them. The Greeks, as well as the rest of our neighbors, are apprehensive that we have designs upon their liberty. They imagine that after having subdued the barbarians of the mountains, we shall push our ambition further. In a word, all are against us. Those even who do not openly attack us, secretly wish to see us humbled; and jealousy has left us without a single ally."

"This is, indeed, a strange extremity," said Mentor. "By attempting to appear powerful, you have subverted your power; and, while you are the object of enmity and terror to your neighbors from without, your strength is exhausted within, to maintain a war which this enmity and terror have made necessary. You are, indeed, unfortunate to have incurred this calamity, but still more unfortunate to have derived from it but half the wisdom it might have taught you. Is it necessary you should lose a second kingdom before you learn to foresee those evils which expose you to such a loss? Leave your present difficulties, however, to me; tell me only what Grecian cities there are upon this coast."

"The principal," said Idomeneus, "is Tarentum, which was

founded about three years ago by Phalanthus. A great number of boys were born in Laconia, of women that forgot their husbands during the Trojan war. When these husbands returned, these women renounced their children to atone for their crime. The boys, being thus destitute both of father and mother, abandoned themselves, as they grew up, to the most criminal excesses. The laws being executed against them with great severity, they formed themselves into a body under Phalanthus, a bold, enterprising, and ambitious chief, who, by various artifices, having gained the hearts of the young men, brought them to this coast, where they have made another Lacedemon of Tarentum. On another spot, Philoctetes, who gained so much renown at the siege of Troy by bringing thither the arrows of Hercules, has raised the walls of Petilia, less powerful, indeed, than Tarentum, but governed with much greater wisdom. And, at a little distance, there is Metapontum, a city which the Pylians have founded under the direction of Nestor."

"How!" said Mentor, "have you Nestor in Hesperia, and could you not engage him in your interest?—Nestor, under whose eye you have so often fought before the walls of Troy, and who was then your friend, engaged in a common cause, and endeared by mutual danger?" "I have lost him," said Idomeneus, "by the artifices of these people, who are barbarians only in name; for they have had the cunning to persuade him that I intended to make myself tyrant of Hesperia." "We will undeceive him," replied Mentor. "Telemachus saw him at Pylos, before he founded this colony, and before we undertook to search the world for Ulysses. By Nestor, Ulysses cannot be forgotten; and he must still remember the tenderness which he expressed for Telemachus his son. Our principal care must be to remove his suspicions. This war has been kindled by the jealousy you have excited in your neighbors, and by removing that jealousy it will be extinguished. Once more I entreat you to leave the management of this affair to me."

Idomeneus was so moved by this address of Mentor, that he

was at first unable to reply, and could only clasp him to his breast in an ecstasy of speechless tenderness. At last, though not without difficulty, he found words: "Thou art, O sage, the messenger of heaven! I feel thy wisdom, and renounce my errors; yet I confess that the same freedom in another would have provoked my anger. Thou only couldst have persuaded me to seek for peace. I had resolved to perish or to conquer, but it is better I should be guided by thy counsel than by my own passions. How happy is Telemachus, who, with such a guide, can never wander as I have wandered! I trust, with implicit confidence, to thee: to thee the gods have communicated celestial wisdom, nor could the counsel of Minerva have been more salutary than thine. Go, then; promise, conclude, concede whatever my power can fulfil, ratify, or give up: all that Mentor shall do, Idomeneus shall approve."

While Idomeneus was still speaking, they were alarmed by a sudden and confused noise,—the rattling of chariots, the neighing of horses, the shouts of men, and the sound of the trumpet. The people cried out that the enemy had made a detour, and had come down, without attempting the passes that Idomeneus had secured, to besiege Salentum. The old men and the women were struck with consternation. "Alas!" said they, "have we then quitted our native country, the dear and fertile plains of Crete, and followed an unfortunate prince, through all the dangers of the seas, to found a new city, which, like Troy, shall be reduced to ashes!" From the walls, which were scarcely finished, there could be seen in the vast plain below, the casques, cuirasses, and shields of the enemy, which glittered in the sun, and almost dazzled the sight. Their spears covered the earth to the horizon, like the rich harvests[1] which Ceres, under the summer's sun, ripens in the fields of Enna,[2] to reward the labor of the husbandman. Among these

[1] "A hideous crop of drawn swords shoots up, with horrid aspect, far and wide, and the arms of brass, struck with the sunbeams, glitter and dart their radiance to the clouds."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vii. 525.

[2] Now Castro Giovani. Ceres was particularly worshipped in this city.

were discovered the chariots armed with scythes; and all the different nations in the confederacy were, by their arms and habits, easily distinguished.

Mentor, that he might view them to greater advantage, ascended a high tower; and Idomeneus and Telemachus followed him. They presently discovered Philoctetes on one side, and Nestor, who was easily known by his venerable age, with his son Pisistratus, on the other. "How is this!" cried Mentor; "you supposed that Philoctetes and Nestor would content themselves with affording you no assistance; but you see that they are in arms againt you, and, if I am not deceived, those other troops, that come on with so deliberate a pace and in such perfect order, are Lacedemonians, under the command of Phalanthus. All are against you; there is not a single nation upon the coast of which you have not made an enemy, without intending it."

Mentor, the moment he had made this discovery, descended hastily from the tower, and went towards the gate of the city, on that side towards which the enemy advanced: he immediately ordered the sentinel to open it; and Idomeneus, astonished at the commanding dignity of his deportment, did not dare to ask his design. He went out at the gate, and, making a sign with his hand that nobody should follow him, advanced directly towards the front of the enemy, who were astonished to see a man, wholly unattended, present himself before them. While he was yet at a distance, he held out to them the branch of an olive, as a token of peace, and when he was near enough to be heard, he demanded that their chiefs should be assembled. As soon as they were collected together, he addressed them in these terms:

"I see before me the strength of every nation that flourishes in this happy country, and I know that the generous purpose of this assembly is the defence of a common cause of liberty. I honor your zeal; but permit me to point out an easy way, by which your liberty and honor may be preserved, without the effusion of blood. Among other princes in this assembly I see Nestor. Thy years and wisdom, O Nestor, have ac-

quainted thee with the calamities of war, even when it is undertaken with justice, and is favored by the gods. War is the most dreadful of all evils by which heaven has afflicted man. Thou canst never forget what was suffered by the Greeks, during the ten years they spent before the walls of Troy—what divisions among their chiefs! what caprices of fortune! what carnage from the hand of Hector! what calamity in distant cities, during the long absence of their kings! and what misfortunes at their return!—how some were shipwrecked on the promontory of Caphareus; how some perished, with circumstances of yet more horror, in the arms of their wives. The gods, doubtless, in their wrath, suffered them to be seduced by the false splendor of that expedition; may they never, O people of Hesperia, distinguish you by so fatal a victory! Troy, indeed, is in ashes; but it would have been better for Greece if she had still flourished in all her glory, and Paris had still enjoyed, with Helen, such pleasures as are permitted to infamy and guilt. Do not you, O Philoctetes, who were so long wretched and abandoned in the isle of Lemnos, fear the like calamities from a like war. Have not the people of Laconia suffered equally by the long absence of their princes, their captains, and their soldiers, who went to the siege of Troy? And is there a single Grecian, at this hour, on the coast of Hesperia, that is not a fugitive from his country, in consequence of that fatal expedition?"

During this address, Mentor advanced towards the Pylians; and Nestor, recollecting his features, came forward to salute him. "It is with great pleasure," said he, "that I once more give my hand to Mentor. It is many years since I first saw you in Phocis; you were then only fifteen years old, but I perceived the dawning of that wisdom that has been so conspicuous to the world. Tell us, however, by what chance you came hither; and what expedient you have thought of, to prevent a war? Idomeneus has compelled us to attack him. We demand only peace, which is our interest and our desire; but it is impossible that peace should be secured till he is destroyed. He has violated all his engagements with the

neighboring people; and if we were now to conclude a treaty with him, it would serve no other end than to dissolve our confederacy, upon which alone our safety depends. He has sufficiently manifested his ambition to reduce every other nation to slavery; and we have no means to establish our own liberty, but the subversion of his new kingdom. His want of public faith has reduced us to the alternative of either putting an end to his power or of receiving his yoke. If you can show that he may still be trusted with safety, and assure us of peace in consequence of a treaty, all the nations that you see here confederated against him will gladly lay down their arms, and we will confess that your wisdom is greater than ours."

"You know," replied Mentor, "that Ulysses has intrusted his son Telemachus to my care. The young man, impatient to discover what had become of his father, went first to Pylos, where you received him with all the kindness that he had reason to expect from the friend of his father; and when he left, you appointed your own son to conduct him on his way. He afterwards undertook many distant voyages by sea. He has visited Sicily and Egypt, and the islands of Cyprus and Crete. The winds, or rather the gods, have at length thrown him upon this coast, as he was returning to Ithaca. We are just come in time to spare you the horrors of another war; for you shall not now trust in Idomeneus, but in the son of Ulysses and myself, for the fulfilling of whatever shall be stipulated in a treaty of peace."

During this conference between Mentor and Nestor, in the midst of the confederate troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans under arms, were spectators of the scene from the walls of Salentum. They were very attentive to discover in what manner Mentor's discourse was received; and wished they could have been present at the conference of two men, so venerable for age and wisdom. Nestor had always been considered as superior to the other princes of Greece in experimental knowledge and graceful elocution. It was he that restrained the anger of Achilles, the pride of Agamem-

non, the ferocity of Ajax, and the precipitate courage of Diomedes. Persuasion, sweet as honey, distilled from his lips: the sound of his voice alone was sufficient to excite attention; when Nestor spoke, surrounding heroes were silent, and he alone had the power of soothing discord into peace. He began now to feel the chilling influence of age; but his words were still forcible and still sweet. He frequently related past events, that youth might be instructed by his experience; and though his speech was somewhat slow, yet his narratives were pleasing.

But this venerable sage, so admired by all Greece, seemed to lose all his eloquence and all his dignity, from the moment that he appeared in competition with Mentor. In comparison with him, he seemed to be withered and depressed by age; for the vigor and activity of Mentor appeared to have suffered no injury from time. In the words of Mentor, though they were grave and simple, there was a vivacity and authority which began to be wanting in those of Nestor. What he said was short, precise, and nervous. He made no repetitions, and he spoke only to the point in question. If it was necessary to mention the same thing more than once, either to inculcate or to persuade, it was always by some happy simile or allusion. He had also the art of insinuating truth by a kind of nameless complaisance and good-humor, when it was necessary to accommodate himself to particular dispositions and capacities. There was something in the appearance of these persons that strongly excited veneration and love among the multitude that surrounded them.

The forces that were confederated against Salentum crowded one upon another, that they might get a nearer view of their persons, and catch up some fragment of their discourse. Idomeneus, and the people that were with him, fixed their eyes upon them with the utmost eagerness and ardor, to discover the purport of what they said by their gestures and countenance.

Compelled by his impatience, which he could no longer restrain, Telemachus disengaged himself from the crowd, and,

running to the gate by which Mentor had gone out, commanded it to be opened with a tone of authority which was immediately obeyed. Idomeneus, who believed him to be still standing at his side, was in a few moments surprised to see him running across the plain, and not far from the place where Nestor stood. Nestor immediately knew him, and advanced, with haste in his looks, but with a slow and heavy pace, to receive him. Telemachus threw himself on his neck, and held him locked in his arms, without power to speak. At last he cried out: "O my father, I fear not to claim you by the dearest tie; the loss of him from whom I derived my birth, and the parental kindness which I have experienced in you, give me a right to call you by this tender name. You are a father whom I am again permitted to embrace. O might I once more be permitted thus to embrace Ulysses! If any thing can atone for his loss, it is the finding of his wisdom, his virtues, and his tenderness in you."

The affectionate ardor of his address melted Nestor into tears, and he was touched with a secret pleasure at perceiving the same expression of tender sensibility in his young friend, which gave new grace to his countenance. The beauty, the sweetness, and the noble confidence of this young stranger, who had without precaution ventured among so many enemies, astonished the allies. "Is not this the son of the old man," said they, "who came to speak with Nestor? We certainly see the same wisdom at two ages. In one of them it is only in blossom, in the other it is matured into fruit."

Mentor, who had with great pleasure observed the tenderness with which Nestor received Telemachus, availed himself of a disposition so favorable to his purpose. "Here is the son of Ulysses," said he, "so dear to all Greece, and so tenderly beloved by you. I offer him as a hostage, as the dearest pledge that can be given, for the accomplishment of whatever shall be promised on the part of Idomeneus. You cannot suppose that I would aggravate the loss of the father by that of the son, or expose myself to the reproaches of Penelope for having sacrificed her child to the ambition of the new king of

Salentum. With this pledge, ye nations of Hesperia, voluntarily offered by himself, and sent by the gods that are lovers of amity, I begin my propositions for establishing a lasting peace."

At the name of peace, a confused murmur was heard spreading from rank to rank,—an inarticulate expression of anger, which was with difficulty restrained; for all that were present thought every moment lost by which the battle was delayed. They imagined that Mentor had no design but to soften their resentment and rob them of their prey. The Mandurians, in particular, could not bear to think of being again deceived. As they feared the eloquence of Mentor would gain over their allies, they frequently attempted to interrupt him. They began to suspect all the Greeks that were in the field. Mentor, who perceived this suspicion, immediately resolved to increase it, that he might weaken the confederacy by dividing it into factions.

"I confess," said he, "that the Mandurians have reason to complain, and to insist upon satisfaction for the injury they have suffered; but is it not equally reasonable that the ancient inhabitants of the country should regard all Greeks, who have established colonies upon this coast, with suspicion and malignity? The Greeks, therefore, ought to maintain a firm union among themselves, that they may be able to compel a proper treatment from the nations that surround them, although they ought not, upon any pretence, to usurp their territory. I know that Idomeneus has unfortunately given sufficient cause of jealousy, but this jealousy may easily be removed. Telemachus and myself are ready to become hostages for his future good faith, and to continue in your power till his stipulations shall be fulfilled. I know," said he, addressing himself to the Mandurians, "that you are provoked at the Cretans having seized the passes of the mountains by surprise, and secured to themselves the power of entering at pleasure the country to which you have retired, that you might leave them the level country upon the sea-coast. These passes the Cretans have fortified by high towers, strongly garrisoned. These towers, then, I sup-

pose, are the immediate cause of the war: if there is any other, let it be assigned."

The chief of the Mandurians then advanced, and spoke to the following effect: "Whatever is the cause of the war, we have done every thing that was possible to avoid it. The gods are our witnesses that we made use of every art to keep peace among us, till she was driven away by the restless ambition of the Cretans, and the perfidy that made it impossible to trust them, even on their oath. These infatuated people have reduced us to the fatal extremity of perishing ourselves, or destroying them. While they continue in possession of the passes they have fortified, we shall always apprehend a design to invade our territory, and enslave our persons. If they had a sincere desire to live at peace with their neighbors, they would rest satisfied with the country which we have voluntarily ceded to them; they would have formed no ambitious designs against the liberty of others, and, consequently, could never be solicitous to secure the avenues by which their territories could be invaded. But wise as thou art, O full of days, thou knowest them not; it is by misfortune only that we know them. Cease then, O beloved of heaven, to prevent so just and necessary a war, without which Hesperia must forever despair of peace. They are an ungrateful, a perfidious, an inhuman people, whom the gods have sent among us in their anger, to interrupt our tranquillity and punish our offences. But the gods, when they have punished, will avenge us, and our enemies also shall have experience that they are just."

At these words the whole assembly was moved. It seemed as if Mars and Bellona were passing from rank to rank, and kindling in every bosom that rage of war which Mentor had labored to extinguish. But he addressed himself again to the assembly in these terms:

"If I offered promises only, they might reasonably be rejected; but what I offer you is certain and immediate advantage. If you are not content to receive Telemachus and myself as hostages, twelve of the noblest and bravest Cretans shall be delivered into your hands. It is, however, but just

that hostages should also be given on your part, for Idomeneus, though he desires peace, desires it without fear and without meanness. He desires peace upon the same principles on which you say you desire it—wisdom and moderation; not because he desires to repose in voluptuous tranquillity, or is terrified by a prospect of the dangers of war. He is, like you, ready to perish or to conquer; but he prefers peace to the most splendid victory. He disdains the fear of being vanquished; but he confesses that he fears to be unjust, and is not ashamed to make an atonement for his faults. He offers you peace with the sword in his hand. But he would not haughtily impose it upon his own conditions, for he sets no value upon a compulsory treaty. He desires a peace, in which all parties shall be content; which shall put an end to all jealousies, appease all resentment, and remove all distrust. His sentiments are just what you would wish them to be, and nothing is necessary but to convince you of this truth, which would not be difficult, if you would hear me without prejudice and passion.

"Hear then, ye nations, distinguished by valor; and hear, ye chiefs, whom wisdom has united, what I shall now offer on the part of Idomeneus. It is not just that he should invade the territory of his neighbors, neither is it just that his territory should be invaded. He consents that the towers by which he has fortified the passes should be garrisoned by neutral troops. You, Nestor, and you, Philoctetes, are of Grecian origin, yet in this quarrel you have declared against Idomeneus; you cannot, therefore, be suspected of partiality to his interests; you take part only in the common cause—the peace and liberty of Hesperia. To you, then, the passes which have been the cause of the war shall be confided. You have not less interest in preventing the original natives of Hesperia from destroying Salentum, a new colony like your own, than in preventing Idomeneus from usurping the possessions of his neighbors. Hold, then, the balance between them, and instead of destroying, by fire and sword, a people whom you ought to cherish and to love, secure to yourselves the glory of acting at

once as mediators and judges. You will, perhaps, tell me that these conditions are too good to be fulfilled, but I shall abundantly satisfy you that Idomeneus is sincere.

"The hostages which I have already mentioned shall be reciprocally given and detained till the passes shall be put into your hands. When the security, not only of Salentum, but of all Hesperia, is at your discretion, will you not be content? Whom then can you distrust but yourselves? You do not dare to confide in Idomeneus; but as a proof that his intention is honest, he is ready to confide in you. He is ready to trust you with the quiet, the life, and the liberty of himself and his people. If it is true that you desire only an equitable and lasting peace, such a peace is now offered you upon terms that leave you no pretence to reject it. Let me, however, once more caution you against imagining that Idomeneus has made this proposal from fear. His motives are prudence and equity, and conscious of the rectitude of his intention he will be under no concern about your opinion, though you should impute that to weakness which he knows to proceed from virtue. He was, in the beginning, guilty of some faults, and he thinks it an honor to acknowledge them by the offer of such terms as anticipate your wishes. He who hopes that he shall be able to hide his faults by affecting to support them with arrogance and pride, discovers the most deplorable weakness, the most despicable vanity, and the grossest ignorance of his own interest; but he who acknowledges his fault to an enemy, and offers reparation, gives the strongest proof that he can never commit them again, and displays a wisdom and fortitude which, if peace is rejected, must make his enmity formidable. Beware, then, that the fault in the present quarrel does not become yours. If you reject justice and peace when they sue for acceptance, be assured that the cause of peace and justice will be avenged. Idomeneus, who has just reason to fear the displeasure of the gods, will engage them in his favor against you. Telemachus and myself will take up arms in his defence, and I call the powers both of heaven and of hell to witness, that the proposals which I have now offered you are just."

Mentor then lifted up the olive-branch which he held in his hand, that the distant multitude might behold the symbol of peace. The chiefs, who saw him near, were astonished and dazzled with the celestial radiance that sparkled in his eyes, and perceived in him something majestic and commanding beyond all that fancy had given to created beings. The magic of his eloquence, at once so forcible and so sweet, had, as it were, stolen away their hearts; its power was secret, but irresistible, like that of the mysterious spells which, in the dead silence of the night, arrest the moon and the stars of heaven, calm the raging of the sea, command the winds and the waves to be still, and suspend the most rapid rivers in their course.[1]

He appeared, in the midst of this rude, impetuous multitude, like Bacchus surrounded by tigers, whose ferocity had been charmed away by the sweetness of his voice, till they expressed their fondness by their caresses, and their submission by licking his feet. At first, the whole assembly was silent. The chiefs looked upon each other, unable to oppose the eloquence of Mentor, and wondering who he could be. Every eye of the surrounding multitude was immovably fixed upon him. Every tongue was held silent, for fear he should have still something to say, which the words of another might prevent from being heard. Though they conceived nothing could be added to what he had said already, yet they wished that he had not been silent so soon. His words might be said to be engraven on their hearts. His elocution made him not only believed, but beloved, and held in suspense all the faculties of those that heard him, who scarcely dared even to breathe lest they should lose the least word that issued from his lips.

This silence was succeeded by a kind of low murmur, which gradually diffused itself through the whole assembly. It was no longer the confused sound of inarticulate indignation, but the whisper of gentleness and complacency, which were also silently expressed in every countenance. The Mandurians, who

---

[1] There are many similar passages in the ancient poets.

had been so lately transported with rage, now let their weapons fall from their hands. The fierce Phalanthus, with his Lacedemonians, wondered to find themselves softened into kindness. The rest of the united nations began to sigh after the peace which had been held up before them. Philoctetes, whose sensibility had been increased by misfortune, could not refrain from tears. Nestor, who was so transported with admiration and delight at the discourse of Mentor that he was unable to speak, embraced him with ineffable tenderness; and the whole multitude cried out together, as if by a signal: "O stranger, thy wisdom has disarmed us! Peace! Peace!"

In the first interval of silence, Nestor attempted to speak; but the troops, fearing he might start some difficulty, again cried out, with the utmost impatience: "Peace! Peace!" The chiefs found no way of putting them to silence but by joining in the exclamation.

Nestor, perceiving that a set discourse could not be heard, contented himself with saying: "You see, O Mentor, what wonders the words of a good man can produce. When wisdom and virtue speak, every passion is calm. Our resentment, however just, is changed into friendship, and our impatience for war into a desire of perpetual peace. The peace that you have offered, we accept." The chiefs at the same time stretched out their hands in token of their consent.

Mentor now ran towards the gate of Salentum to get it opened, and to acquaint Idomeneus that he might leave the city without fear. In the mean time, Nestor went up to Telemachus and embraced him. "My amiable young friend," said he, "thy father was the wisest of all the princes of Greece; mayst thou be favored with equal wisdom and with better fortune. The similitude of your persons is great, and the remembrance of Ulysses, which that has revived, contributed to soften our resentment."

Phalanthus, though he was by nature fierce and unfeeling, and though he had never seen Ulysses, was, notwithstanding, touched at his misfortunes and those of his son. The chiefs, gathering around Telemachus, were pressing him to relate his

adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus and the Cretan youths who followed in his train.

At the sight of Idomeneus the resentment of the confederate nations began to revive, but Mentor extinguished the fire before it broke out. "Why do we delay," said he, "to conclude this sacred alliance, which the powers of heaven shall witness and defend? May the gods avenge its violation, by whomsoever it shall be violated! And may all the horrors of war, averted from the faithful and the innocent, descend upon the perjured and execrable head of him whose ambition shall dare to trample upon the sacred rights of this alliance! May he be detested both in heaven and upon earth; may he derive no advantage from his perfidy; may the infernal furies, in the most horrid forms, excite in his breast everlasting rage and despair: let him perish, without hope of burial; let his limbs be the prey of vultures and of dogs: when he descends to the infernal regions, may the gulf of Tartarus receive him; and may he there suffer severer torments than those of Tantalus, Ixion, and the Danäides, forever and forever! But may this peace rather remain unshaken, like the mountains of Atlas that sustain the skies; may it be revered by every nation upon the earth, and its blessings descend from generation to generation! May the names of those who have made it, be held in admiration and love by our latest posterity; let it stand as a model for every peace that shall be hereafter founded upon equity and good faith; and let all nations that desire to secure happiness by unanimity, follow the example of the people of Hesperia!"

Idomeneus and the rest of the princes then ratified the peace, upon the conditions that had been proposed, by an oath. Twelve hostages were interchanged between them. Telemachus, by his own choice, was one of those given by Idomeneus; but the allies would not consent that Mentor should be another, insisting that he should remain with Idomeneus, that he might answer for his conduct, and superintend his council, till his engagements should be perfectly fulfilled. A hundred heifers as white as snow, and a hundred bulls of the same color,

having their horns gilt and adorned with garlands of flowers, were then sacrificed between the camp and the city. The bellowing of the victims that fell under the sacred knife resounded from the neighboring hills: their blood flowed in a smoking torrent on every side. The most exquisite wines were poured abundantly in libations to the gods. The aruspices consulted the entrails, still panting with the remains of life. The priests burnt an incense upon the altar, which rose in a cloud of fragrance, and perfumed all the plain.

In the mean time, the soldiers on both sides forgot that they had been enemies, and began to entertain each other with their adventures. They resigned themselves to a pleasing relaxation after their labors, and tasted the sweets of peace by anticipation. Many of those who followed Idomeneus to the siege of Troy, recollected the soldiers of Nestor, with whom they had fought in the same cause. They embraced each other with great affection; and mutually related all that happened to them after they had laid the magnificent city, that was the glory of Asia, in ruins. They laid themselves down upon the grass, crowned themselves with flowers, and rejoiced over the wine which had been brought in large vases from the city, to celebrate so happy a day.

During this scene of cheerfulness and amity, Mentor cried out, as by a sudden impulse: "Henceforth, O ye kings and leaders, these assembled nations, although disguised by various names, and governed by different chiefs, shall be one people. Thus do the gods, who love the creatures of their power, delight to become the bond of union between them. What is the race of man, but one family widely scattered upon the earth? All men by nature are brothers, and should be mutually endeared by a brother's love. Accursed be those impious barbarians who seek for glory in the kindred blood, which differs but in name from their own!

"War, indeed, is sometimes necessary; but the necessity of war is the reproach of man. Let ambitious royalty no more pretend that war is to be desired as the means of glory. Nothing can be glorious that is inhuman. He that would

acquire glory at the expense of humanity, is a monster, and not a man. True glory cannot be thus acquired; glory is nothing more than the radiance of virtue, and the virtue of a prince is moderation and benevolence. The incense of adulation may be offered to the vanity and the folly of a tyrant; but even those who offer it confess, in the secret language of their heart, that glory is less deserved in proportion as it is dishonestly sought. He ought to be lightly esteemed of men, by whom men are so lightly esteemed, that, to gratify a brutal vanity, he will deluge the earth with their blood. Happy is the prince who loves his people, and is beloved by them; who has confidence in his neighbors, and whose neighbors have confidence in him; who is so far from making war against them, that he prevents their making war against each other; and who can excite envy in foreign States only by the happiness which he diffuses through his own!

"Let your assemblies, then, O ye powers of Hesperia, be frequent. Let all the princes that are now present, meet at least once in three years, to confirm the present peace by a reiterated vow; to repeat your mutual promises, and deliberate upon your common interests. While you possess the pleasure of this delightful country, united by the bonds of peace, you will at home be glorious, and abroad invincible. Discord only, that infernal fury, who ascends from hell to torment mankind, can interrupt the felicity which is designed for you by the gods."

"Our readiness to conclude a peace," replied Nestor, "is a sufficient testimony that we have been far from engaging in a war from vain-glory, or with an unjust design of aggrandizing ourselves at the expense of our neighbors. But what can be done, when, among the princes that surround us, there is one who acts by no law but his own interest, and loses no opportunity of invading the dominions of others? Do not imagine that I am now speaking of Idomeneus, for to him I no longer impute such a character: our danger now arises only from Adrastus, the king of the Daunians. This tyrant despises the gods, and believes that all the people upon earth are born

only to contribute to his glory by their servitude. He does not desire subjects to whom he would stand in the double relation of king and father; he desires only slaves and worshippers, and has directed divine honors to be paid him. The blind caprice of fortune has hitherto prospered his undertakings. We were hastening to attack Salentum, that we might suppress a power in its infancy, likely to become formidable, and be at liberty to turn our whole force against Adrastus, who is already a powerful enemy. He has taken several towns from our allies, and has defeated the Crotonians in two battles. He scruples at nothing to gratify his ambition: if he can crush his enemies, he cares not whether it be by fraud or force. He has amassed great treasures; his troops are well disciplined and inured to war; he has experienced officers, and is well served; he superintends himself whatever is done by his orders. He severely punishes the least fault, and rewards services with great liberality. He sustains and animates his troops by his own courage. If his conduct were regulated by equity and good faith, he would be a most accomplished prince; but he fears neither the vengeance of the gods nor the reproaches of conscience. He considers reputation itself as a mere phantom, by which weak minds only can be influenced. In his estimation, there is no real and substantial good but the possession of great riches, the power of inspiring terror, and of trampling mankind under foot. His army will very soon enter our dominions; and if we cannot acquire strength to resist him by a general confederacy, all hope of liberty must cease forever. It is not less the interest of Idomeneus than of the other princes to oppose this tyrant, who will suffer nothing to be free that his power can enslave. If we should be vanquished, Salentum would fall with us; let us, therefore, unite for our common defence without delay."

While Nestor was thus speaking they advanced towards the city, for Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal officers to pass the night within the walls.

Library.
Of California.

BOOK X.

Nestor, in the name of the allies, demands succors of Idomeneus against their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who is desirous to establish proper regulations for the internal government of Salentum, and to employ the people in agriculture, finds means to satisfy them with a hundred noble Cretans, under the command of Telemachus. After their departure, Mentor proceeds to a minute examination of the city and the port; and, having acquainted himself with every particular, he prevails upon Idomeneus to institute new principles of government and commerce,—to divide his people into seven classes, distinguishing them with respect to their rank and quality by different habits,—to retrench luxury and unnecessary arts, and to employ the artificers in husbandry, which he brings into just reputation.

The allies had now pitched their tents, and the field was covered with rich pavilions of all colors, in which the weary Hesperians resigned themselves to sleep. In the mean time, the princes and their retinue, having entered the city, were struck with astonishment to see so many magnificent buildings, which had risen in so short a time,—a city of which so formidable a war had retarded neither the growth nor the decoration.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who had founded so splendid a kingdom; and concluding that the confederacy against the Daunians would acquire great strength by the accession of such an ally, they invited him to come into it. Idomeneus thought it reasonable to comply, and promised them troops.

But as Mentor was perfectly acquainted with all that was necessary to render a kingdom flourishing, he had reason to believe that the power of Idomeneus was not so great in reality as in appearance; he therefore took him aside, and addressed him to this effect:

"You see that our endeavors have not been unsuccessful;

we have secured Salentum from destruction, but you only can raise her to glory. The government of the people depends upon you, and it is your task to emulate the wisdom of Minos, and show that you are worthy of your descent. I continue to speak freely to you, supposing that you love truth and despise flattery. While these princes were praising your magnificence, I could but reflect in silence upon your temerity."

At the word temerity, Idomeneus changed countenance; his eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed, and he was upon the point of interrupting Mentor by expressions of resentment. "I see," said Mentor, in a voice that was modest and respectful, though not faltering or irresolute, "that the word temerity has given you offence, and I confess, that if it had been used by any other than myself, your displeasure would have been just; for there is a respect due to kings; and they have a jealous sensibility, which even those who reprove them should be careful not to wound. To them the voice of truth is sufficiently displeasing, however gentle the terms; but I hoped that you would permit me to speak of your faults without a studied softness of expression; that you would indulge me in my design of accustoming you to hear things called by their names, and of teaching you to discover what others think, when their respect suppresses their thoughts. If you would not resign yourself to voluntary deception, you must always understand more than is said, when the subject is to your disadvantage. As to myself, I am ready to soften my expressions, if they must be softened; but it would surely be useful for you, that a man absolutely neutral in your affairs, without interest, connection, or dependence, should, when he speaks to you in private, speak plain. No other will ever dare to do it; you will be condemned to see truth imperfectly; you will be a stranger to her face, for she will never appear before you but in a gaudy veil."

Idomeneus, whose first impatience had already subsided, began now to be ashamed of his weakness. "You see," said he to Mentor, "what constant flattery will do. I owe to you the preservation of my new kingdom, and there is no truth that I shall not think myself happy to hear from your lips.

Remember, with pity, that I have been long tainted with the poison of adulation; and that, even in my misfortunes, I was a stranger to truth. Alas! no man has ever loved me enough to say what he thought I should be displeased to hear."

The heart of Idomeneus melted as he spoke, the tears started to his eyes, and he embraced Mentor with great tenderness. "It is with the utmost regret," said Mentor, "that I give you pain; but I am constrained; I cannot betray you by concealing truth. Could you act otherwise in my place? If you have always been deceived till now, it was because you chose to be deceived; it was because you feared to find sincerity in those that were to give you counsel. Have you sought those who were most disinterested, those who were most likely to contradict you? Have you preferred such as were least devoted to your pleasure, and their own interest; such as appeared most capable of opposing your passions when they were irregular, and your sentiments when they were unjust? When you have detected a flatterer, have you banished him from your presence? Have you withdrawn your confidence from those whom you suspected? You have not done what those do who love truth, and deserve to know it. Let us now see whether you have the fortitude to suffer the humiliation of hearing those truths by which you are condemned.

"I must again tell you, that what has gained you so much praise deserves censure. While you are surrounded with enemies, and yet a foreigner in the country, you dream only of adorning your new city with magnificent buildings. To this end, as you have confessed to me, you have sacrificed your repose and exhausted your wealth. You have thought neither of augmenting your people, nor of cultivating the country. Does not your power depend wholly upon a numerous people, and a country highly cultivated for their subsistence? A long peace is necessary, at the first establishment of a State, for increasing the people. You ought, at present, to think of nothing but agriculture and legislation. You have been hurried, by a vain ambition, to the brink of a precipice. To gain the appearance of being great, you have sapped the foundation

of substantial grandeur. Let these errors be corrected without delay; suspend all these works of idle magnificence; renounce the pomp that will reduce your new city to ruins; release your people from fatigue, and endeavor to facilitate marriage, by procuring them plenty. Remember that you are a king only in proportion as you have subjects to govern, and that the measure of your power is not the extent of your dominions, but the number of their inhabitants. Let your territory be fertile, however small, and let it swarm with people at once well disciplined and industrious; and if you can make these people love you, you will be more powerful, more happy, and more glorious, than all the conquerors that have ravaged the earth."

"What shall I do then," said Idomeneus, "with respect to the princes that have solicited me to join the confederacy? Shall I confess to them the weakness of my State? It is, indeed, true, that I have neglected agriculture and even commerce, notwithstanding the uncommon advantages of my situation. I have thought only of making a magnificent city. But must I, then, my dear Mentor, dishonor myself in the presence of so many kings, by acknowledging my indiscretion? If it must be done, I will do it, and do it readily, whatever mortification I may suffer; for you have taught me that a king is born for his people, owes himself wholly to them, and ought always to prefer the public welfare to his own reputation."

"This sentiment," said Mentor, "is worthy the father of his people; for this, and not for the vain magnificence of your city, I regard you as a king deserving the name. But your honor must be preserved, even for the advantage of your State. Leave this to me; I will make these princes believe that you are engaged to establish Ulysses, if he is yet living, or his son if he is dead, in the government of his kingdom, and drive the suitors of Penelope from Ithaca by force. They will at once perceive that this cannot be effected without numerous troops; and will, therefore, readily consent that you shall at first afford them but a slight assistance against the Daunians."

At these words, Idomeneus appeared like a man suddenly relieved from a burden that was crushing him by its weight.

"This, indeed," said he, "my dear Mentor, will preserve my reputation, and the honor of this rising city, by hiding its weakness from the neighboring States. But with what appearance of truth can it be pretended that I am about to send troops to Ithaca, for the establishment of Ulysses, or at least of Telemachus, while Telemachus himself is engaged in war against the Daunians?"

"Be in no pain about that," replied Mentor; "I will say nothing that is false. The vessels that you are fitting out to establish your commerce, will sail to the coast of Epirus, and will effect two purposes at once: they will bring back the foreign merchants whom high duties have driven from Salentum, and they will seek intelligence of Ulysses. If he is still living, he cannot be far from the seas that divide Greece from Italy, and it has been confidently reported that he has been seen among the Pheacians. But if Ulysses should not be found, your vessels will render an important service to his son; they will spread terror, with the name of Telemachus, through all Ithaca and the neighboring country, where it is now believed that he is dead as well as his father. The suitors of Penelope will be struck with astonishment to learn that he is returning with the forces of a powerful ally. The Ithacans will be awed into obedience. Penelope will be encouraged to persist in her refusal of a second husband. Thus will you render service to Telemachus, while he is rendering service to you by taking your place in the confederacy against the Daunians."

"Happy is the king," said Idomeneus, "that is favored with such counsel; but doubly happy is he who feels its importance, and improves it to his advantage! A wise and faithful friend is better than a victorious army; yet kings too often withdraw their confidence from the faithful and the wise, of whose virtue they stand in awe, and resign themselves to flatterers, of whose perfidy they have no dread. I fell myself into that fatal error, and I will relate to you the misfortunes that I drew upon myself by a connection with a false friend, who flattered my passions in hopes that, in my turn, I should gratify his."

Mentor found it easy to convince the allies that Idomeneus

ought to take charge of the affairs of Telemachus, while Telemachus was, on his behalf, engaged in his confederacy. They were well satisfied to have among them the son of the great Ulysses, with a hundred Cretan youths whom Idomeneus had put under his command. These young men were the flower of the nobility, whom Idomeneus had brought from their native country, and whom Mentor had advised him to send in this expedition. "It is necessary," said he, "to increase the number of your people during peace; but, to prevent a national insensibility to military honor, and ignorance of military art, it is proper to send the young nobility into foreign service. This, by connecting the idea of a soldier's character with that of noble descent and elevated rank, will be sufficient to kindle and keep alive a national sense of glory, a love of arms, a patience of fatigue, a contempt of death, and even an experimental knowledge of the art of war."

The confederate princes departed from Salentum, well content with Idomeneus, and charmed with the wisdom of Mentor. They were also highly pleased to be accompanied by Telemachus. But Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief when he came to part with his friend. While the kings were taking their leave of Idomeneus, and vowing to preserve their alliance inviolable forever, Mentor held Telemachus to his breast in a transport of silent tenderness, and found himself bedewed with his tears. "I have no joy," said Telemachus, "in the search of glory; I feel no passion but grief at our separation. It seems to me that I see the return of the unhappy hour when the Egyptians forced me from your arms to a distant country, leaving me no hope of seeing you again."

Mentor soothed him with words of gentleness and comfort. "This separation," said he, "is very different from that in Egypt; it is voluntary, it will be short, and it will be rewarded with glory. You must love me, my son, with less tenderness and more fortitude: you must accustom yourself to my absence, for the time is coming when we must part forever: you should learn what is right, rather from the inspiration of wisdom and of virtue, than from the presence of Mentor."

The goddess, who was concealed under the figure of Mentor, then covered Telemachus with her ægis, and diffused within him the spirit of wisdom and foresight, of intrepid courage and gentle moderation,—virtues which so rarely meet.

"Go," said she, "wherever you are called by duty, without considering whether it be dangerous or safe. A prince may avoid danger, with less disgrace, by declining a war, than by keeping aloof in battle. The courage of him who commands others, should never be doubtful. If it is desirable that a nation should preserve its prince, it is still more desirable that the prince should preserve his honor. Remember that the commander of others should also be their example, and excite the courage of his army by a display of his own. Fear no danger, then, O Telemachus, but rather perish in the combat than bring your valor into question. The sycophants who would appear most forward in persuading you not to expose yourself to danger, when danger is necessary, would be the first to whisper that you wanted courage if you should take their advice.

"Do not, however, incur danger unnecessarily. Courage is a virtue only in proportion as it is directed by prudence. Without prudence, it is a senseless contempt of life, a mere brutal ardor. Precipitate courage secures no advantage. He who, in danger, does not retain his self-possession, is rather furious than brave: he is superior to fear only as he is incapable of thought: in proportion as he is free from perturbation, he is timid; and if he does not fly, he is in confusion: his mind is not at liberty to dispense proper orders, nor to seize and improve the transient but important opportunities, which arise in battle, of distressing the enemy and doing service to his country. If he has the ardor of a soldier, he has not the discernment of a commander. Neither has he that courage which is requisite in the private; for the private ought to preserve, in the heat of action, such presence of mind as is necessary to understand and obey the orders of his officer. He that exposes himself rashly interrupts the order and discipline of the troops, gives an example of pernicious temerity, and

frequently exposes the whole army to irretrievable disadvantages. Those who prefer the gratification of their own idle ambition to the security of a common cause, deserve rather punishment than reward.

"Be careful, my dear son, to avoid precipitation even in the pursuit of glory; for glory is to be acquired only by waiting in patient tranquillity for the moment of advantage. Virtue is more revered in proportion as she appears to be quiet, placid, and unassuming. As the necessity of exposing yourself to danger increases, so should your expedients, your foresight, and your courage. Remember, also, to avoid whatever may draw upon you the envy of your associates, and never let the success of another excite envy in you. Give praise liberally for whatever shall merit praise, but never praise indiscriminately: display the good with pleasure, hide the bad, and let it not be remembered but with compassion.

"Never decide in the presence of old commanders, who have all the experience that you want: hear their opinions with deference, consult them, solicit the assistance of the most skilful, and never be ashamed to attribute your best actions to their counsel. Lastly, never listen to any discourse which tends to make you jealous or mistrustful of other chiefs. Speak your mind to them with confidence and ingenuity. If you think their behavior to you has been exceptionable, open your heart at once, and tell them why you think so. If they are capable of feeling the noble generosity of this conduct, they will be delighted with it, and you will find no difficulty in obtaining from them all the concessions that you can reasonably expect. If their insensibility is so gross that the rectitude of this behavior is lost upon them, you will, at least, have gained an experimental knowledge of what may be expected from them; you will order matters so that you may have no more contest with them during the war, and you will have nothing to reproach yourself with on their account. But, above all, be careful never to drop the least hint of your displeasure before the sycophants who are ever busy to sow jealousy and division.

"I will remain here," continued Mentor, "to assist Idomeneus in taking those measures which are indispensably necessary for the good of his people, and for completing the correction of those faults which evil counsellors and flatterers have seduced him to commit, in the establishment of his new kingdom."

Telemachus could not help expressing some surprise, and even some contempt, at the conduct of Idomeneus. But Mentor checked him in a tone of severity. "Do you wonder," said he, "that the most estimable of men are men still, and, among the innumerable snares and perplexities which are inseparable from royalty, show some traces of human infirmity? In Idomeneus, the ideas of pomp and magnificence have been planted and nurtured from his youth, and where is the philosopher, who, in his place, would always have been superior to flattery? He has, indeed, suffered himself to be too much influenced by those in whom he confided, but the wisest kings, whatever is their precaution, are often deceived. A king cannot do every thing himself; he must therefore have ministers, and in these ministers he must confide. Besides, a king cannot know those that surround him so well as they are known by others; for in his presence they never appear without a mask, and every artifice that cunning can devise is practised to deceive him. Alas, my dear Telemachus, your own experience will confirm this truth but too well. We never find either the virtues or abilities in mankind that we seek. With whatever diligence and penetration we study their characters, we are every day mistaken in our conclusions. We can never avail ourselves, for the public good, of all the virtues and abilities that we find; for the best men have their prejudices, their aversions, and their jealousies; they will seldom give up any opinion, however singular, or renounce any foible, however pernicious.

"The greater the dominion, the more numerous must be the ministry; for there will be more that the prince cannot do himself, and, therefore, more that he must do by others; and the greater the number of those to whom he must delegate his

authority, the more liable he is to be somewhere mistaken in his choice. He who is a severe censor of kings to-day, would to-morrow govern much worse than those whom he condemns; and, if he were intrusted with the same power, he would commit the same faults, and many others much greater. A private station, if a man has some degree of natural eloquence, conceals defects, displays shining talents to advantage, and makes him appear worthy of all the posts that he does not fill. But authority brings a man's abilities to a severe test, and discovers great faults which the shades of obscurity concealed.

"Greatness resembles those glasses[1] which represent every object larger than it is. Every defect seems to expand in an elevated situation, where things, in themselves small, are, in their consequences, great, and the slightest faults excite vehement opposition. A prince is an individual whose conduct the whole world is perpetually employed to watch, and disposed to condemn. He is judged with the utmost rigor by those who can only guess at his situation, who have not the least sense of the difficulties that attend it, and who expect that, to answer their ideas of perfection, he should be no longer a man. A king, however, can be no more; his goodness and his wisdom are bounded by his human nature. He has humors, passions, and habits, which it is impossible he should always surmount. He is continually beset by self-interest and cunning; he never finds the assistance that he seeks. He is perpetually led into mistakes, sometimes by his own passions, and sometimes by those of his ministers. He can scarcely repair one fault before he falls into another. Such is the situation even of those kings who have most wisdom and most virtue.

"The longest and best reign is too short, and too defective, to correct, at the end, what has undesignedly been done amiss in the beginning. Such evils are inseparable from royalty, and human weakness must sink under such a load. Kings should be pitied and excused. Should not they be pitied who are called to the government of an innumerable multitude,

[1] The anachronism is obvious, and without excuse.

whose wants are infinite, and who cannot but keep every faculty of those who would govern them well upon the stretch? Or, to speak freely, are not men to be pitied for their necessary subjection to a mortal like themselves? A god only can fulfil the duties of dominion. The prince, however, is not less to be pitied than the people,—a weak and imperfect creature, the governor of a corrupt and deceitful multitude!"

"But," said Telemachus, with vivacity, "Idomeneus has already lost Crete, the kingdom of his ancestors, by his indiscretion; and he would have lost Salentum, which he is founding in its stead, if it had not been preserved by your wisdom."

"I confess," replied Mentor, "that Idomeneus has been guilty of great faults; but, look through Greece, and every other country upon earth, and see whether among those that are most improved, you can find one prince that is not, in many instances, inexcusable. The greatest men have, in their natural disposition, and in the constitutional character of their minds, defects which naturally mislead them; and the best men are those who have the courage to acknowledge these defects and repair the mischiefs that they produce. Do you imagine that Ulysses, the great Ulysses your father, who is considered as an example by all the sovereigns of Greece, is without weakness and imperfection? If he had not been favored with the perpetual guidance and protection of Minerva, how often would he have sunk under the dangers to which the wanton malignity of fortune has exposed him! How often has the goddess restrained and corrected him, that he might walk on in the path of virtue till he arrived at glory! And when you shall see him reigning in all the splendor of his excellence in Ithaca, do not expect to find him perfect. He has been the admiration of Greece, of Asia, and of all the islands of the sea, notwithstanding his failings, which, among the shining wonders of his character, are forgotten. If you, also, can thus admire him, and, by a happy emulation of his wisdom and virtue, transplant them into your own bosom, you will need no other happiness or honor.

"Accustom yourself not to expect, from the greatest men, more than human nature can effect. It is common for the inexperience and presumption of youth to indulge a severity of judgment, which leads it to condemn the characters that it ought to imitate, and produces a hopeless indocility. You ought not only to love, respect, and imitate your father, notwithstanding his imperfections, but you ought also very highly to esteem Idomeneus, notwithstanding such parts of his character and conduct as I have shown to deserve censure. He is naturally sincere, upright, equitable, kind, and magnificent; his courage is perfect; he detests fraud the moment he perceives it. All his external qualifications are great, and suitable to his rank. His ingenuous disposition to acknowledge his errors, his mild and patient endurance of my severe reprehension, his fortitude against himself, to make public reparation for his faults, and thus to place himself above the censure of others, are indubitable testimonies that he has true greatness of mind. There are some faults from which a man of little merit may be preserved, by good fortune or by good counsel; but it is only by an effort of the most exalted virtue that a king, who has been so long seduced by flattery, can correct his faults. It is more glorious thus to rise than never to have fallen.

"The faults of Idomeneus are such as almost all kings have committed, but his reparation is such as has been made by none. As for myself, while I reproved I admired him; for he permitted my reproof. Do you admire him also, my dear Telemachus: it is less for his reputation than your advantage, that I give you this counsel."

By this discourse Mentor made Telemachus sensible, that he who judges with severity of others endangers his own virtue, especially if they are burdened by the perplexities and difficulties of government. "But it is now," said he, "time to part. Farewell! I will wait here, my dear Telemachus, for your return. Remember, that those who fear the gods have nothing to fear from men. You will be exposed to extreme danger, but remember that you will never be forsaken by Minerva."

At this moment Telemachus became conscious of the presence of the goddess, and he would have known that it was the very voice of Minerva that had inspired him with fortitude, if she had not immediately recalled the image of Mentor to his mind, by addressing him in the character she had assumed. "Remember," said she, "my son, the care which I took, during your infancy, to render you as wise and as brave as your father. Do nothing that is unworthy of his example, or of my precepts."

The sun had already risen, and was tinging the summit of the mountains with gold, when the confederate kings departed from Salentum to return to their troops. These troops, that had been encamped round the city, began to march under their leaders. Their pikes rose like a forest on every side, their shields glittered in the sun, and a cloud of dust ascended to the sky. The kings were conducted to the plain by Idomeneus and Mentor, who attended them to a considerable distance from the city. At last they parted, having given and received reciprocal testimonies of sincere friendship. And the allies, being now acquainted with the true character of Idomeneus, which had suffered so much by misrepresentation, had no doubt that the peace would be lasting; they had, indeed, formed their judgment of him, not from his natural sentiments, but from the pernicious counsel of flatterers which he had implicitly taken.

When the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. "Let us see," said Mentor, "how many people you have, as well in the city as in the country; let us number the whole. Let us also examine how many of them are husbandmen. Let us inquire how much corn, wine, oil, and other necessaries, your lands will produce one year with another; we shall then know whether it will yield a surplus for foreign trade. Let us also see how many vessels you have, and how many sailors to man them, that we may be able to judge of your strength." He then visited the port, and went on board every vessel. He informed himself of the several ports to which they traded—what merchandise they carried

out, and what they brought back in return—what was the expense of the voyage—what were the loans of the merchants to each other—and what trading societies were established among them, that he might know whether their articles were equitable and faithfully observed—finally, what was the risk of the several voyages, and to what losses the trade was exposed, that such restrictions might be made as would prevent the ruin of the merchants, who sometimes, from too eager a desire of gain, undertook what they were not in a condition to accomplish.

He ordered that bankruptcy should be punished with great severity, because it is generally the effect of rashness and indiscretion, if not of fraud. He also formed regulations by which bankruptcies might easily be prevented. He obliged the merchants to give an account of their effects, their profits, their expenses, and their undertakings, to magistrates established for this purpose. He ordered that they should never be permitted to risk the property of another, nor more than half their own; that they should undertake, by association, what they could not undertake singly, and that the observance of the conditions of such association should be enforced by severe penalties. He ordered also that trade should be perfectly open and free; and, instead of loading it with imposts, that every merchant who brought the trade of a new nation to the port of Salentum should be entitled to a reward.

These regulations brought people in crowds from all parts. The trade of Salentum was like the flux and reflux of the sea. Riches flowed in upon it with an impetuous abundance, like waves impelling waves. Every thing was freely brought in and carried out of the port. Every thing that was brought was useful, and every thing that was carried out left something of greater advantage in its stead. Justice presided over the port, which was the centre of innumerable nations, with inflexible severity. From the lofty towers, that were at once its ornament and defence, freedom, integrity, and honor seemed to call together the merchants of the remotest regions of the earth; and these merchants, whether they came from the

shores of the east, where the sun rises from the parting wave to begin the day, or from that boundless ocean where, wearied with his course, he extinguishes his fires—all lived together in Salentum, as in their native country, with security and peace.

Mentor then visited the magazines, warehouses, and manufactories of the interior part of the city. He prohibited the sale of all foreign commodities that might introduce luxury or effeminacy. He regulated the dress and the provisions of the inhabitants of every rank, and the furniture, the size, and ornaments of their houses. He also prohibited all ornaments of silver and gold. "I know but one thing," said he to Idomeneus, "that can render your people modest in their expenses—the example of their prince. It is necessary that there should be a certain dignity in your appearance, but your authority will be sufficiently marked by the guards, and the great officers of your court, that will always attend you. As to your dress, be contented with the finest cloth of a purple color; let the dress of your principal officers be of cloth equally fine; and let your own be distinguished only by the color, and a slight embroidery of gold round the edge. Different colors will serve to distinguish different conditions, without either gold, or silver, or jewels; and let these conditions be regulated by birth.

"Put the most ancient and illustrious nobility in the first rank. Those who are distinguished by personal merit, and by the authority of office, will be contented to stand second to those who have been long in possession of hereditary honor. Men who are not noble by descent, will readily yield precedence to those that are, if you take care not to encourage a false opinion of themselves by raising them too suddenly and too high, and if you never fail to gratify those with praise who are modest in prosperity. No distinction so little excites envy as that which is derived from ancestors by a long descent.

"To stimulate virtue, and excite an emulation to serve the State, it will be sufficient to reward public merit with honorary distinctions—crowns or statues, which may be made the foun-

dation of a new nobility, for the children of those to whom they are decreed.

"The habit of persons of the first rank may be white, bordered with a fringe of gold. They may also be distinguished by a gold ring on their finger, and a medal of gold impressed with your image hanging from their neck. Those of the second rank may be dressed in blue, with a silver fringe, and be distinguished by the ring without the medal. The third rank may be dressed in green, and wear the medal without either fringe or ring. The color of the fourth class may be a full yellow; of the fifth, a pale red; of the sixth, a mixture of red and white; of the seventh, a mixture of white and yellow.

"Dresses of these different colors will sufficiently distinguish the freemen of your State into seven classes. The habit of slaves should be dark gray.[1] Thus each will be distinguished according to his condition, without expense, and every art which can only gratify pride will be banished from Salentum. All the artificers which are now employed so much to the disadvantage of their country will betake themselves to such arts as are useful, which are few, or to commerce or agriculture. No change must ever be suffered to take place either in the quality of the stuff or the form of the garment; men are, by nature, formed for serious and important employments, and it is unworthy of them to invent affected novelties in the clothes that cover them, or suffer the women, whom such employment would less disgrace, to fall into an extravagance contemptible and pernicious."

Thus Mentor, like a skilful gardener who lops from his fruit-trees the useless wood, endeavored to retrench the parade that insensibly corrupts the manners, and to reduce every thing to a frugal and noble simplicity. He regulated even the provisions, not of the slaves only, but those of the highest rank. "What a shame is it," said he, "that men of exalted stations should place their superiority in eating such food as effeminates

---

[1] Nothing but the dignity of verse and the grace of measure could give any charm to these details.

the mind, and subverts the constitution! They ought to value themselves for the regulation of their own desires, for their power of dispensing good to others, and for the reputation which the exercise of private and public virtue will necessarily procure. To the sober and temperate the simplest food is always pleasant; and the simplest food only can produce the most vigorous health, and give at once capacity and disposition for the purest and the highest enjoyments. Your meal should consist of the best food; but it should always be plainly dressed. The art of cookery is the art of poisoning mankind, by rendering the appetite still importunate, when the wants of nature are supplied."

Idomeneus easily conceived that he had done wrong in suffering the inhabitants of this new city to corrupt and effeminate their manners by violating the sumptuary laws of Minos; but Mentor further convinced him that the revival of those laws would produce little effect, if the king did not give them force by his example. He therefore immediately regulated his own table, where he admitted only plain food, such as he had eaten with other Grecian princes at the siege of Troy, with the finest bread, and a small quantity of the wine of the country, which was generous and well-flavored. No man dared to murmur at a regulation which the king imposed upon himself, and the profusion and false delicacy of the table were given up without a struggle.

Mentor suppressed also two kinds of music,—the soft and effeminate strains which dissolve the soul into languishment and desire, and the Bacchanalian airs that transport it with causeless, tumultuous, and opprobrious joy. He allowed only that sacred and solemn harmony, which, in the temples of the gods, kindles devotion, and celebrates heroic virtue. To the temples also he confined the superb ornaments of architecture, columns, pediments, and porticos: he gave models, in a simple but elegant style of building, for houses, that would contain a numerous family, on a moderate extent of ground, so designed that they should be at once pleasant and convenient; that they should have a healthful aspect, and apartments sufficiently

separated from each other that order and decency might easily be preserved, and that they might be maintained at a small expense.

He ordered that every house above the middling class should have a hall and a small peristyle, with separate chambers for all the free persons of the family. But he prohibted, under severe penalties, the superfluous number and magnificence of apartments that ostentation and luxury had introduced. Houses erected upon these models, according to the size of the family, served to embellish one part of the city at a small expense, and gave it a regular appearance; while the other part, which was already finished according to the caprice and vanity of individuals, was, notwithstanding its magnificence, less pleasing and convenient. This city was built in a very short time, because the neighboring coast of Greece furnished very skilful architects, and a great number of masons repaired thither from Epirus, and other countries, upon the promise, that after they had finished their work, they should be established in the neighborhood of Salentum, where land should be granted them to clear, and where they would contribute to people the country.

Painting and sculpture were arts which Mentor thought should by no means be proscribed; but he permitted the practice of them to few. He established a school under masters of exquisite taste, by whom the performances of the pupils were examined. "There should be no mediocrity," he said, "in the arts which are not necessary to life. Consequently, no youths shall be permitted to practise them, but such as have a genius to excel. Others were designed by nature for less noble occupations, and may be very usefully employed in supplying the ordinary wants of the community. Sculptors and painters should be employed only to preserve the memory of great men and great actions. The representations of whatever has been achieved by heroic virtue, for the service of the public, should be preserved only in public buildings, or on the monuments of the dead."

But whatever was the moderation or the frugality of Mentor, he indulged the taste of magnificence in the great buildings

that were intended for public sports, the races of horses and chariots, combats with the cestus, wrestling, and all other exercises which render the body more agile and vigorous.

He suppressed a great number of traders that sold wrought stuffs of foreign manufacture—embroidery of an excessive price—vases of silver and gold, embossed with various figures in bass-relief—distilled liquors and perfumes. He ordered, also, that the furniture of every house should be plain and substantial, so as not soon to wear out. The people of Salentum, therefore, who had been used to complain of being poor, began to perceive that they abounded in superfluous riches, but that this superfluity was of a deceitful kind; that they were poor in proportion as they possessed it, and that only in proportion as they relinquished it, could they be rich. "To become truly rich," said they, "is to despise such riches as exhaust the State, and to lessen the number of our wants by reducing them to the necessities of nature."

Mentor also took the first opportunity to visit the arsenals and magazines, and examine whether the arms and other necessaries of war were in a good condition. "To be always ready for war," said he, "is the surest way to avoid it." He found many things wanting, and immediately employed artificers in brass and iron to supply the defects. Furnaces were immediately built, and smoke and flames ascended in cloudy volumes, like those that issue from the subterranean fires of Mount Ætna. The hammer rang upon the anvil, which groaned under the stroke; the neighboring shores and mountains re-echoed to the sound; and a spectator of these preparations for war, made by a provident sagacity during a profound peace, might have thought himself in that island where Vulcan animates the Cyclops, by his example, to forge thunder for the father of the gods.

Mentor then went with Idomeneus out of the city, and found a great extent of fertile country wholly uncultivated, besides considerable tracts that were cultivated but in part, through the negligence or poverty of the husbandmen, through the want of spirit or the want of hands. "This country," said he to the

king, "is ready to enrich its inhabitants, but the inhabitants are not sufficient to cultivate the country. Let us, then, remove the superfluous artificers from the city, whose professions serve only to corrupt the manners of the people, and let us employ them in fertilizing those plains and hills. It is a misfortune that these men, having been employed in arts which require a sedentary life, are unused to labor; but we will try to remedy this evil; we will divide these uncultivated lands into lots among them, and call in the neighboring people to their assistance, who will gladly undertake the most laborious part of the work, upon condition that they should receive a certain portion of the produce of the lands they clear. They may afterwards be made proprietors of part of it, and be thus incorporated with your people, who are by no means sufficiently numerous. If they prove diligent and obedient to the laws, they will be good subjects and increase your power. The artisans, whom you shall transplant from the city to the fields, will bring up their children to the labors of rural life. Moreover, the foreigners, whom you have employed to assist in building your city, have engaged to clear part of your lands, and become husbandmen. These men, as soon as they have finished the public buildings, you should incorporate with your people. They will think themselves happy to pass their lives under a government so gentle as that which you have now established. As they are robust and laborious, their example will animate the transplanted artificers with whom they will be mixed, and in a short time your country will abound with a vigorous race, wholly devoted to agriculture.

"When this is done, be in no pain about the multiplication of your people; they will, in a short time, become innumerable, if you facilitate marriage. The most simple way of facilitating marriage is the most effectual. All men are naturally inclined to marry, and nothing prevents them from indulging this inclination but the prospect of difficulty and distress. If you do not load them with taxes, their families will never become a burden; for the earth is never ungrateful, but always affords sustenance to those who diligently cultivate

it; it refuses its bounty only to those who refuse their labor. Husbandmen are always rich in proportion to the number of their children, if their prince does not make them poor; for the children afford them some assistance, even from their infancy. The youngest can drive the flock to pasture, those that are further advanced can look after the cattle, and those of the third stage can work with their father in the field. In the mean time the girls assist the mother, who prepares a simple but wholesome repast for those that are abroad, when they return home fatigued with the labor of the day. She milks her cows and her ewes; she brings out her little stores, her cheeses, and her chestnuts, with fruits that she has preserved from decay; she piles up the social fire, and the family gathers round it; every countenance brightens with the smile of innocence and peace, and some rural ditty diverts them till the night calls them to rest.

"The shepherd returns with his pipe, and to the assembled family sings some new song that he has learnt at the neighboring village. Those that have been at work in the fields come in with the plough and the weary oxen, that hang down their heads, and move with a slow and heavy pace, notwithstanding the goad, which now urges them in vain. All the sufferings of labor end with the day; the poppies which, at the command of the gods, are scattered over the earth by the hand of sleep, charm away every care; sweet enchantment lulls all nature into peace, and the weary rest, without anticipating the troubles of to-morrow.

"Happy, indeed, are those unambitious, mistrustless, artless people, if the gods vouchsafe them a king that disturbs not their blameless joy! And of what horrid inhumanity are they guilty, who, to gratify pride and ambition, wrest from them the sweet products of the field, which they owe to the liberality of nature and the sweat of their brow! In the fruitful lap of nature there is inexhaustible plenty for temperance and labor: if none were luxurious and idle, none would be wretched and poor."

"But what shall I do," said Idomeneus, "if the people

that I scatter over this fertile country should neglect to cultivate it?"

"You must do," said Mentor, "just contrary to what is commonly done. Rapacious and inconsiderate princes think only of taxing those who are most industrious to improve their land; because, upon these, they suppose a tax will be more easily levied; and they spare those whom idleness has made indigent. Reverse this mistaken and injurious conduct, which oppresses virtue, rewards vice, and encourages a supineness that is equally fatal to the king and to the State. Let your taxes be heavy upon those who neglect the cultivation of their lands, and add to your taxes fines, and other penalties if it is necessary. Punish the negligent and the idle, as you would the soldier who should desert his post. On the contrary, grant to those who, in proportion as their families multiply, cultivate their lands with the greater diligence, special privileges and immunities. Every family will then become numerous, and every one will be animated to labor, not only by the desire of gain, but of honor. The state of husbandry being no longer wretched, will no longer be contemptible. The plough, once more held in honor, will be guided by the victorious hands that have defended the country. It will not be less glorious to cultivate a paternal inheritance in the security of peace, than to draw the sword in its defence when it is endangered by war. The whole country will bloom around you; the golden ears of ripe corn will again crown the temples of Ceres; Bacchus will tread the grapes in rich clusters under his feet, and wine, more delicious than nectar, will flow from the hills like a river; the valleys will resound to the song of the shepherds, who, dispersed along the banks of a transparent stream, shall join their voices with the pipe; while their flocks shall frolic round them, and feast upon the flowery pasture without fear of the wolf.

"O Idomeneus, will it not make you supremely happy to be the source of such prosperity—to stretch your protection, like the shadow of a rock, over so many people, who will repose under it in security and peace? Will you not, in the

consciousness of this, enjoy a noble elevation of mind, a calm sense of superior glory, such as can never touch the bosom of the tyrant who lives only to desolate the earth, and who diffuses, not less through his own dominions than those which he conquers from others, carnage and tumult, horror and anguish, consternation, famine, and despair? Happy, indeed, is the prince, whom his own greatness of soul and the distinguishing favor of the gods shall render thus the delight of his people, and the example of succeeding ages! The world, instead of taking up arms to oppose his power, will be found prostrate at his feet, and suing to be subject to his dominion."

"But," said Idomeneus, "when the people shall be thus blessed with plenty and peace, will not their happiness corrupt their manners? will they not turn against me the very strength I have given them?"

"There is no reason to fear that," said Mentor; "the sycophants of prodigal princes have suggested it as a pretence for oppression; but it may easily be prevented. The laws which we have established with respect to agriculture will render life laborious; and the people, notwithstanding their plenty, will abound only in what is necessary, for we have prohibited the arts that furnish superfluities; and the plenty even of necessaries will be restrained within due bounds, by the facility of marriage and the multiplication of families. In proportion as a family becomes numerous, their portion of land being still the same in extent, a more diligent cultivation will become necessary, and this will require incessant labor. It is luxury and idleness that render people insolent and rebellious. They will have bread, indeed, and they will have bread enough; but they will have nothing more, except what they can gain, from their own ground, by the sweat of their brow.

"That your people may continue in this state of mediocrity, it will be necessary that you should now limit the extent of ground that each family is to possess. We have, you know, divided your people into seven classes, according to their different conditions; and each family, in each class, must be permitted to possess only such an extent of ground as is absolutely

necessary for its subsistence. This regulation being inviolably observed, the nobles can never get possession of the lands of the poor. Every one will have land, but so much only as will make a diligent cultivation necessary. If, in a long course of years, the people should be so much increased that land cannot be found for them at home, they may be sent to form colonies abroad, which will be a new advantage to the mother country.

"I am of opinion that care should be taken even to prevent wine from being too common in your kingdom. If you find that too many vines are planted, you should cause them to be grubbed up. Some of the most dreadful mischiefs that afflict mankind proceed from wine; it is the cause of disease, quarrels, sedition, idleness, aversion to labor, and every species of domestic disorder. Let wine then be considered as a kind of medicine; or as a scarce liquor, to be used only at the sacrifices of the gods, or in seasons of public festivity. Do not, however, flatter yourself that this regulation can ever take place without the sanction of your own example.

"The laws of Minos, with respect to the education of children, must also be inviolably preserved. Public schools must be established, to teach them the fear of the gods, the love of their country, a reverence for the laws, and a preference of honor not only to pleasure but to life.

"Magistrates must be appointed to superintend the conduct not only of every family, but of every person. You must keep also your own eye upon them; for you are a king, only to be the shepherd of your people, and to watch over your flock night and day. By this unremitted vigilance you will prevent many disorders and many crimes. Such crimes as you cannot prevent, you must immediately punish with severity; for, in this case, severity to the individual is clemency to the public—it stops those irregularities at their source which would deluge the country with misery and guilt. The taking away of one life, upon a proper occasion, will be the preservation of many, and will make a prince sufficiently feared, without general or frequent severity.

"It is a detestable maxim, that the security of the prince depends only upon the oppression of the people. Should no care be taken to improve their knowledge or their morals? Instead of being taught to love him whom they are born to obey, should they be driven by terror to despair, and reduced to the dreadful necessity of either throwing off the yoke of their tyrant, or perishing under its weight? Can this be the way to reign with tranquillity? can this be the path that leads to glory?

"Remember, that the sovereign who is most absolute is always least powerful: he seizes upon all, and his grasp is ruin. He is, indeed, the sole proprietor of whatever his State contains; but, for that reason, his State contains nothing of value: the fields are uncultivated, and almost a desert; the towns lose some of their few inhabitants every day; and trade every day declines. The king, who must cease to be a king when he ceases to have subjects, and who is great only in virtue of his people, is himself insensibly losing his character and his power, as the number of his people, from whom alone both are derived, insensibly diminishes. His dominions are at length exhausted of money and of men: the loss of men is the greatest and the most irreparable he can sustain. Absolute power degrades every subject to a slave. The tyrant is flattered, even to an appearance of adoration, and every one trembles at the glance of his eye; but, at the least revolt, this enormous power perishes by its own excess. It derived no strength from the love of the people; it wearied and provoked all that it could reach; and rendered every individual of the State impatient of its continuance. At the first stroke of opposition, the idol is overturned, broken to pieces, and trodden under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, and every other passion of the soul, unite against so hateful a despotism. The king who, in his vain prosperity, found no man bold enough to tell him the truth, in his adversity finds no man kind enough to excuse his faults, or to defend him against his enemies."

Idomeneus then hastened to distribute his uncultivated lands,

to people them with useful artificers, and to carry all the counsels of Mentor into execution,—reserving for the builders such parts as had been allotted them, which they were not to cultivate till they had finished the city.

Just and mild was the government of Idomeneus, and it soon drew the inhabitants of the neighboring countries in crowds to Salentum, to be incorporated with his people and share the felicity of his reign. The fields, which had been long overgrown with thorns and brambles, now promised a rich harvest and fruits that were unknown before. The earth opens her bosom to the ploughshare, and gets ready her treasures to reward the husbandman. Every eye sparkles with hope. Innumerable flocks whiten alike the valleys and the hills; the mountains resound with the lowing of the cattle, which, in large herds, share the pasture with the sheep; and the pasture, thus enriched, becomes more fertile in proportion to the number that it feeds. These flocks and herds were procured by the contrivance of Mentor, who advised Idomeneus to exchange for them, with the Peucetes, a neighboring people, such superfluities as were prohibited by the new regulations at Salentum.

At the same time, the city and the adjacent villages were filled with the youth of both sexes, who had long languished in dejection and indigence, and did not dare to marry for fear of increasing their distress. When they perceived that Idomeneus had adopted sentiments of humanity, and had become the father of his people, they feared no longer the want of food, nor any other scourge with which heaven chastises the earth. Nothing was heard but shouts of joy and the songs of shepherds and husbandmen, at the celebration of their marriage. Pan seemed himself to be among them, and fauns and satyrs to mix with nymphs in the dance, which the rural pipe prompted in the forest-shade. Tranquillity was everywhere heightened into joy, but the joy was nowhere perverted into riot; it served only as a relaxation from labor, and that labor rendered it at once more lively and more pure.

The old men were astonished to see what they had never dared to hope through the whole course of a long life, and

burst into tears with excess of tenderness and joy. Their pleasure soon kindled into devotion, and, raising their tremulous hands to heaven, they cried out: "O mighty Jupiter! bless the prince that resembles thee, and is himself the greatest blessing thou couldst bestow upon us. He is born for the benefit of mankind; return to him the benefits that we receive from him. The children of these marriages, and their descendants to the last generation, will be indebted to him for their existence, and he will be truly the father of his people." The young couples that were married expressed their joy by singing the praises of him from whom it was derived. His name was continually on their lips, and his image in their hearts. They thought themselves happy if they could see him, and they feared his death as the greatest evil that could befall them.

And now Idomeneus confessed to Mentor that he had never felt any pleasure equal to that of diffusing happiness and exciting affection. "It is a pleasure," said he, "of which I had no idea. I thought the greatness of a prince consisted in his being the object of fear, and that the rest of mankind were made only for him. What I had heard of kings that were the love and the delight of their people, I despised as a fable; but I now revere it as truth. I will, however, tell you by what means these false notions, the cause of all my misfortunes, were early planted in my heart."

BOOK XI.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor his confidence in Protesilaus, and the artifices of that favorite, in concert with Timocrates, to betray him and destroy Philocles. He confesses, that being prejudiced against him by these confederates, he sent Timocrates to kill him while he was abroad with the command of a fleet upon a dangerous expedition. Timocrates having failed in his attempt, Philocles forbore to avenge himself by taking his life, but, resigning the command of the fleet to Polymenes, who had been appointed to succeed him in the written orders for his death, he retired to the isle of Samos. Idomeneus adds that he at length discovered the perfidy of Protesilaus, but that, even then, he could not shake off his influence. Mentor prevails upon Idomeneus to banish Protesilaus and Timocrates to the island of Samos, and recall Philocles to his confidence and councils. Hegesippus, who is charged with this order, executes it with joy. He arrives with his prisoners at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles in great indigence and obscurity, but content. He at first refuses to return, but the gods having signified it to be their pleasure, he embarks with Hegesippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who now sustains a new character, receives him with great friendship.

"Among other persons whom I loved when I was very young, were Protesilaus and Philocles. Protesilaus was somewhat older than myself, and was my chief favorite. His natural disposition, which was sprightly and enterprising, exactly corresponded with my own. He entered into all my pleasures, flattered all my passions, and endeavored to render me suspicious of Philocles. Philocles had great reverence for the gods, an elevated mind, and obedient passions; he placed greatness, not in the acquisition of power, but in the conquest of self and in never stooping to a mean action. He often warned me of my faults with great freedom, and when he did not dare to speak, his silence and the sorrow that was expressed in his countenance sufficiently convinced me that I had given cause for reproach.

"This sincerity at first gave me pleasure, and I frequently protested that I would always listen to the truths he told me, as the best preservative against flattery. He directed me how to walk in the steps of Minos, and give happiness to my people. His wisdom was not indeed equal to thine, but I now know that his counsel was good. By degrees, however, the artifices of Protesilaus, who was jealous and aspiring, succeeded. The frankness and integrity of Philocles disgusted me. He saw his own loss of influence, under the ascendency of Protesilaus, without a struggle: he contented himself with always telling me the truth, whenever I would hear it; for he had my advantage, and not his own interest, in view.

"Protesilaus insensibly persuaded me that he was of a morose and haughty temper; that he was a severe censor of my conduct; that he asked me no favor, only because he disdained obligation, and aspired to the character of a man superior to any honors. He added, that this youth, who spoke so freely of my faults to myself, spoke of them also with the same freedom to others; that he insinuated I was little worthy of esteem; and that, by thus rendering me cheap in the eyes of the people, and by the artful parade of an austere virtue, he intended to open a way to the throne.

"At first I could not believe that Philocles intended to deprive me of my crown; there is, in true virtue, something open and ingenuous, which no art can counterfeit, and which, if it is attended to, can never be mistaken. But the steadiness with which Philocles opposed my follies began to weary me. The flattering compliance of Protesilaus, and his indefatigable industry to procure me new pleasures, made me still more impatient of his rival's austerity.

"In the mean time, Protesilaus, perceiving that I did not believe all he had told me of Philocles—his pride disdaining the suspicion which his falsehood had deserved—resolved to say nothing more to me about him, but to remove my doubts by stronger evidence than that of words. He therefore advised me to give Philocles the command of some vessels that were fitted out against a fleet of the Carpathians, and supported

his advice with great subtlety. 'You know,' said he, 'that my commendations of Philocles cannot be suspected of partiality; he is certainly brave, and has a genius for war; he is more fit for this service than any other person you can send; and I prefer the advancement of your interest to the gratification of my own resentment.'

"This instance of generous integrity in a man to whom I had intrusted the most important affairs delighted me. I embraced him in a transport of joy, and thought myself superlatively happy to have placed my confidence in a man who appeared to be at once superior to passion and to interest. But, alas! how much are princes to be pitied! This man knew me better than I knew myself; he knew that kings are generally mistrustful and indolent,—mistrustful by perpetually experiencing the artifices of the designing and corrupt,—indolent by the pleasures that solicit them, and the habit of leaving all business to others, without taking the trouble so much as to think for themselves. He knew, therefore, that it would not be difficult to render me jealous of a man who could not fail to perform great actions, especially when he was not present to detect the fallacy.

"Philocles foresaw, at his departure, what would happen. 'Remember,' said he, 'that I can now no longer defend myself; that you will be accessible only to my enemy; and that while I am serving you at the risk of my life, I am likely to obtain no other recompense than your indignation.' 'You are mistaken,' said I: 'Protesilaus does not speak of you as you speak of him; he commends, he esteems you, and thinks you worthy of the most important trust;—if he should speak against you he would forfeit my confidence. Go, therefore, upon your expedition without fear, and think only how to conduct it with advantage.' He departed, and left me in uncommon perplexity.

"I confess that I saw very clearly the necessity of consulting many understandings, and that nothing could more injure my reputation or my interest, than an implicit resignation to the counsels of an individual. I knew that the prudent advice of

Philocles had preserved me from many dangerous errors, which the haughtiness of Protesilaus would have led me into. I was conscious that in the mind of Philocles there was a fund of probity and wisdom that I did not find in Protesilaus; but I had suffered Protesilaus to assume a kind of dictatorial manner, which at length I found myself scarcely able to resist. I grew weary of consulting two men who could never agree, and chose rather to hazard something in the administration of my affairs, than continue the trouble of examining opposite opinions, and judging for myself which was the best. It is true I did not dare to assign the motives of so shameful a choice, even to myself; but these motives still continued their secret influence in my heart, and directed all my actions.

"Philocles surprised the enemy, and, having gained a complete victory, was hastening home to prevent the ill offices he had reason to fear; but Protesilaus, who had not had time to effect his purpose, wrote him word that it was my pleasure he should improve his victory by making a descent upon the island of Carpathus. He had, indeed, persuaded me that a conquest of that island might easily be made, but he took care that many things necessary to the enterprise should be wanting, and gave Philocles also such orders as could not fail to embarrass him in the execution of it.

"In the mean time, he engaged one of my domestics, a man of very corrupt manners, who was much about me, to observe all that passed, even to the minutest incident, and give him an account of it, though they appeared seldom to see each other, and never to agree.

"This domestic, whose name was Timocrates, came to me one day and told me as a great secret that he had discovered a very dangerous affair. 'Philocles,' said he, 'intends, by the assistance of your forces, to make himself king of Carpathus. The officers are all in his interest, and he has gained the private men partly by his liberality, but principally by the pernicious irregularities which he tolerates among them. He is greatly elated by his victory; and here is a letter which he

has written to one of his friends concerning his project, which, after such evidence, it is impossible to doubt.'

"I read the letter, which appeared to me to be in the handwriting of Philocles; but it was a forgery—concerted and executed between Protesilaus and Timocrates. This letter threw me into great astonishment: I read it again and again, and when I called to mind how many affecting proofs Philocles had given me of his disinterested fidelity, I could not persuade myself that he was the writer. Yet, seeing the characters to be his, what could I determine?

"When Timocrates perceived that his artifice had thus far succeeded, he pushed it further. 'May I presume,' said he, hesitating, 'to make one remark upon this letter? Philocles tells his friend that he may speak in confidence to Protesilaus of one thing; but he expresses that one thing by a cipher. Protesilaus is certainly a party in the project of Philocles, and they have accommodated their differences at your expense. You know it was Protesilaus that pressed you to send Philocles upon this expedition. For some time he has desisted from speaking against him as he formerly did; he now takes every opportunity to excuse and commend him, and they have frequently met upon very good terms. There is no doubt that Protesilaus has concerted measures with Philocles to share his conquest between them. You see that he urged you to this enterprise against all rules of prudence and of policy, and that, to gratify his ambition, he has endangered the loss of your fleet. Is it possible that he would have rendered himself thus subservient to the ambition of Philocles, if there had been enmity between them? It is manifest that they are associated in a design to aggrandize themselves, and perhaps to supplant you in the throne. I know that by thus revealing my suspicions I expose myself to their resentment, if you shall still leave your authority in their hands; however, since I have done my duty I am careless of the event.'

"The last words of Timocrates sunk deep into my mind; I doubted not that Philocles was a traitor, and I suspected Protesilaus as his friend. In the mean time, Timocrates was con-

tinually telling me that if I waited till Philocles had made a conquest of Carpathus, it would be too late to frustrate his designs. 'You must,' said he, 'secure him while he is in your power.' But I was struck with such horror at the deep dissimulation of mankind that I knew not whom to trust. After having discovered Philocles to be a traitor, I knew no man whose virtue could preclude suspicion. I resolved to cut off Philocles immediately, but I feared Protesilaus; and with respect to him, I was in doubt what to do. I feared equally to find him guilty, and to trust him as innocent.

"Such was the perplexity of my mind, that I could not forbear telling him I had some suspicions of Philoclēs. He heard me with an appearance of the greatest surprise. He reminded me of his integrity and moderation in many instances. He exaggerated his services, and did every thing that he could to strengthen my suspicions of there being too good an understanding between them. Timocrates, at the same time, was equally diligent on his part to fix my attention upon every circumstance that favored the notion of a confederacy, and was continually urging me to destroy Philocles while it was in my power. How unhappy a state, my dear Mentor, is royalty, and how much are kings the sport of other men, while other men appear to be trembling at their feet!

"I thought it would be a stroke of profound policy, and totally disconcert Protesilaus, to cut off Philocles immediately by sending Timocrates secretly to the fleet for that purpose. Protesilaus, in the mean time, carried on his dissimulation with the steadiest perseverance and most refined subtlety: he deceived me by appearing to be himself deceived. I sent away Timocrates, who found Philocles greatly embarrassed in making his descent, for which he was wholly unprovided. Protesilaus, foreseeing that his forged letter might fail of its effects, had taken care to have another resource, by making an enterprise difficult which he had persuaded me would be easy, and the miscarriage of which, therefore, could not fail of exposing Philocles, who had conducted it, to my resentment. Philocles, however, sustained himself under all difficulties

by his courage, his genius, and his popularity among the troops. There was not a private soldier in the army who did not see that the project of a descent was rash and impracticable; yet every one applied himself to the execution of it with as much activity and zeal as if his life and fortune depended upon its success. Every one was at all times ready to hazard his life under a commander who was universally reverenced for his wisdom and loved for his benevolence.

"Timocrates had every thing to fear from an attempt upon the life of a general in the midst of an army by which he was adored; but the fury of ambition is always blind. He saw neither difficulty nor danger in any measure that could gratify Protesilaus, in concert with whom he hoped to govern me without control, as soon as Philocles should be dead. Protesilaus could not bear the presence of a man whose very looks were a silent reproach, and who could at once disappoint all his projects by disclosing them to me.

"Timocrates, having corrupted two of Philocles' officers, who were continually about his person, by promising them a great reward in my name, sent him word that he had some private instructions to communicate to him from me, and that those two officers only must be present. Philocles immediately admitted them to a private room, and shut the door. As soon as they were alone, Timocrates made a stroke at him with a poniard, which entering obliquely, made but a slight wound. Philocles, with the calm fortitude of a man familiar with danger, forced the weapon out of his hand, and defended himself with it against the assassins, at the same time calling for assistance. Some of the people that waited without immediately forced the door, and disengaged him from his assailants, who, being in great confusion, had made a feeble and irresolute attack. They were immediately secured, and such was the indignation of the soldiers that they would the next moment have been torn to pieces, if Philocles had not interposed. After the first tumult had subsided, he took Timocrates aside, and asked him, without any tokens of resentment, what had prompted him to so horrid an attempt? Timocrates,

who was afraid of being instantly put to death, made haste to produce the written order which I had given him for what he had done; and as every villain is a coward, he thought only of saving his life by disclosing the whole treachery of Protesilaus.

"Philocles, terrified at the spectacle of human malice, pursued a course distinguished for moderation. He declared to the troops that Timocrates was innocent; he took care to secure him from their resentment, and sent him back in safety to Crete. He then gave up the command of the army to Polymenes, whom I had appointed, by written order, to succeed him; and having exhorted the troops to continue steadfast in the fidelity they owed me, he went on board a small bark in the night, which landed him upon the island of Samos, where he still lives, with great tranquillity, in poverty and solitude. He procures a scanty subsistence by working as a statuary, and wishes not so much as to hear of men who are perfidious and unjust,—much less of kings, whom he believes to be the most deceived and the most unhappy of men."

Idomeneus was here interrupted by Mentor. "Was it long," said he, "before you discovered the truth?" "No," responded Idomeneus; "but I discovered it by degrees. It was, indeed, not long before Protesilaus and Timocrates quarrelled; for it is with great difficulty that the wicked can agree. Their dissension fully disclosed the depth of the abyss into which they had thrown me." "Well," said Mentor, "and did you not immediately dismiss them both?" "Alas!" answered Idomeneus, "can you be so ignorant of my weakness and the perplexity of my situation? When a prince has once delivered up himself with implicit confidence to bold and designing men, who have the art of rendering themselves necessary, he must never more hope to be free. Those whom he most despises, he most distinguishes by his favor, and loads with benefits. I abhorred Protesilaus, and yet left him in the possession of all my authority. Strange infatuation! I was pleased to think that I knew him, yet I had not resolution enough to avail myself of that knowledge, and resume the power of which he

was unworthy. I found him, indeed, pliant and attentive; very diligent to flatter my passions, and very zealous to advance my interests. I had, besides, some reasons which enabled me to excuse my weakness to myself: having, unhappily, never chosen persons of integrity to manage my affairs, I doubted whether there was any such thing as integrity in the world. I considered virtue rather as a phantom than a reality; and thought it ridiculous to get out of the hands of one bad man with great struggle and commotion, merely to fall into the hands of another, who would neither be less interested nor more sincere."

"In the mean time, the fleet commanded by Polymenes returned to Crete. I thought no more of the conquest of Carpathus; and Protesilaus' dissimulation was not so deep but that I could perceive he was greatly mortified to hear that Philocles was out of danger at Samos."

"But," said Mentor, "though you still continued Protesilaus in his post, did you still trust your affairs implicitly to his management?"

"I was," responded Idomeneus, "too much an enemy to business and application to take them out of his hands. The trouble of instructing another would have broken in upon the plan of life which my indolence had formed, and I had no resolution to attempt it. I chose rather to shut my eyes than to see the artifices that were practised against me. I contented myself with letting a few of my favorites know that I was not ignorant of his treachery. Thus knowing that I was cheated, I imagined myself to be cheated but to a certain degree. I sometimes made Protesilaus sensible that I was offended at his usurpation. I frequently took pleasure in contradicting him, in blaming him publicly for something he had done, and in deciding contrary to his opinion; but he knew my supineness and sloth too well to have any apprehensions on this account. He always returned resolutely to the charge, sometimes with argument and importunity, sometimes with softness and insinuation; and, whenever he perceived that I was offended, he doubled his assiduity in furnishing such amusements as were

most likely to soothe and soften me, or to engage me in some affair which he knew would make his assistance necessary, and afford him an opportunity of showing his zeal for my reputation.

"This method of flattering my passions always succeeded, notwithstanding I was upon my guard against it. He knew all my secrets; he relieved me in every perplexity; he made the people tremble at my name. I could not, therefore, resolve to part with him. Yet, by keeping him in his place, I put it out of the power of honest men to show me my true interest. No man spoke freely in my council; truth withdrew from me, and error, the harbinger of the fall of kings, perpetually punished me for having sacrificed Philocles to the cruel ambition of Protesilaus. Even those who were best affected to my person and government thought themselves not obliged to undeceive me after so dreadful an example. I myself, my dear Mentor, was secretly afraid truth might burst through the crowd of flattery that surrounded me, and reach me with irresistible radiance; for I should have been troubled at the presence of a guide which I could not but approve, yet wanted resolution to follow. I should have regretted my vassalage, without struggling to be free; for my own indolence, and the ascendency that Protesilaus had gained over me, concurred to chill me with the torpor of despair. I was conscious of a shameful situation, which I wished alike to hide from others and myself. You know the vain pride and false glory in which kings are reared: they can never bear to acknowledge themselves in the wrong. To conceal one fault, they will commit a hundred. Rather than acknowledge they have been once deceived, they will suffer themselves to be deceived forever. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes, and such was mine when I set out for the siege of Troy.

"I left the sole administration of my government to Protesilaus, and he behaved, during my absence, with great haughtiness and inhumanity. The whole kingdom groaned under his oppression, but no man dared to send information of it to me: they knew that I dreaded the sight of truth, and that I always gave up to the cruelty of Protesilaus those that

ventured to speak against him. But the mischief increased in proportion to the fear that concealed it. He afterwards obliged me to dismiss Meriones, who followed me to the siege of Troy and acquired immortal honor. He grew jealous of him after my return, as he did of every man who was distinguished either by my favor or his own virtue.

"The ascendency of Protesilaus, my dear Mentor, was the source of all my misfortunes. The revolt of the Cretans was not so much the effect of the death of my son, as of the vengeance of the gods, whom my follies had provoked, and of the hatred of the people which Protesilaus had drawn upon me. An oppressive and tyrannical government had totally exhausted the patience of my subjects, when I imbrued my hands in the blood of my son; and the horror of that action only threw off the veil from what had long lain concealed in their hearts.

"Timocrates went with me to the siege of Troy, and gave private intelligence to Protesilaus by letter of all that he could discover. I was conscious that I was in captivity, but instead of making any effort to be free, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts in despair. When the Cretans revolted at my return, Protesilaus and Timocrates were the first that fled. They would certainly have abandoned me if I had not been obliged to fly almost at the same time. Be assured, my dear Mentor, that those who are insolent in prosperity are passive and timid in distress. The moment they are dispossessed of their authority, all is consternation and despair with them. In proportion as they have been haughty they become abject, and they pass in a moment from one extreme to the other."

"But how comes it," said Mentor, "that, notwithstanding you perfectly know the wickedness of these two men, I still see them about you? I can account for their following you hither because they had no prospect of greater advantage; and I can easily conceive that you might afford them an asylum in this rising city from a principle of generosity; but from what motive can you still deliver yourself up to their management after such dreadful experience of the mischiefs it must produce?"

"You are not aware," said Idomeneus, "of how little use

experience is to indolent and effeminate princes, who are equally averse to business and reflection. They are, indeed, dissatisfied with every thing; but, for want of resolution, they reform nothing. Habitual connection with these men, which many years had confirmed, at length bound me to them by shackles that I could not break. As soon as I came hither they precipitated me into that excessive expense of which you have been witness; they have exhausted the strength of this rising State; they involved me in the war, which, without your assistance, must have destroyed me. I should soon have experienced at Salentum the same misfortunes which banished me from Crete; but you have at once opened my eyes, and inspired me with resolution. In your presence, I am conscious of an influence for which I cannot account; I feel myself a new being in a more exalted state."

Mentor then asked Idomeneus how Protesilaus had behaved during the change of measures which had lately taken place. "He has behaved," replied Idomeneus, "with the most refined subtlety. When you first arrived, he labored to excite my suspicions by indirect insinuations. He alleged nothing against you himself; but now one, and then another, were perpetually coming to tell me that the two strangers were much to be feared. 'One of them,' said they, 'is the son of the crafty and designing Ulysses; the other seems to have deep designs, and to be of a dark and involved spirit. They have been accustomed to wander from one kingdom to another, and who knows but they have formed some design against this? It appears even by their own account that they have been the cause of great troubles in the countries through which they have passed; and we should remember that this State is still in its infancy, that it is not firmly established, and that a slight commotion would overturn it.'

"Upon this subject Protesilaus was silent; but he took great pains to convince me that the reformation which, by your advice I had begun, was dangerous and extravagant. He urged me by arguments drawn for my particular interest. 'If you place your people,' said he, 'in a state of such ease and plenty

they will labor no more; they will become insolent, intractable, and factious; weakness and distress only can render them supple and obedient.' He frequently endeavored to gain his point by assuming his former ascendency over me; but he concealed it under an appearance of zeal for my service. 'By easing your people,' said he, 'you will degrade the regal authority; and this will be an irreparable injury, even to the people themselves; for nothing but keeping them in the lowest subjection can preserve them from the restlessness of discontent and the turbulence of faction.'

"To all this I replied that I could easily keep the people to their duty by making them love me; by exerting all my authority without abusing it; by steadily punishing all offenders; by taking care that children should be properly educated; and by maintaining such discipline among the people as should render life simple, sober, and laborious. 'What!' said I, 'can no people be kept in subjection but those that are perishing with hunger? Does the art of government exclude kindness, and must the politician be necessarily divested of humanity? How many nations do we see governed with a gentle hand, yet inflexibly loyal to their prince! Faction and revolt are the effects of restlessness and ambition in the great, whose passions have been indulged to excess, and who have been suffered to turn freedom into license,—of the effeminacy, luxury, and idleness of great numbers of all ranks,—of too large a military establishment, which must consist of persons wholly unacquainted with every occupation that can be useful in a time of peace,—and chiefly of the wrongs of an injured people, whom intolerable oppression has at last made desperate. The severity, the pride, and the indolence of princes, which render them incapable of that comprehensive vigilance, which alone can prevent disorder in the State, are the first causes of tumult and insurrection, and not the secure and peaceful repast of the husbandman upon that bread which he has obtained by the sweat of his brow.'

"When Protesilaus perceived that in these principles I was inflexible, he totally changed his method of attack; he began

to act upon those very maxims which he had labored in vain to subvert; he pretended to adopt them from conviction, and with a relish, and expressed great obligations to me for removing his prejudices and throwing new light upon his mind. He anticipates my very wishes, and, in order to relieve the poor, he is the first to represent their necessity, and to exclaim against unnecessary expense. He is even, as you know, eloquent in your praise; he expresses the greatest confidence in your wisdom and integrity, and neglects nothing that he thinks will give you pleasure. His friendship with Timocrates seems to decline; Timocrates is endeavoring to throw off his dependence; Protesilaus has become jealous of him; and it is partly by their disagreement that I have discovered their treachery."

"You have, then," said Mentor, with a smile, "been weak enough to suffer even by detected villainy, and to continue subservient to traitors after you knew their treason." "Alas!" responded Idomeneus, "you do not know the power of artful men over a weak and indolent prince, who has put the whole management of his affairs into their hands. Besides, Protesilaus, as I have just told you, now enters with great zeal into all your projects for the general advantage of the State."

"I know but too well," said Mentor, with a look of some severity, "that of those that surround a prince the wicked prevail over the good. Of this truth you are yourself a terrible example. You say that I have opened your eyes to your true interest, yet you are still so blind as to trust the administration of your government to a wretch that is not fit to live. It is time you should learn that a man may perform good actions and be still wicked; that men of the worst principles and dispositions do good, when it serves their purpose, with the same facility as evil. It is true that they do evil without reluctance, because they are withheld neither by sentiment nor principle; but it is also true that they do good without violence to themselves, because the success even of their vices depends upon appearances of virtue which they do not possess, and because they gratify their own depravity while they are deceiving mankind. They are, however, incapable of virtue, though they

appear to practise it; they can only add to every other vice that which is more odious than all—hypocrisy. While you continue resolute and peremptory that good shall be done, Protesilaus will do good to preserve his authority; but if he perceives the least tendency to relaxation, he will seize, and with all his powers improve, the opportunity to bewilder you again in perplexity and error, and resume his natural dissimulation and ferocity. Is it possible that you should live with honor or in peace while you see such a wretch as Protesilaus forever at your side, and remember that Philocles, the faithful and the wise, still lives in poverty and disgrace at Samos?

"You acknowledge, O Idomeneus, that princes are overborne and misled by bold and designing men that are about them; but you should not forget that princes are liable to another misfortune, by no means inferior—a propensity to forget the virtues and the services of those that are absent. Princes, being continually surrounded by a multitude, are not forcibly impressed by any individual: they are struck only with what is present and pleasing; the remembrance of every thing else is soon obliterated. Virtue affects them less than any other object, for virtue can seldom please, as it opposes and condemns their follies. Princes love nothing but pomp and pleasure; and who, therefore, can wonder that princes are not beloved!"

After this conversation, Mentor persuaded Idomeneus immediately to dismiss Protesilaus and Timocrates, and to recall Philocles. The king would immediately have complied, if there had not been a severity of virtue in Philocles, of which he feared the effects. "I confess," said he, "that though I love and esteem him, I cannot perfectly reconcile myself to his return. I have, even from my infancy, been accustomed to praise, assiduity, and compliances, which, in Philocles, I shall not find. Whenever I took any measures that he disapproved, the dejection of his countenance was sufficient to condemn me. When we were together in private, his behavior was respectful and decent, indeed, but it was ungracious and austere."

"Do you not see," replied Mentor, "that to princes who

have been spoiled by flattery, every thing that is sincere and honest appears to be ungracious and austere? Such princes are even weak enough to suspect a want of zeal for their service, and respect for their authority, where they do not find a servility that is ready to flatter them in the abuse of their power. They are offended at all freedom of speech, all generosity of sentiment, as pride, censoriousness, and sedition. They contract a false delicacy, which every thing short of flattery disappoints and disgusts. But let us suppose that Philocles is really ungracious and austere, will not his austerity be preferable to the pernicious flattery of those that are now about you? Where will you find a man without fault? And is not the fault of speaking truth a little too roughly and freely, one from which you have less to fear than from any other? Is it not, indeed, a fault which your own indiscretion has made necessary to your interest, as that only which can surmount the aversion to truth that flattery has given you? You stand in need of a man who loves only truth and you; who loves you better than you know how to love yourself; who will speak truth notwithstanding your opposition, and force a way for it through all your intrenchments. Such a man, and so necessary, is Philocles. Remember, that the greatest good fortune a prince can hope is, that one man of such magnanimous generosity should be born in his reign. In comparison with such a man, all the treasures of the State are of no value, and a prince can suffer no punishment so dreadful as that of losing him, by becoming unworthy of his virtue, and not knowing how to profit by his services.

"You ought certainly to avail yourself of worthy men, though it is not necessary that you should be blind to their faults; in these never implicitly acquiesce, but endeavor to correct them. Give merit, however, always a favorable hearing, and let the public see that you at once distinguish and honor it. But, above all things, strive to be no longer what you have been. Princes, whose virtues, like yours, have suffered by the vices of others, generally content themselves with a speculative disapprobation of corrupt men, and at the same

time employ them with the utmost confidence, and load them with riches and honor. On the other hand, they value themselves upon discerning and approving men of virtue, but they reward them only with empty praise, and want magnanimity to assign them employments, to admit them to their friendship, or distinguish them by their favor."

Idomeneus then confessed that he was ashamed of having so long delayed to deliver innocence from oppression, and to punish those that had abused his confidence. All the scruples about recalling Philocles being removed, Mentor had no difficulty in persuading the king to dismiss his favorite; for, when once an opposition to a favorite has so far succeeded that he is suspected and becomes troublesome, the prince, feeling himself perplexed and uneasy, thinks only how to get rid of him: all friendship vanishes, and all services are forgotten. The fall of a favorite gives no pain to his master, if, as soon as he is undone, he is removed out of sight."

Idomeneus immediately gave private orders to Hegesippus, one of the principal officers of his household, to seize Protesilaus and Timocrates, and conduct them in safety to the isle of Samos; to leave them there, and to bring Philocles back to Salentum. Hegesippus, at the receipt of this order, burst into tears of surprise and joy. "You will now," said he to the king, "make every heart in your dominions glad. These men were the cause of all the misfortunes that have befallen you and your people. Good men have now groaned, twenty years, under an oppression so severe, that they scarcely dared even to groan. To complain was impossible; for those who attempted to approach you, otherwise than by the favorites, were sure to be immediately crushed by their power."

Hegesippus then acquainted the king with innumerable instances of their treachery and inhumanity, of which he had never heard, because nobody dared to accuse them. He told him, also, that he had discovered a conspiracy against the life of Mentor. The king was struck with horror at the relation.

Hegesippus, that he might seize Protesilaus without delay, went immediately to his house. It was not so large as the

palace, but it was better designed, both for convenience and pleasure: the architecture was in better taste, and it was decorated with a profusion of expense, which the most cruel oppression had supplied. He was then in a marble saloon that opened to his baths, reclining negligently upon a couch that was covered with purple embroidered with gold: he appeared to be weary, and even exhausted with his labors; there was a gloom of discontent upon his brow, and his eye expressed a kind of agitation and ferocity not to be described. The principal persons of the kingdom sat round him upon carpets, watching his looks even to the slightest glance of his eye, and reflecting every expression of his countenance from their own. If he opened his mouth, all was ecstasy and admiration; and, before he had uttered a word, they vied with each other which should be loudest in the praise of what he had to say. One of them regaled him with an account of the services he had rendered to the king, heightened with the most ridiculous exaggeration. Another declared that his mother had conceived him by Jupiter in the likeness of her husband, and that he was son to the father of the gods. In some verses that were recited by a poet, he was said to have been instructed by the Muses, and to have rivalled Apollo in all the works of imagination and wit. Another poet, still more servile and shameless, celebrated him as the inventor of the fine arts, and the father of a people among whom he had scattered plenty and happiness, from the horn of Amalthea, with a liberal hand.

Protesilaus heard all this adulation with a cold, negligent, and disdainful air, as if he thought his merit was without bounds, and that he honored those too much from whom he condescended to receive praise. Among other flatterers, there was one who took the liberty to whisper some jest upon the new regulations that were taking place under the direction of Mentor. The countenance of Protesilaus relaxed into a smile, and immediately the whole company laughed, though the greater part knew nothing of what had been said. The countenance of Protesilaus became again haughty and severe, and every one shrank back into timidity and silence. Noblemen

watched for the happy moment in which he would turn his eye upon them, and permit them to speak. Having some favor to ask, they discovered the greatest agitation and perplexity; their supplicatory posture supplied the want of words, and they seemed to be impressed with the same humility and reverence as a mother who petitions the gods at their altar for the life of an only son. Every countenance expressed a tender complacency and admiration, but every heart concealed the most implacable hatred.

At this moment Hegesippus entered the saloon, seized the sword of Protesilaus, and acquainted him that he had the king's orders to carry him to Samos. At these dreadful words, all the arrogance of the favorite fell in a moment, like the fragment of a rock that is broken from the summit of a mountain. He threw himself at the feet of Hegesippus: he wept, hesitated, faltered, trembled, and embraced the knees of a man upon whom, an hour before, he would have disdained to turn his eye. At the same time, his flatterers, who saw that his ruin was complete and irreparable, insulted him with a meanness and cruelty worthy of their adulation.

Hegesippus would not allow him time even to take leave of his family, or to secure his private papers, which were all seized and put into the king's hands. Timocrates was also arrested at the same time, to his inexpressible surprise; for, being upon ill terms with Protesilaus, he had not the least apprehension of being involved in his ruin. They were both carried on board a vessel which had been prepared to receive them.

They arrived in safety at Samos, where Hegesippus left his prisoners; and, to complete their misfortunes, he left them together. Here, with a rancor natural to their circumstances and disposition, they reproached each other with the crimes that had brought on their ruin. Here they were condemned to live, without the least hope of returning to Salentum, at a distance from their wives and children, not to mention friends, for a friend they never had. With the country they were wholly unacquainted, and had no means of subsistence but by

their labor—a situation of which the disadvantages were greatly aggravated by past luxury and splendor, which long habit had made almost as necessary to them as food and rest. In this condition, like two wild beasts of the forest, they were always ready to tear each other to pieces.

In the mean time, Hegesippus inquired in what part of the island Philocles was to be found. He was told that he lived at a considerable distance from the city, upon a mountain, in which there was a cave that served him for a habitation. Every one spoke of him with admiration and esteem. "He has never given offence," said they, "in a single instance, since he has been in the island; every heart is touched at the patience of his labor and the cheerfulness of his indigence: he possesses nothing, yet is always content. Though he is remote both from the business and the pleasures of the world, without property and without influence, yet he can still find means to oblige merit, and has a thousand contrivances to gratify his neighbors."

Hegesippus immediately repaired to the cave, which he found empty and open; for the poverty of Philocles, and the simplicity of his manners, made it unnecessary for him to shut his door when he went out. A mat of coarse rushes served him for a bed. He rarely kindled a fire, because his food was generally such as needed no dressing: in summer he lived upon freshly-gathered fruits, and upon dried dates and figs in winter. He quenched his thirst at a clear spring that fell in a natural cascade from the rock. His cave contained nothing but the tools necessary for sculpture, and some books that he read at certain hours, which he appropriated to that purpose, not to adorn his mind or gratify his curiosity, but that, while he rested from his labor, he might gain instruction, and avoid being idle by learning to be good. He employed himself in sculpture, not to procure reputation or wealth, but merely to keep his body in exercise, and procure the necessaries of life without contracting obligations.

When Hegesippus entered the cave, he admired the pieces of art that were begun. He observed a Jupiter, on whose

countenance there was a serene majesty, by which he was immediately known to be the father of the gods and men. He perceived also a Mars, well distinguished by a proud and menacing ferocity. But he was most struck with a Minerva, represented as encouraging the arts: the expression of the countenance was at once noble and gracious, the stature was lofty and free, and the action so natural that the spectator was almost persuaded she would move.

Hegesippus, having viewed these statues with great pleasure, retired; and, as he was coming out of the cave, saw Philocles at a distance, sitting upon the grass, under the shade of a large tree, and reading. He immediately advanced towards him, and Philocles, who perceived him, scarcely knew what to think. "Is not that Hegesippus," said he to himself, "with whom I was so long familiar at Crete? But what can have brought him to an island so remote as Samos? Is he not dead, and is not this his shade which has returned from the banks of the Styx to revisit the earth?"

While he was thus doubting of what he saw, Hegesippus came so near that his doubts were dispelled. "Is it you then," said he, embracing him, "my dear, my early friend? What accident, or what tempest, has thrown you upon this coast? Have you voluntarily deserted the island of Crete, or have you been driven from your country by misfortune like mine?"

"It is not misfortune," said Hegesippus, "but the favor of the gods, that has brought me hither." He then gave his friend a particular account of the long tyranny of Protesilaus, of his intrigues with Timocrates, of the calamities which they had brought upon Idomeneus, of his expulsion from the throne, his flight to Hesperia, the founding of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wisdom which Mentor had diffused into the mind of the king, and the disgrace of the traitors by whom he had been abused. He added, that he had brought them in exile to Samos, whither they had banished Philocles; and concluded, that he had orders to bring him back to Salentum, where the king, who was convinced of his integrity, intended to intrust him with the administration of his

government, and distinguish him by rewards adequate to his merit.

"You see that cave," said Philocles, "which is more fit for the haunt of wild beasts than for the habitation of a man; and yet in that cave I have enjoyed more tranquillity and repose than in the gorgeous palaces of Crete. I am no more deceived by man, for with man I have no more connection. I neither see, nor hear, nor need him: my own hard hands, which are now inured to labor, supply me with such simple food as nature has made necessary; and, this slight stuff that you see sufficing to cover me, I am without wants. I enjoy a serene, perfect, and delightful freedom, of which the wisdom that is contained in my books teaches me the proper use. Why then should I again mix with mankind, and again suffer by their jealousy, fraud, and caprice? Envy not, my dear Hegesippus, the good fortune I possess. Protesilaus has betrayed the king, and would have murdered me: he has fallen into his own snare, but he has done me no harm; he has on the contrary done me the greatest good; he has delivered me from the tumult and slavery of public business: to him I am indebted for this sweet solitude, and the innocent pleasures I enjoy.

"Return, then, my friend, to your prince; assist him under the necessary infelicities of grandeur, and do for him whatever you wish should be done by me. Since his eyes, which were so long shut against truth, have been at last opened by the wisdom of a person whom you call Mentor, let him also keep that person about him. As for me, having once suffered shipwreck, it is by no means fit that I should forsake the port in which the tempest has so fortunately thrown me, and tempt again the caprice of the winds. Alas! how much are kings to be pitied! how worthy of compassion are those that serve them! If they are wicked, what misery do they diffuse among others, and what punishment do they treasure up for themselves in black Tartarus! If they are good, what difficulties have they to surmount, what snares to avoid, what evils to suffer! Once more, my dear Hegesippus, leave me in my happy poverty."

Philocles expressed these sentiments with great vehemence, and Hegesippus looked upon him with astonishment. He had known him in Crete, when he conducted the business of the State, and he was then pale, languishing, and emaciated: the natural ardor of his temper, and his scrupulous regard to rectitude, made a public station fatal to his health. He could not see vice go unpunished without indignation, nor suffer unavoidable irregularities without regret. At Crete, therefore, he suffered a perpetual decay. But at Samos he was vigorous and lusty; a new youth, in spite of years, bloomed upon his countenance; a life of temperance, tranquillity, and exercise seemed to have restored the constitution which nature had given him.

"You are surprised to see me so altered," said Philocles, with a smile; "but I owe this freshness, this perfection of health, to my retirement: my enemies, therefore, have given me more than fortune could bestow. Can you wish me to forsake substantial for imaginary good, and incur again the misfortunes from which it is now my happiness to be free? You would not, surely, be more cruel than Protesilaus; you cannot envy me the good fortune that he has bestowed."

Hegesippus then urged him from every motive that he thought likely to touch his sensibility, but without effect. "Would the sight of your family and friends, then," said he, "give you no pleasure; of those who languish for your return, and live but in the hope of once more pressing you to their bosom? And is it nothing for you, who fear the gods and make a conscience of your duty, to render service to your prince, to assist him in the exercise of virtue and in the diffusion of happiness? Is it blameless to indulge an unsocial philosophy, to prefer your own interest to that of mankind, and choose rather to procure ease for yourself than to give happiness to others? Besides, if you persist in your resolution not to return, it will be imputed to resentment against the king. If he intended evil against you, it was only because he was a stranger to your merit: it was not Philocles, the faithful, the just, the good, that he would have cut off, but a man of whom he had conceived a very different idea. He now knows you, and it

being now impossible he should now mistake you for another, his first friendship will revive with new force. He expects you with impatience; his arms are open to receive you; he numbers the days, and even the hours of your delay. Can you then be inexorable to your king? Can your heart resist the tender solicitudes of friendship?"

Philocles, whom the first recollection of Hegesippus had melted into tenderness, now resumed a look of distance and severity. He remained immovable as a rock against which the tempest rages in vain, and the roaring surge dashes only to be broken; neither entreaty nor argument found any passage to his heart. But the piety of Philocles would not suffer him to indulge his inclination, however supported by his judgment, without consulting the gods. He discovered, by the flight of birds, by the entrails of victims, and by other presages, that it was their pleasure he should go with Hegesippus.

He therefore resisted no more, but complied with the request of Hegesippus, and prepared for his departure. He did not, however, quit the solitude in which he had lived so many years without regret. "Must I then," said he, "forsake this pleasing cell, where peaceful and obedient slumbers came every night to refresh me after the labors of the day—where my easy life was a silken thread which the Fates, notwithstanding my poverty, entwined with gold!" The tears started to his eyes, and prostrating himself on the earth, he adored the Naiad of the translucent spring that had quenched his thirst, and the Nymphs of the mountains that surrounded his retreat. Echo heard his expressions of tenderness and regret, and, with a gentle and plaintive voice, repeated them to all the sylvan deities of the place.

Philocles then accompanied Hegesippus to the city, in order to embark. He thought that Protesilaus, overwhelmed with confusion, and burning with resentment, would be glad to avoid him, but he was mistaken: men without virtue are without shame, and always ready to stoop to any meanness. Philocles modestly concealed himself, for fear the unhappy

wretch should see him: he supposed that to see the prosperity of an enemy, which was founded on his ruin, would aggravate his misery. But Protesilaus sought him out with great eagerness, and endeavored to excite his compassion, and to engage him to solicit the king for permission to return to Salentum. Philocles, however, was too sincere to give him the least hope that he would comply; for he knew, better than any other, the mischiefs that his return would produce; but he soothed him with expressions of pity, offered him such consolation as his situation would admit, and exhorted him to propitiate the gods by purity of manners and resignation to his sufferings. As he had heard that the king had taken from him all the wealth that he had unjustly acquired, he promised him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed,—to take his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, exposed to all the miseries of poverty and all the dangers of popular resentment, under his protection; and to send him some supplies of money to alleviate the distress he must suffer in a state of banishment so remote from his country.

The wind being fair, Hegesippus hastened the departure of his friend. Protesilaus saw them embark. His eyes were fixed upon the sea, and pursued the vessel, as, driven by the wind, she made her way through the parting waves, and every moment receded. When he could distinguish the ship no more, its image was still impressed upon his mind. At last, seized with the phrensy of despair, he rolled himself in the sands, tore his hair, and reproached the gods for the severity of their justice. He called upon Death, but even Death rejected his petition, and disdained to deliver him from the misery from which he wanted courage to deliver himself.

In the mean time the vessel, favored by Neptune and the winds, soon arrived at Salentum. When the king was told that it was entering the port, he ran out with Mentor to meet Philocles, whom he tenderly embraced, and expressed the utmost regret at having so unjustly persecuted him. This acknowledgment was so far from degrading him in the opinion of the people, that every one considered it as the effort of an

exalted mind, which, as it were, triumphed over its own failings by confessing them with a view to reparation. The public joy at the return of Philocles, the friend of man, and at the wisdom and goodness expressed by the king, was so great that it overflowed in tears.

Philocles received the caresses of his prince with the most respectful modesty, and was impatient to escape from the acclamations of the people. He followed Idomeneus to the palace, and though Mentor and he had never seen each other before, there was immediately the same confidence between them as if they had been familiar from their birth. The gods, who have withheld from the wicked the power of recognizing the good, have imparted to the good a faculty of immediately recognizing each other. Those who have a love for virtue cannot be together without being united by that virtue which they love.

Philocles, after a short time, requested the king to dismiss him to some retirement near Salentum, where he might live in the same obscurity he had enjoyed at Samos. The king granted his request, but went almost every day with Mentor to visit him in his retreat, where they consulted how the laws might best be established, and the government fixed upon a permanent foundation for the advantage of the people.

The two principal objects of their consultation were, the education of children, and the manner of life to be prescribed during peace.

As to the children, Mentor said: "They belong less to their parents than to the State; they are the children of the community, and they are at once its hope and its strength. It is too late to correct them when habits of vice have been acquired: it is doing little to exclude them from employments when they have become unworthy of trust. It is always better to prevent evil than to punish it. The prince who is the father of his people is, more particularly, the father of the youth, who may be considered as the flower of the nation. It is in the flower that care should be taken of the fruit; a king, therefore, should not disdain to watch over the rising generation,

nor to appoint others to watch with him. Let him enforce with inflexible constancy the laws of Minos, which ordain that children shall be so educated as to endure pain without impatience, and expect death without terror,—that contempt of luxury and wealth shall be honor,—that injustice, ingratitude, and voluptuous idleness shall be infamy,—that children, from their tenderest youth, shall be taught to commemorate the achievements of heroes, the favorites of heaven, who have sacrificed private interest to their country, and signalized their courage in battle,—that their souls shall be moved by the charm of music, to render their manners gentle and pure,—that they shall learn to be tender to their friends, faithful to their allies, and equitable to all men, their enemies not excepted; that, above all, they shall be taught to dread the reproach of conscience, as an evil much greater than torture or death. If these maxims are impressed early upon the heart, with all the power of eloquence and the charms of music, there will be few, indeed, in whom they will not kindle the love of virtue and of fame.

"It is," added Mentor, "of the utmost importance to establish public schools for inuring youth to the most robust exercises, and preserving them from effeminacy and idleness, which render the most liberal endowments of nature useless." He advised the institution of public games and shows, with as much variety as could be contrived, to rouse the attention and interest the feelings of the people, but, above all, to render the body supple, vigorous, and active; and he thought it proper to excite emulation, by giving prizes to those that should excel. He wished also, as the most powerful preservative against general depravity of manners, that the people should marry early; and that parents, without any views of interest, would leave the young men to the free choice of such wives as their inclination naturally led them to prefer."

But while these measures were concerted to preserve a blameless simplicity among the rising generation, to render them laborious and tractable, and, at the same time, to give them a sense of honor, Philocles, whose military genius made

him fond of war, observed to Mentor that it would signify little to institute public exercises, if the youth were suffered to languish in perpetual peace, without bringing their courage to the test, or requiring experience in the field. "The nation," said he, "will be insensibly enfeebled; courage will relax into effeminate softness; a general depravity, the necessary effect of uninterrupted abundance and tranquillity, will render them an easy prey to any warlike nation that shall attack them; and, aiming to avoid the miseries of war, they will incur the most deplorable slavery."

"The calamities of war," said Mentor, "are more to be dreaded than you imagine. War never fails to exhaust the State and endanger its destruction, with whatever success it is carried on. Though it may be commenced with advantage, it can never be finished without danger of the most fatal reverse of fortune. With whatever superiority of strength an engagement is begun, the least mistake, the slightest accident, may turn the scale, and give victory to the enemy. Nor can a nation that should be always victorious prosper; it would destroy itself by destroying others: the country would be depopulated, the soil untilled, and trade interrupted; and, what is still worse, the best laws would lose their force, and a corruption of manners insensibly take place. Literature will be neglected among the youth; the troops, conscious of their own importance, will indulge themselves in the most pernicious licentiousness with impunity; and the disorder will necessarily spread through all the branches of government. A prince who, in the acquisition of glory, would sacrifice the life of half his subjects and the happiness of the rest, is unworthy of the glory he would acquire, and deserves to lose what he rightfully possesses for endeavoring unjustly to usurp the possessions of another.

"It is, however, easy to exercise the courage of the people in a time of peace. We have already instituted public exercises, and assigned prizes to excite emulation; we have directed that the achievements of the brave shall be celebrated in songs to their honor, which will kindle, in the breasts even of chil-

dren, a desire of glory, and animate them to the exercise of heroic virtue; we have also taken care that they shall be inured to sobriety and labor: but this is not all. When any of your allies shall be engaged in war, the flower of your youth, particularly those who appear to have a military genius, and will profit most by experience, should be sent as auxiliaries into the service. You will thus stand high in the estimation of the States with which you are connected; your friendship will be sought, and your displeasure dreaded; without being engaged in war in your own country and at your own expense, you will always have a youth trained to war and courageous. Though you are at peace yourselves, you should treat, with great honor, those who have distinguished abilities for war; for the best way of keeping war at a distance is to encourage military knowledge; to honor those who excel in the profession of arms; to have some of your people always in foreign service, who will know the strength and discipline of the neighboring States, and the manner of their military operations; to be, at once, superior to the ambition that would court war, and to the effeminacy that would fear it. Thus, being always prepared for war when you are driven into it by necessity, you will find that the necessity of making war will seldom happen.

"When your allies are about to make war upon each other, you should always interfere as mediator. You will thus acquire a genuine and lasting glory, which sanguinary conquest can never give: you will gain the love and esteem of foreign nations, and become necessary to them all; you will rule other States by the confidence they place in you, as you govern your own by the authority of your station; you will be the common repository of their secrets, the arbiter of their differences, and the object of their love; your fame will then fly to the remotest regions of the earth, and your name, like a delicious perfume, shall be wafted from clime to clime, as far as virtue can be known and loved. If, in possession of this influence and this honor, a neighboring nation should, contrary to all the rules of justice, commence hostilities against you, it will find you disciplined and ready, and, what is yet more effectual

strength, beloved and succored when you are in danger; your neighbors will be alarmed for themselves, and consider your preservation as essential to public safety. This will be your security, in comparison with which walls and ramparts are no defence; this is true glory. But few kings have recognized and pursued it—few have not left it unknown behind them, to follow an illusive phantom, still more distant from the prize in proportion to their speed."

When Mentor had done speaking, Philocles fixed his eyes upon him with an astonishment that prevented reply; then looking upon the king, he was delighted to perceive with what avidity Idomeneus received in his inmost heart the words that flowed, like a river of wisdom, from the stranger's lips.

Thus Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, established the best laws and the wisest principles of government at Salentum; not so much that the kingdom of Idomeneus might flourish, as to show Telemachus, when he should return, a striking example of what may be effected by a wise government to render nations happy, and give to a king enduring glory.

BOOK XII.

Telemachus, in the camp of the allies, gains the friendship of Philoctetes, who was not at first favorably disposed to him, on his father's account. Philoctetes relates his adventures, and introduces a particular account of the death of Hercules by the poisoned garment which the centaur Nessus had given to Dejanira. He relates how he obtained from that hero his poisoned arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for betraying his secret, by various sufferings, in the island of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to engage him in the expedition against Troy, where he was cured of his wound.

COURAGE, in the mean time, was displayed by Telemachus amid the perils of war. As soon as he had quitted Salentum, he applied himself with great diligence to gain the esteem of the old commanders, whose reputation and experience were consummate. Nestor, who had before seen him at Pylos, and who had always loved Ulysses, treated him as if he had been his son. He gave him many lessons of instruction, and illustrated his precepts by examples; he related all the adventures of his youth, and told him the most remarkable achievements which he had seen performed by the heroes of the preceding age. The memory of Nestor, who had lived to see three generations, contained the history of ancient times with the same fidelity as an inscription upon marble or brass.

Philoctetes did not at first regard Telemachus with the same kindness; the enmity which he had so long cherished in his breast against Ulysses, prejudiced him against his son; and he could not see without pain that the gods appeared to interest themselves in his fortunes, and to intend him a glory equal to that of the heroes by whom Troy had been overthrown. But the unaffected modesty of Telemachus at length surmounted his resentment, and he could not but love that virtue which

appeared so amiable and sweet. He frequently took Telemachus aside and talked to him with the most unreserved confidence. "My son," said he, "for I now make no scruple to call you so, I must confess that your father and I have been long enemies to each other. I acknowledge also that my enmity was not softened by mutual danger and mutual success, for it continued unabated after we had laid Troy in ruins; and when I saw you, I found it difficult to love even virtue in the son of Ulysses. I have often reproached myself for this reluctance, which, however, I still felt; but virtue, when it is gentle, placid, ingenuous, and unassuming, must at last compel affection and esteem." Philoctetes, in the course of these conversations, was insensibly led to acquaint Telemachus with what had given rise to the animosity between him and Ulysses.

"It is necessary," said he, "that I should tell my story from the beginning. I was the inseparable companion of Hercules, the great example of divine virtue, the destroyer of monsters, whose prowess was a blessing to the earth, and compared with whom all other heroes are but as reeds to the oak or sparrows to the eagle. Love, a passion that has produced every species of calamity, was the cause of his misfortunes, and his misfortunes were the cause of mine. To this shameful passion the virtues of Hercules were opposed in vain; and, after all his conquests, he was himself the sport of Cupid. He never remembered, without a blush of ingenuous shame, his having laid by his dignity to spin in the chamber of Omphale, like the most abject and effeminate of men. He has frequently deplored this part of his life as having sullied his virtue, and obscured the glory of his labors.

"Yet, such is the weakness and inconsistency of man, who thinks himself all-sufficient and yields without a struggle, that the great Hercules was again taken in the snare of love, and sank again into a captivity which he had so often remembered with indignation and contempt. He became enamored of Dejanira, and would have been happy if he had continued constant in his passion for this woman, whom he made his wife. But the youthful beauty of Iole, to whom the Graces had given

all their charms, soon seduced him to a new passion. Dejanira became jealous, and unhappily recollected the fatal garment which had been given her by Nessus, the centaur, when he was dying, as a certain means of reviving the love of Hercules if he should ever neglect her for another. This garment had imbibed the blood of the centaur, to which the arrow that slew him had communicated its poison. The arrows of Hercules, you know, were dipped in the blood of the Lernæan hydra, which gave them a malignity so powerful that the slightest wound they could make was mortal.

"As soon as Hercules had put on the garment, he felt the poison burn even to the marrow in the bone; he cried out in his agony with a voice more than human; the sound was returned by Mount Œta, the echo deepened in the valleys, and the sea itself seemed to be moved. The roar of the most furious bulls when they fight, was not so dreadful as the cries of Hercules. Lycas, who brought him the garment from Dejanira, happening unfortunately to approach him, he seized him in the distraction of his torments, and whirling him round, as a slinger whirls a stone that he would hurl with all his strength, he threw him from the top of the mountain, and, falling into the sea, he was immediately transformed into a rock, which still retains the figure of a man, and which, still beaten by the surge, alarms the pilot, while he is yet distant from the shore.[1]

"After the fate of Lycas I thought I could trust Hercules no more, and therefore endeavored to conceal myself in the caverns of the rock. From this retreat I saw him, with one hand, root up the lofty pines that towered to the sky, and oaks which had repelled the storms of successive generations, and, with the other, endeavor to tear off the fatal garment which adhered like another skin, and seemed to be incorporated with

[1] We may here say, once for all, that this book of "Telemachus" is a close imitation of the Philoctetes of Sophocles; in fact, some portions of it are almost a literal translation from the Greek tragedian. We do not regard it necessary to reprint most of "Philoctetes," to show the extent of Fénelon's imitation.—Ed.

his body. In proportion as he tore it off, he tore off also the flesh; his blood followed in a torrent, and the earth was impurpled around him. But his virtue at length surmounted his sense of pain, and he cried out: 'Thou art witness, O Philoctetes, to the torments which the gods inflict upon me, and they are just: I have offended heaven, and violated the vows of connubial love. After all my conquests, I have meanly given up my heart to forbidden beauty: I perish, and am content to perish, that divine justice may be satisfied. But, alas! my dear friend, whither art thou fled? Transported by excess of pain, I have indeed destroyed unhappy Lycas, by an act of cruelty for which I abhor myself: he was a stranger to the poison that he brought me; he committed no crime, he deserved no punishment. But could the sacred ties of friendship be forgotten? could I attempt the life of Philoctetes? My love for him can cease only with my life; into his breast will I breathe my departing spirit, and to his care will I confide my ashes. Where art thou, then, my dear Philoctetes? where art thou, Philoctetes, the only object of my hope on earth?'

"Struck with this tender expostulation, I rushed towards him, and he stretched out his arms to embrace me; yet, before I reached him, he drew them back, lest he should kindle in my bosom the fatal fires that consumed his own. 'Alas,' said he, 'even this consolation is denied me!' He then turned from me, and collecting all the trees that he had rooted up into a funeral pile upon the summit of the mountain, he ascended it with a kind of dreadful tranquillity: he spread under him the skin of the Nemean lion, which, while he was traversing the earth from one extremity to the other, destroying monsters and succoring distress, he had worn as a mantle, and reclining upon his club, he commanded me to set fire to the wood.

"This command, though I trembled with horror, I could not refuse to obey, for his misery was so great that life was no longer a bounty of heaven. I feared that, in the extremity of his torment, he might do something unworthy of the virtue which had astonished the world. When he perceived that the

pile had taken fire, he said: 'Now, my dear Philoctetes, I know that thy friendship is sincere, for my honor is dearer to thee than my life. May thy reward be from heaven! I give thee all I can bestow: these arrows, dipped in the blood of the Lernæan hydra, I valued more than all that I possessed, and they are thine. Thou knowest that the wounds which they make are mortal; they rendered me invincible, and so they will render thee; nor will any man dare to lift up his hand against thee. Remember that I die faithful to our friendship, and forget not how close I held thee to my heart. If thou art indeed touched with my misfortunes, there is still one consolation in thy power: promise to acquaint no man with my death, and never to reveal the place where thou shalt hide my ashes.' I promised, in an agony of tenderness and grief, and I consecrated my promise by an oath. A beam of joy sparkled in his eyes, but a sheet of flame immediately surrounded him, stifled his voice, and almost hid him from my sight. I caught, however, a glimpse of him through the flame, and I perceived that his countenance was as serene as if he had been surrounded with festivity and joy at the banquet of a friend, covered with perfume, and crowned with flowers.

"The flames quickly consumed his terrestrial and mortal part. Of that nature which he had received from his mother Alcmena, there were no remains; but he preserved, by the decree of Jove, that pure and immortal essence, that celestial flame, the true principle of life, which he had received from the father of the gods. With the gods, therefore, he drank immortality under the golden roofs of Olympus, and they gave him Hebe to wife—the lovely Hebe, the goddess of youth, who had filled the bowl of nectar to Jupiter, before that honor was bestowed upon Ganymede.

"In the mean time, the arrows that had been given me as a pledge of superior prowess and fame, proved an inexhaustible source of misfortune. When the confederate princes of Greece undertook to revenge the wrong done to Menelaus by Paris, who had basely stolen away Helen, and to lay the kingdom of Priam in ashes, they learned from the oracle of Apollo,

that in this enterprise they would never succeed, if they did not take with them the arrows of Hercules.

"Your father Ulysses, whose penetration and activity rendered him superior in every council, undertook to persuade me to accompany them to the siege of Troy, and to take the arrows of Hercules, which he believed to be in my possession, with me. It was now long since Hercules had appeared in the world; no exploit of the hero was related; and monsters and robbers began to appear with impunity. The Greeks knew not what opinion to form concerning him; some affirmed that he was dead; others that he had gone to subdue the Scythians under the frozen bear. But Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and engaged to make me confess it. He came to me, while I was still lamenting the loss of my illustrious friend with inconsolable sorrow; he found it extremely difficult to speak to me; for I avoided the sight of mankind, and could not think of quitting the deserts of Mount Œta, where I had been witness to the death of Alcides: I was wholly employed in forming his image in my mind, and weeping at the remembrance of his sufferings, which every view of these mournful places renewed. But upon the lips of your father there was a sweet and irresistible eloquence; he seemed to take an equal part in my affliction, and when I wept, he wept with me; he gained upon my heart by an insensible approach, and obtained my confidence even before I knew it. He interested my tenderness for the Grecian princes, who had undertaken a just war, in which, without me, they could not be successful. He could not, however, draw from me the secret that I had sworn to keep; but though I did not confess it, he had sufficient evidence that Hercules was dead, and he pressed me to tell him where I had concealed his ashes.

"I could not think of perjury without horror; and yet, alas! I eluded the vow that I had made to Hercules and to heaven. I discovered the place where I had deposited the remains of the hero by striking it with my foot, and the gods have punished me for the fraud. I then joined the confederates, who received me with as much joy as they would have received

Hercules himself. When we were on shore at the island of Lemnos, I was willing to show the Greeks what my arrows would do, and therefore prepared to shoot a deer which I saw rush into the forest; but, by some accident, I let the shaft slip out of my hand, and, falling on my foot, it gave me a wound, of which I still feel the effects. I was immediately seized with the same pains that had destroyed Hercules, and the echoes of the island repeated my complaints day and night. A black and corrupted blood flowed incessantly from my wound, infected the air, and filled the camp with an intolerable stench. The whole army was struck with horror at my condition, and concluded it to be the just punishment of the gods.

"Ulysses, who had engaged me in the expedition, was the first to abandon me, as I have since learned, because he preferred victory and the common interest of Greece to private friendship and the punctilios of decorum. The horror of my wound, the infection that it spread, and the dreadful cries that it forced from me, produced such an effect upon the army that it was no longer possible to sacrifice in the camp. But when the Greeks abandoned me by the counsel of Ulysses, I considered his policy as the most aggravated inhumanity, and the basest breach of faith. I was blinded by prejudice and self-love, and did not perceive that the wisest men were most against me, and that the gods themselves had become my enemies.

"I remained, during almost the whole time that Troy was besieged, alone, without succor, without consolation, without hope, the victim of intolerable anguish, in a desolate island, where I saw no object but the rude productions of uncultivated nature, and heard only the roaring of the surge that broke against the rocks. In one of the mountains of this desert I found a cavern in a rock, the summit of which towered to the skies and was divided into a fork, and at the bottom of which issued a spring of clear water. This cavern, my only dwelling, was the retreat of wild beasts of various kinds, to whose fury I was exposed night and day. I gathered a few

leaves together for my bed. My sole possessions were a wooden vessel of the rudest workmanship, and a few tattered garments which I wrapped round my wound to stanch the blood, and used also to clean it. In this place, forsaken of men and hateful to the gods, I sometimes endeavored to suspend the sense of my misery by shooting at the pigeons and other birds that flew around the rock. When I had brought one to the ground, I crawled with great pain and difficulty to take it up, that it might serve me for food: thus my own hands provided me subsistence.

"The Greeks, indeed, left me some provisions when they quitted the island; but these were soon exhausted. I dressed such as I procured at a fire which I kindled by striking a flint; and this kind of life, rude and forlorn as it was, would not have been unpleasing to me—the ingratitude and perfidy of man having reconciled me to solitude—if it had not been for the pain that I endured from my wound, and the perpetual review of my singular misfortunes. 'What!' said I to myself, 'seduce a man from his country upon pretence that he alone can avenge the cause of Greece, and then leave him in an uninhabited island when he is asleep,—for I was asleep when the Greeks deserted me. Judge in what an agony of consternation and grief I awaked, and saw their fleet standing from the shore. I looked around me to find some gleam of comfort, but all was desolation and despair.

"This island had neither port nor commerce, and was not only without inhabitants, but without visitors, except such as came by force. As none set foot on the shore but those who were driven there by tempests, I could hope for society only by shipwreck; and I knew that if distress should force any unfortunate mariners upon the island, they would not dare to take me with them when they left it, lest they should incur the resentment, not only of the Greeks, but of the gods. I suffered remorse, and pain, and hunger, ten years; I languished with a wound that I could not cure, and hope itself was extinguished in my breast.

"One day as I returned from seeking some medicinal herbs

for my wound, I was surprised to find at the entrance of my cave a young man of graceful appearance, but of a lofty and heroic mien. I took him, at the first glance, for Achilles, whom he greatly resembled in his features, aspect, and deportment: I was convinced of my mistake only by his age. I observed that his whole countenance expressed perplexity and compassion; he was touched to see with what pain and difficulty I crawled along, and his heart melted at my complaints, which the echoes of the shore returned.

"I called out while I was yet at a distance: 'O stranger, what misfortune has cast thee upon this island forsaken of men? I know thy habit to be Grecian,—a habit which, in spite of my wrongs, I love. Oh, let me hear thy voice, and once more find upon thy lips that language which I learned in infancy, and which this dreadful solitude has so long forbidden me to speak. Let not my appearance alarm you, for the wretch whom you behold is not an object of fear but of pity.'

"The stranger had no sooner answered, 'I am a Greek,' than I cried out: 'After such silence without associate, such pain without consolation, how sweet is the sound! O my son, what misfortune, what tempest, or rather what favorable gale, has brought thee hither to put an end to my sufferings?' He replied, 'I am of the island of Scyros, whither I am about to return, and it is said I am the son of Achilles: thou knowest all.'

"So brief a reply left my curiosity unsatisfied. 'O son of Achilles,' said I, 'the friend of my heart, who wert fostered by Lycomedes with the tenderness of a parent, whence art thou come, and what has brought thee to this place?' 'I come,' he replied, 'from the siege of Troy.' 'Thou wast not,' said I, 'in the first expedition.' 'Wast thou in it, then?' said he. 'I perceive,' said I, 'that thou knowest neither the name nor the misfortunes of Philoctetes. Wretch that I am! my persecutors insult me in my calamity. Greece is a stranger to my sufferings, which every moment increase. The Atrides have reduced me to this condition: may the gods reward them as they deserve!'

"I then related the manner in which I had been abandoned by the Greeks. As soon as Neoptolemus had heard my complaints, he made me the confidant of his own. 'After the death of Achilles,' said he,— 'How!' said I, 'is Achilles dead? Forgive the tears that interrupt you, for I owe them to the memory of your father.' 'Such interruption,' replied Neoptolemus, 'is soothing to my sorrow: what can so much alleviate my loss as the tears of Philoctetes?'

"Neoptolemus then resumed his story. 'After the death of Achilles,' said he, 'Ulysses and Phœnix came to me and told me that Troy could not be taken till I came to the siege. I was easily persuaded to go with them, for my grief for the death of Achilles, and a desire of inheriting his glory in so celebrated a war, were inducements that almost made persuasion unnecessary. When I arrived at Sigeum, the whole army gathered around me: every one was ready to swear that he beheld Achilles; but, alas! Achilles was no more. In the presumption of youth and inexperience, I thought I might hope every thing from those who were so liberal of praise. I therefore demanded my father's arms of the Atrides, but their answer was a cruel disappointment of my expectations. 'You shall have,' said they, 'whatever else belonged to your father; but his arms are allotted to Ulysses.'

"'This threw me into confusion, and tears, and rage. But Ulysses replied, without emotion: 'You have not endured with us the dangers of a tedious siege; you have not merited such arms; you have demanded them too proudly, and they shall never be yours.' My right being thus unjustly wrested from me, I am returning to the isle of Scyros, yet more incensed against the Atrides than against Ulysses. To all who are their enemies may the gods be friends! And now, Philoctetes, I have told thee all.'

"I then asked Neoptolemus how it happened that Ajax, the son of Telamon, did not interpose to prevent such injustice? 'Ajax,' said he, 'is dead.' 'Is Ajax dead,' said I, 'and Ulysses alive and prosperous?' I then inquired after Antilochus, the son of Nestor; and Patroclus, the favorite of Achilles. 'They

also,' said he, 'are dead.' 'Alas!' said I, 'are Antilochus and Patroclus dead? How does war, with unrelenting and undistinguishing destruction, sweep away the righteous and spare the wicked! Ulysses lives; and so, I doubt not, does Thersites. Such is the ordination of the gods, and yet we still honor them with praise.'

"While I was thus burning with resentment against your father, Neoptolemus continued to deceive me. 'I am going,' said he, with a mournful accent, 'to live content in the isle of Scyros, which, though uncultivated and obscure, is yet far from the armies of Greece, where evil prevails over good. Farewell! may the gods vouchsafe to restore thy health!'

"'O my son,' said I, 'I conjure thee by the manes of thy father, by thy mother, and by all that is dear to thee upon earth, not to leave me alone in this extremity of pain and sorrow. I know I shall be a burden to you, but it would disgrace your humanity to leave me here. Place me in the prow, the stern, or even the hold of your vessel, wherever I shall least offend you. Noble minds alone know how much glory there is in doing good. Do not abandon me in a desert, where there are no traces of men; take me with you to Scyros, or leave me at Eubæa, where I shall be near to Mount Œta, to Trachin, and the pleasing banks of Thessalian Sperchius, or send me back to my father. Alas! I fear that my father may be dead. I sent to him for a vessel, which has never arrived, and it is therefore certain, either that he is dead, or that those who promised to acquaint him with my distress have betrayed their trust. My last hope is in thee, O my son! Consider the uncertainty of all sublunary things: the prosperous should fear to abuse prosperity, and never fail to succor the distress which they are liable to feel.'

"Such, in the intolerable anguish of my mind, was my address to Neoptolemus, and he promised to take me with him. My heart then leaped for joy. 'O happy day!' I exclaimed; 'O amiable Neoptolemus! worthy to inherit the glory of thy father! Ye dear companions, with whom I shall return to the world of life, suffer me to bid this mournful

retreat farewell. See where I have lived, and consider what I have endured. My sufferings have been more than another could sustain; but I was instructed by necessity, and she teaches what otherwise could not be known. Those who are without sufferings are without knowledge; they distinguish neither good nor evil; they are alike ignorant of mankind and of themselves.' After this effusion of my heart, I took my bow and arrows in my hand.

"Neoptolemus then requested that I would permit him to kiss the celebrated arms that had been consecrated by the invincible Hercules. 'To you,' said I, 'all things are permitted; you, my son, restore me to light and life, to my country, my father, my friends, and myself: you may touch these arms, and boast that you are the only Greek who deserves to touch them.' Neoptolemus immediately came into my cell to admire my arrows.

"At this moment a sudden pang totally suspended my faculties: I no longer knew what I did, but called for a sword, that I might cut off my foot. I cried out for death, and reproached it with delay. 'Burn me,' said I to Neoptolemus. 'this moment, as I burned the son of Jove upon Mount Œta. O earth, receive a dying wretch, who shall never more rise from thy bosom!' I fell immediately to the ground without appearance of life,—a state in which these fits of pain usually left me: a profuse sweat at length relieved me, and a black and corrupted blood flowed from my wound. While I continued insensible, it would have been easy for Neoptolemus to have carried off my arms; but he was the son of Achilles, and his nature was superior to fraud.

"When I recovered, I perceived great confusion in his countenance: he sighed like a man new to dissimulation, and practising it with violence to himself. 'What!' said I, 'do you meditate to take advantage of my infirmity?' 'You must go with me,' said he, 'to the siege of Troy.' 'What do I hear!' said I; 'I am betrayed. O my son, give me back the bow; to withhold it is to rob me of life. Alas! he answers me nothing; he looks steadily upon me, without emotion; over

his heart I have no power. Ye winding shores! ye promontories that overhang the deep! ye broken rocks! ye savage beasts that haunt these scenes of desolation! I complain to you; for, besides you, there are none to whom I can complain: to you my groans are familiar. Must I be thus betrayed by the son of Achilles? He robs me of the bow, which the hand of Hercules has made sacred; he would drag me to the camp of the Greeks, as a trophy of the war; he sees not that his victory is not over the living but the dead, a shade, a vain phantom! Oh, that he had assailed me when my vigor was unimpaired; but even now he has taken me by surprise. What expedient shall I try? Restore what thou hast taken; restore my arms, O my son! and let thy conduct be worthy of thy father and of thyself. What dost thou answer? Thou art inexorably silent. To thee, thou barren rock, I once more return, naked and miserable, forlorn and destitute! In this cave I shall perish alone, for, having no weapon to destroy the beasts, the beasts will inevitably devour me; and why should I desire to live? But as to thee, my son, the mark of wickedness is not upon thee; thou art surely the instrument of another's hand. Restore my arms, and leave me to my fate.'

"Neoptolemus was touched with my distress; the tear started to his eye, and he sighed to himself: 'Would that I had still continued at Scyros!' At this moment I cried out: 'What do I see! surely that is Ulysses!' Immediately the voice of Ulysses confirmed it, and he answered, 'It is I.' If the gloomy dominions of Pluto had been disclosed before me, and I had suddenly beheld the shades of Tartarus, which the gods themselves cannot see without dread, I should not have been seized with greater horror. I cried out again: 'I call thee to witness, O earth of Lemnos! O sun! dost thou behold and suffer this?' Ulysses answered without emotion: 'This is ordained by Jupiter, and I execute his will.' 'Darest thou,' said I, 'profane the name of Jove with unhallowed lips? Hast thou not compelled this youth to practise a fraud, which his soul abhors?' 'We come,' replied Ulysses, 'neither to deceive nor to injure you; but to deliver you from solitude and misery,

to heal your wound, and to give you the glory of subverting Troy, and restore you in safety to your native country. It is thyself, and not Ulysses, that is the enemy of Philoctetes.'

"I answered only by reproaches and insult. 'Since thou hast abandoned me upon this inhospitable coast,' said I, 'why hast thou interrupted such rest as it can give? Go, and secure to thyself the glory of battle and the delights of peace; enjoy the sweets of prosperity with the Atrides, and leave pain and sorrow to me. Why shouldst thou compel me to go with thee? I am sunk into nothing: I am dead already. Thou wast once of opinion that I ought to be left here; that my complaints, and the infection of my wound, would interrupt the sacrifices of the gods: why is not this thy opinion now? Thou author of all my misery! may the gods —— But the gods hear me not; they take part with my enemy! O my country! these eyes shall behold thee no more! O ye gods! if there is yet one among you so just as to compassionate my wrongs, avenge them! punish Ulysses, and I shall believe that I am whole.'

"While I was thus indulging an impotent rage, your father looked upon me with a calm compassion, which, instead of resenting the intemperate sallies of a wretch distracted by misfortune, makes allowance for his infirmity, and bears with his excess. He stood silent and unmoved, in the stability of his wisdom, till my passion should be exhausted by its own violence, as the summit of a rock stands unshaken while it is beaten by the winds, which at length wearied by their idle fury are heard no more. He knew that all attempts to reduce the passions to reason are ineffectual till their violence is past; when I paused, therefore, and not before, he said: 'Where are now, O Philoctetes, thy reason and thy courage? This is the moment in which they can most avail thee. If thou shalt refuse to follow us, in order to fulfil the great designs which Jupiter has formed for thee, farewell: thou art not worthy to achieve the deliverance of Greece or the destruction of Troy. Live still an exile in Lemnos; these arms which I have secured, will obtain a glory for Ulysses that was designed for thee.

Let us depart, Neoptolemus; argument is lost upon him: compassion for an individual should not make us give up the common interest of Greece.'

"This threw me into a new transport of rage, and I was like a lioness when she is robbed of her young, and makes the woods echo with her roar. 'O cave,' said I, 'thou shalt not henceforth be forsaken; I will enter thee as my grave forever. Receive me, O mansion of sorrow! receive me to famine and despair! Oh for a sword, that I might die at once! Oh that the birds of prey would devour me! my arrows shall pierce them no more. O inestimable bow, consecrated by the hand of the son of Jove! O Hercules, if thou art still conscious of what passes upon earth, does not thy breast burn with indignation? This bow is no longer in the possession of thy friend, but in the profane and faithless hands of Ulysses. Come without fear, ye birds of prey, and ye beasts of the desert, to your ancient dwelling; there are now no fatal arrows in my hand. Wretch that I am, I can wound you no more: come then and devour me. Or rather, inexorable Jove! let thy thunders crush me to nothing.'

"Your father, having tried every other art of persuasion in vain, thought it best to return me my arms; he therefore made a sign to Neoptolemus for that purpose, who instantly put the arrows and the bow into my hand. 'Thou art, indeed,' said I, 'the son of Achilles, and worthy of his blood; but stand aside, that I may pierce my enemy to the heart.' I then drew an arrow against your father, but Neoptolemus held my hand. 'Your anger,' said he, 'distracts you; you are not conscious of the enormity you would commit.'

"But Ulysses stood equally unmoved against danger and reproach. His patience and intrepidity struck me with reverence and admiration. I was ashamed of the transport which hurried me to use for his destruction the arms that he had restored; my resentment, however, was not yet wholly appeased, and I was grieved beyond comfort to have received weapons from a man whom I could not love. But my attention was now engaged by Neoptolemus. 'Know,' said he,

'that the divine Helenus, the son of Priam, came to us from the city, impelled by the command and inspiration of the gods, and disclosed to us the secrets of futurity. 'Unhappy Troy,' said he, 'must fall, but not till he who bears the shafts of Hercules shall come against her. Under the walls of Troy only can he be cured: the sons of Æsculapius shall give him health.'

"At this moment I felt my heart divided; I was touched with the ingenuous simplicity of Neoptolemus, and the honesty with which he had restored my bow; but I could not bear the thought of submitting to Ulysses, and a false shame held me some time in suspense. 'Will not the world,' said I, 'despise me if I become at last the associate of Ulysses and the Atrides?'

"While I stood thus torpid in suspense, I was suddenly roused by a voice that was more than human: looking up, I saw Hercules; he descended in a shining cloud, and was surrounded with rays of glory. He was easily distinguished by his strong features, his robust form, and the graceful simplicity of his gesture; but in his present appearance there was a loftiness and dignity not equally conspicuous when he was destroying monsters upon earth.

"'Thou hearest,' said he, 'and thou beholdest Hercules. I have descended from Olympus to acquaint thee with the commands of Jove. Thou knowest by what labors I acquired immortality: if thou wouldst follow me in the path of glory, the son of Achilles must be now thy guide. Thy wound shall be healed; Paris, who has filled the world with calamity, shall fall by my arrows from thy hand. When Troy shall be taken, thou shalt send costly spoils to Pœas, thy father, upon Mount Œta: he shall place them upon my tomb as a monument of the victory which my arrows obtained. Thou canst not, O son of Achilles, conquer without Philoctetes, nor can Philoctetes conquer without thee. Go, then, like two lions who chase their prey together. Thou, Philoctetes, shalt be healed by the skill of Æsculapius at Troy. But, above all things, keep alive in your hearts the love and reverence of the gods;

all other passions and pleasures shall perish with their objects; these only are immortal and divine.'

"At these words I cried out in a transport of joy: 'The night is past! the dawn breaks upon me! O cheering light, after these years of darkness art thou again returned? I feel thy influence, and I follow thy guiding ray. I quit these scenes, and stay only to bid them farewell. Farewell, my grotto! Ye nymphs that haunt these dewy fields, farewell! I shall hear the sullen sound of these inexorable waves no more. Farewell, ye cliffs, where I have shivered in the tempest and been drenched in the rain! Farewell, ye rocks, whose echoes have so often repeated my complaints! Farewell, ye sweet fountains, which my sufferings embittered to me! and thou uncultivated soil, farewell! I leave you; but to my departure be propitious, since I follow the voice of friendship and the gods!'

"We then set sail from the coast, and arrived in the Grecian army before the walls of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius, by the sacred science of their father, Æsculapius, healed my wound, at least restored me to the state you see. I am free from pain, and I have recovered my strength; but I am still somewhat lame. I brought Paris to the ground like a timid fawn that is pierced by the arrows of the huntsman, and the towers of Ilium were soon in ashes. All that followed, you know already. But the remembrance of my sufferings, notwithstanding the success and glory that followed, still left upon my mind an aversion to Ulysses which all his virtues could not surmount; but, loving irresistibly his resemblance in a son, my enmity to the father insensibly relents."

Library.
Of California.

BOOK XIII.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalanthus about some prisoners, to which each of them lays claim: he fights and vanquishes Hippias, who, despising his youth, had seized the prisoners in question for his brother; but being afterwards ashamed of his victory, he laments in secret his rashness and indiscretion, for which he is very desirous to atone. At the same time Adrastus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the allies were wholly taken up in reconciling Telemachus and Hippias, marches to attack them by surprise. After having seized a hundred of their vessels to transport his own troops to their camp, he first sets it on fire, and then falls upon Phalanthus' quarters. Phalanthus himself is desperately wounded, and his brother Hippias slain. Telemachus, having put on his divine armor, runs to the assistance of Phalanthus; he kills Iphicles, the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have put an end to the war if a tempest had not intervened. Telemachus orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes great care of them, particularly of Phalanthus. He performs the solemnities of the funeral of Hippias himself, and having collected his ashes in a golden urn, presents them to his brother.

While Philoctetes proceeded thus with the relation of his adventures, Telemachus stood suspended and immovable. His eyes were fixed upon the hero that spoke. All the passions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses, and Neoptolemus, appeared by turns in his countenance, as they were successively described in the course of the narration. Sometimes he interrupted Philoctetes by a sudden and involuntary exclamation; sometimes he appeared to be absorbed in thought, like a man who thinks profoundly on the course of events. When Philoctetes described the confusion of Neoptolemus in his first attempts at dissimulation, the same confusion appeared in Telemachus, and he might, in that moment, have been taken for Neoptolemus himself.

The allied army marched in good order against Adrastus,

the tyrant of Daunia, a contemner of the gods and a deceiver of men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave without giving offence among so many princes who were jealous of each other. It was necessary that he should give cause of suspicion to none, and that he should conciliate the good-will of all. There was great goodness and sincerity in his disposition, but he was not naturally obliging, and gave himself little trouble to please others: he was not fond of money, yet he knew not how to give it away. Thus, with an elevated mind, and a general disposition to do good, he appeared to be neither kind nor liberal, to be neither sensible of friendship, nor grateful for favors, nor attentive to merit. He indulged his humor without the least regard to the opinions of others. His mother, Penelope, notwithstanding the care of Mentor, had encouraged a pride of birth and lofty demeanor, which cast a shade over all his good qualities. He considered himself as of a nature superior to the rest of men, whom he seemed to think the gods had placed upon the earth merely for his pleasure and service, to anticipate all his desires, and refer all to him as to a visible divinity. To serve him was, in his opinion, a happiness that sufficiently recompensed the service. Nothing that he required was to be supposed impossible; and at the least delay the impetuous ardor of his temper burst into a flame.

Those who should have seen him thus unguarded and unrestrained, would have concluded him incapable of loving any thing but himself, and sensible only to the gratification of his own appetites and vanity; but this indifference for others, and perpetual attention to himself, were merely the effect of the continual agitation that he suffered from the violence of his passions. He had been flattered and humored by his mother from the cradle, and was a striking example of the disadvantages of high birth. Misfortune had not yet abated either his haughtiness or impetuosity; in every state of dereliction and distress, he had still looked round him with disdain; and his pride, like the palm, still rose under every depression.

While he was with Mentor, his faults did not manifest them-

selves, and they became less and less every day. Like a fiery steed, that, in his course, disdains the rock, the precipice, and the torrent, and is obedient only to one commanding voice and one guiding hand, Telemachus, impelled by a noble ardor, could be restrained only by Mentor. But Mentor could arrest him with a look in the midst of his career: he knew, he felt, the meaning of his eye the moment that it glanced upon him; his heart became sensible to virtue, and his countenance softened into serenity and complaisance; the rebellious tempest is not more suddenly rebuked into peace, when Neptune lifts his trident and frowns upon the deep.

When Telemachus was left to himself, all his passions, which had been restrained like the course of a torrent by a mound, burst away with yet greater violence. He could not suffer the arrogance of the Lacedemonians, nor that of Phalanthus their commander. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, consisted of young men, who, having been born during the siege of Troy, had received no education; their illegitimate birth, the dissoluteness of their mothers, and the licentiousness in which they had been brought up, gave them an air of savage barbarity. They resembled rather a band of robbers than a Grecian colony.

Phalanthus took every opportunity to show his contempt of Telemachus; he frequently interrupted him in their public councils, and treated his advice as the crude notions of puerile inexperience; he also frequently made him the subject of his raillery, as a feeble and effeminate youth: he pointed out his slightest failings to the chiefs, and was perpetually busy in fomenting jealousies, and rendering the haughty manner of Telemachus odious to the allies.

Telemachus having one day taken some Daunians prisoners, Phalanthus pretended that they belonged to him, because, as he said, he had defeated the party at the head of his Lacedemonians; and Telemachus, finding them already vanquished and put to flight, had nothing to do but to give quarter to those that threw down their arms, and lead them to the camp. Telemachus, on the contrary, insisted that he had prevented Phalanthus from being defeated by that very party, and had

turned the scale in his favor. This question was disputed before an assembly of all the princes of the alliance. Telemachus being so far provoked as to threaten Phalanthus, they would immediately have fought if the assembly had not interposed.

Phalanthus had a brother, whose name was Hippias, and who was much celebrated for his courage, strength, and dexterity. "Pollux," said the Tarentines, "could not wield the cestus better, nor could Castor surpass him in the management of a horse; he had almost the stature and the strength of Hercules." He was the terror of the whole army, for he was yet more petulant and brutal than courageous and strong.

Hippias, having remarked the haughtiness with which Telemachus had menaced his brother, went, in great haste, to carry off the prisoners to Tarentum, without waiting for the determination of the assembly. Telemachus, who was privately informed of it, rushed out after him, burning with rage. He ran eagerly from one part of the camp to the other, like a boar, who, being wounded in the chase, turns enraged upon the hunter. His eye looked round for his enemy, and his hand shook the spear which he was impatient to hurl against him. He found him at length, and at the sight of him he was transported with new fury. He was no longer Telemachus, a noble youth, whose mind Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had enriched with wisdom, but an enraged lion, or a lunatic, urged on by desperate phrensy.

"Stay!" he cried to Hippias; "thou basest of mankind! stay; and let us see if thou canst wrest from me the spoils of those whom I have overcome. Thou shalt not carry them to Tarentum. Thou shalt, this moment, descend to the gloomy borders of the Styx!" His spear instantly followed his words, but he threw it with so much fury that he could take no aim, and it fell to the ground, wide of Hippias. He then drew his sword, of which the guard was gold, and which had been given him by Laertes, when he departed from Ithaca, as a pledge of his affection. Laertes had used it with glory, when he himself was young, and it had been stained with the blood of many chiefs of Epirus, during a war in which Laertes had been vic-

torious. The sword was scarcely drawn by Telemachus, when Hippias, willing to avail himself of his superior strength, rushed upon him and endeavored to force it from his hand. The weapon broke in the contest. They then seized each other, and were in a moment locked together. They appeared like two savage beasts, striving to tear each other in pieces; fire sparkled in their eyes; their bodies are now contracted, and now extended; they now stoop, and now rise; they spring furiously upon each other, and pant with the thirst of blood. Thus they engaged, foot to foot, hand to hand; and their limbs were so entwined with each other that they seemed to belong to one body. The advantage, at last, inclined to Hippias, to whom maturity of years had given firmness and a strength which to the tender age of Telemachus was wanting. His breath now failed him, and his knees trembled. Hippias perceiving his weakness and redoubling his efforts, the fate of Telemachus would have been decided, and he would have suffered the punishment due to his passion and temerity, if Minerva, who still watched over him from afar, and suffered him to fall into this extremity of danger only for his instruction, had not determined the victory in his favor.

She did not herself quit the palace of Salentum, but she sent Iris, the swift messenger of the gods, who, spreading her light wings to the air, divided the unbounded space above, leaving behind her a long train of light, which painted a cloud of a thousand dyes.[1] She descended not to the earth till she came to the sea-shore, where the innumerable army of the allies was encamped. She saw the contest at a distance, and marked the violence and fury of the two combatants; she perceived the danger of Telemachus, and trembled with apprehension; she approached in a thin vapor, which she had condensed into a cloud. At the moment when Hippias, conscious of his superior strength, believed his victory to be secure, she covered the

---

[1] "Dewy Iris, drawing a thousand various colors from the opposite sun, shoots downward through the sky on saffron wings."—Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 700.

young charge of Minerva with the shield of the goddess, which for this purpose had been confided to her care. Telemachus, who was exhausted and fainting, instantly became sensible of new vigor. In proportion as he revived, the strength and courage of Hippias declined; he was conscious of something invisible and divine, which overwhelmed and confounded him. Telemachus now pressed him closer, and assailed him sometimes in one posture, and sometimes in another; he staggered him, and left him not a moment's respite to recover; he at length threw him down, and fell upon him. An oak of Mount Ida, which at last yields to a thousand strokes, that have made the depths of the forest resound, falls[1] not with a more dreadful noise than Hippias; the earth groaned beneath him, and all that was around him shook.

But the ægis of Minerva infused into Telemachus wisdom as well as strength. At the moment when Hippias fell under him, he was touched with a sense of the fault he had committed by attacking the brother of one of the confederate princes whom he had taken arms to assist. He recollected the counsels of Mentor, and they covered him with confusion; he was ashamed of his victory, and conscious that he ought to have been vanquished. In the mean time, Phalanthus, transported with rage, ran to the succor of his brother, and would have pierced Telemachus with the spear that he carried in his hand, if he had not feared to pierce Hippias also, whom Telemachus held under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might then easily have taken the life of his enemy, but his anger was appeased, and he thought only of atoning for his rashness by showing his moderation. Getting up, therefore, from his antagonist he said: "I am satisfied, O Hippias, with having taught thee not to despise my youth; I give thee life, and I admire thy valor and thy strength. The gods have protected me; yield, therefore, to the power of the gods. Henceforth, let us

---

[1] "Falls to the ground of himself with his heavy bulk, as sometimes on Erymanthus, or spacious Ida, a hollow pine torn from the roots tumbles down at once."—Virgil, *Æneid*, v. 447.

think only of uniting our strength against the common enemy."

While Telemachus was speaking, Hippias rose from the ground covered with dust and blood, burning with shame and indignation. Phalanthus did not dare to take the life of him who had so generously given life to his brother; he was confused and scarcely knew what he would do. All the princes of the alliance ran to the place and carried off Telemachus on one side, and on the other Phalanthus with Hippias, who, having lost all his arrogance, kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. The whole army was struck with astonishment to find that Telemachus, a youth of so tender an age, who had not yet acquired the full strength of a man, had been able to prevail against Hippias, who in strength and stature resembled the giants, those children of the earth who once attempted to dispossess the gods of Olympus.

Telemachus, however, was far from enjoying his victory. While the camp was resounding with his praise he retired to his tent, overwhelmed with the sense of his fault, and wishing to escape from himself. He bewailed the impetuosity of his temper, abhorred himself for the injurious extravagancies which his passions hurried him to commit, and became conscious of the vanity, the weakness, and the meanness in his unbounded pride. He felt that true greatness consists only in moderation, justice, modesty, and humanity. He saw his defects, but he did not dare to hope that, after being so often betrayed into the same faults, he should be ever able to correct them. He was at war with himself, and in the anguish of the conflict his complaints were like the roaring of a lion.

Two days he remained alone in his tent, tormented by self-reproach and ashamed to return back to society. "How can I," said he, "again dare to look Mentor in the face? Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and most patient of men? Have I come to fill the camp of the allies with dissension and disorder? Is it their blood or that of their enemies, the Daunians, that I ought to spill? I have been rash even to madness, so that I knew not even how to hurl a spear; I exposed myself

to danger and disgrace by engaging Hippias with inferior strength, and had reason to expect nothing less than death with the dishonor of being vanquished. And what if I had thus died? My faults would have perished with me, and the turbulent pride, the thoughtless presumption of Telemachus, would no longer have disgraced the name of Ulysses, or the counsels of Mentor. Oh, that I could but hope never more to do what now, with unutterable anguish, I repent having done! I should then, indeed, be happy; but, alas! before the sun that is now risen shall descend, I shall, with the full consent of my will, repeat the very same faults that I now regret with shame and horror. O fatal victory! O mortifying praise! at once the memorial and reproach of my folly!"

While he was thus alone and inconsolable, he was visited by Nestor and Philoctetes. Nestor had intended to convince him of his fault, but the wise old man, instantly perceiving his distress and contrition, changed his remonstrances into consolation, and instead of reproving his misconduct, endeavored to soothe his despair.

This quarrel retarded the confederates in their expedition; for they could not march against their enemies till they had reconciled Telemachus to Phalanthus and Hippias. They were in continual dread lest the Tarentines should fall upon the company of young Cretans who had followed Telemachus to the war. Every thing was thrown into confusion, merely by the folly of Telemachus; and Telemachus, who saw how much mischief he had caused already, and how much more might follow from his indiscretion, gave himself up to remorse and sorrow. The princes were extremely embarrassed; they did not dare to put the army in motion, lest the Tarentines of Phalanthus and the Cretans of Telemachus should fall upon each other in their march. It was with great difficulty that they were restrained even in the camp, where a strict watch was kept over them. Nestor and Philoctetes were continually passing and repassing between the tents of Telemachus and Phalanthus. Phalanthus was implacable, he had an obdurate ferocity in his nature, and being perpetually stimulated to re-

venge by Hippias, whose discourse was full of rage and indignation, he was neither moved by the eloquence of Nestor nor the authority of Philoctetes. Telemachus was more gentle, but he was overwhelmed with grief, and refused all consolation.

While the princes were in this perplexity the troops were struck with consternation: the camp appeared like a house in which the father of the family, the support of his relations and the hope of his children, is just dead.

In the midst of this distress and disorder the army was suddenly alarmed by a confused and dreadful noise, the rattling of chariots, the clash of arms, the neighing of horses, and the cries of men,—some victorious, and urging the slaughter; some flying and terrified; some wounded and dying. The dust rose as in a whirlwind, and formed a cloud that obscured the sky and surrounded the camp. In a few moments with this dust was mixed a thick smoke, which polluted the air and prevented respiration. Soon after was heard a hollow noise, like the roaring of Mount Ætna, when her fires are urged by Vulcan and the Cyclops, who forge thunder for the father of the gods. Terror seized all hearts.

Adrastus, vigilant and indefatigable, had surprised the allies in their camp. He had concealed his own march, and, perfectly acquainted with theirs, he had, with incredible expedition and labor, marched around a mountain of very difficult access, the passes of which had been secured by the allies. Not dreaming that he could march round it, and knowing that the defiles by which alone it could be passed were in their hands, they not only imagined themselves to be in perfect security, but had formed a design to march through these defiles, and fall upon their enemy behind the mountain, when some auxiliaries which they expected should come up. Of this design, Adrastus, who spared no money to discover the secrets of an enemy, had gained intelligence; for Nestor and Philoctetes, notwithstanding their wisdom and experience, were not sufficiently careful to conceal their undertakings. Nestor, who was in a declining age, took too much pleasure in telling what he thought would procure him applause; Philoc-

tetes was naturally less talkative, but he was hasty, and the slightest provocation would betray him into the discovery of what he had determined to conceal. Artful people, therefore, soon found the way to unlock his breast, and get possession of whatever it contained. Nothing more was necessary than to make him angry; he would then lose all command of himself, express his resentment by menaces, and boast that he had certain means to accomplish his purposes. If this was ever so slightly doubted, he would immediately disclose his project, and give up the dearest secret of his heart. Thus did this great commander resemble a cracked vessel, which, however precious its material, suffers the liquors that are intrusted to it to drain away.

Those who had been corrupted by the money of Adrastus did not fail to take advantage of the weakness of these two kings. They flattered Nestor with excessive and perpetual praise; they recounted the victories he had won, expatiated upon his foresight, and never grew weary of applauding him. On the other side, they were continually laying snares for the impatience of Philoctetes; they talked to him of nothing but difficulties, crosses, dangers, inconveniences, and irremediable mistakes. The moment his natural impetuosity was moved, his wisdom forsook him, and he was no longer the same man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding his faults, was much better qualified to keep a secret; he had acquired a habit of secrecy by misfortunes, and by the necessity he had been under of concealing, even in his infancy, his thoughts from the suitors of Penelope. He had the art of keeping a secret without falsehood, and even without appearing to have a secert, by that reserved and mysterious air which generally distinguishes secretive people. A secret did not appear to lay him under the least difficulty or restraint; he seemed to be always unconstrained, easy, and open, as if his heart was upon his lips. He said all that might be said safely, with the greatest freedom and unconcern, but he knew, with the utmost precision, where to stop, and could, without the least appearance of design, avoid whatever glanced, however obliquely, at what he would

conceal. His heart, therefore, was wholly inaccessible, and his best friends knew only what he thought was necessary to enable them to give him advice, except Mentor alone, from whom he concealed nothing. In other friends he placed different degrees of confidence, in proportion as he experienced their fidelity and wisdom.

Telemachus had often observed that the resolutions of the council were too generally known in the camp, and had complained of it to Nestor and Philoctetes, who did not treat it with the attention it deserved. Old men are too often inflexible, for long habit scarcely leaves them the power of choice. The faults of age are hopeless: as the trunk of an old knotty tree, if it is crooked, must be crooked forever, so men, after a certain age, lose their pliancy, and become fixed in habits which have grown old with them and become, as it were, part of their constitution. They are sometimes sensible of these habits, but, at the same time, are also sensible that they cannot be broken, and sigh over their infirmity in vain; youth is the only season in which human nature can be corrected, and in youth the power of correction is without limits.

There was in the allied army a Dolopian whose name was Eurymachus, an insinuating sycophant, who paid his court to all the princes, and could accommodate himself to every one's taste and inclination. He kept his invention and diligence continually upon the stretch to render himself agreeable. If Eurymachus might be believed, nothing was difficult. If his advice was asked, he guessed immediately what answer would be most pleasing, and gave it. He had humor, and indulged in raillery against those from whom he had nothing to fear; but to others he was respectful and complaisant; and he had the art of rendering flattery so delicate that the most modest received it without disgust. He was grave with the sober, and with the jovial he was gay; he could assume all characters, however different, with equal facility. Men of sincerity appear always the same, and their conduct, being regulated by the unalterable laws of virtue, is steady and uniform; they are, therefore, much less agreeable to princes than those who suit themselves

to their predominant passions. Eurymachus had considerable military skill, and was very able in business. He was a soldier of fortune, who, having attached himself to Nestor, had entirely gained his confidence, and could, by flattering that vanity and fondness for praise which a little sullied the lustre of his character, draw from him whatever he wanted to know.

Philoctetes, though he never trusted him, was not less in his power; for in him, irascibility and impatience produced the same effect that an ill-placed confidence produced in Nestor. Eurymachus had nothing to do but to contradict him; for when once he was provoked, all his secrets were discovered. This man had been bribed with large sums of money to betray the councils of the allies to Adrastus, who had, in his army, a certain number of chosen men, who went over to the allies as deserters, and came back, one by one, with intelligence from Eurymachus, as often as he had any thing of importance to communicate. This treachery was practised without much danger of detection, for these messengers carried no letters, and therefore if they happened to be seized, nothing was found upon them that could render Eurymachus suspected.

Every project of the allies, therefore, was constantly defeated by Adrastus. An enterprise was scarcely resolved upon in council, before the Daunians made the very dispositions which alone could prevent its success. Telemachus was indefatigable to discover the cause, and endeavored to put Nestor and Philoctetes upon their guard, by alarming their suspicion; but his care was ineffectual: they were blind.

It had been resolved in council to wait for a considerable reinforcement that was expected, and a hundred vessels were dispatched secretly by night to convey these troops from that part of the coast, whither they had been ordered to repair, to the place where the army was encamped, with greater speed and facility; the ground over which they would otherwise have been obliged to march, being in some places very difficult to pass. In the mean time they thought themselves in perfect security, having taken possession of the passes of the neighboring mountain, which was a part of the Appenines

most difficult of access. The camp was upon the banks of the river Galesus, not far from the sea, in a delightful country, abounding with pasturage, and with whatever else was necessary for the subsistence of an army. Adrastus was on the other side of the mountain, which it was thought impossible for him to pass; but as he knew that the allies were then weak, that a large reinforcement was expected to join them, that vessels were waiting to receive them on board, and that dissension and animosity had been produced in the army by the quarrel between Telemachus and Phalanthus, he undertook to march round without delay. He proceeded with the utmost expedition, advancing night and day along the borders of the sea, through ways which had always been thought inaccessible. Thus courage and labor[1] surmount all obstacles; thus, to those who can dare and suffer, nothing is impossible; and those who, slumbering in idleness and timidity, dream that every thing is impossible that appears to be difficult, deserve to be surprised and subdued.

Adrastus fell unexpectedly upon the hundred vessels of the allies at break of day. As these vessels were not prepared for defence, and those on board had not the least suspicion of an attack, they were seized without resistance, and served to transport his troops with the greatest expedition to the mouth of the Galesus. He then proceeded, without delay, up the river. The advanced guard of the allies on that side, believing that these vessels brought the reinforcement they expected, received them with shouts of joy. Adrastus and his men got on shore before they discovered their mistake. He fell upon them when they had no suspicion of danger, and he found the camp open, without order, without chief, and without arms.

The quarter of the camp which he first attacked was that of the Tarentines, commanded by Phalanthus. The Daunians entered so suddenly and with so much vigor, that the surprise of the Lacedemonians rendered them incapable of resistance. While they were seeking their arms with a confusion that

---

[1] "Labor omnia vincit."—Virgil, *George.*, i.

made them embarrass and impede each other, Adrastus set fire to the camp. The flames immediately rose from the tents to the sky, and the noise of the fire was like that of a torrent which rolls over a whole country, bearing down trees of the deepest root, and sweeping away the treasured harvest with the barn, and flocks and herds with the fold and the stall.[1] The flames were driven by the wind from tent to tent, and the whole camp had soon the appearance of an ancient forest, which some accidental spark had set on fire.

Phalanthus, though he was nearest to the danger, could apply no remedy. He saw that all his troops must perish in the conflagration if they did not immediately abandon the camp; yet he was sensible that a sudden retreat before a victorious enemy might produce a final and fatal disorder. He began, however, to draw up his Lacedemonian youth before they were half armed. But Adrastus gave him no time to breathe; a band of expert archers killed many of them on one side, and a company of slingers threw stones as thick as hail on the other. Adrastus himself, sword in hand, at the head of a chosen number of Daunians, pursued the fugitives by the light of the flames, and put all that escaped the fire to the sword. Blood flowed round him in a deluge; his fury exceeded that of lions and tigers, when they tear in pieces the shepherd and the flock. The troops of Phalanthus stood torpid in despair. Death appeared before them like a spectre led by an infernal Fury, and their blood froze in their veins; their limbs would no longer obey their will, and their trembling knees deprived them even of the hope of flight.

Phalanthus, whose faculties were in some degree roused by shame and despair, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven; he saw his brother Hippias fall at his feet under the dreadful hand of Adrastus. He was stretched upon the earth and rolled in the dust; the blood gushed from a deep wound in

[1] "As when a flame is driven by furious south-winds on standing corn, or as a torrent impetuously bursting in a mountain-flood desolates the fields, desolates the rich crops of corn and the labors of the ox, and drags woods headlong down."—Virgil, *Æn.*, ii. 304.

his side like a river; his eyes closed against the light, and his soul, furious and indignant, issued with the torrent of his blood. Phalanthus himself, all covered with the blood of his brother, and unable to afford him succor, was instantly surrounded by a crowd of enemies, who pressed him with all their power. His shield was pierced by a thousand arrows; he was wounded in many parts of the body; the troops fled without a possibility of being brought back to the charge; the gods looked down upon his sufferings without pity.

Jupiter, surrounded by all the celestial deities, surveyed the slaughter of the allies from the summit of Olympus. At the same time he consulted the immutable destinies, and beheld the chiefs whose thread of life was that day to be divided by the Fates. Every eye in the divine assembly was fixed upon the countenance of Jupiter, to discover his will. But the father of gods and men thus addressed them, with a voice in which majesty was tempered with sweetness: "You see the distress of the allies, and the triumph of Adrastus; but the scene is deceptive. The prosperity and honor of the wicked are short. The victory of Adrastus, the impious and perfidious, shall not be complete. The allies are punished by this misfortune, only that they may correct their faults, and learn better to conceal their counsels. Minerva is preparing new laurels for Telemachus, whom she delights to honor." Jupiter ceased to speak, and the gods continued, in silence, to behold the battle.

In the mean time, Nestor and Philoctetes were informed that one part of the camp was already burned; that the wind was spreading the flames to the rest; that the troops were in disorder, and that Phalanthus, with his Lacedemonians, had given way. At this dreadful intelligence they ran to arms, assembled the leaders, and gave orders for the camp to be immediately abandoned, that the men might not perish in the conflagration.

Telemachus, who had been pining with inconsolable dejection, forgot his anguish in a moment, and resumed his arms. His arms were the gift of Minerva, who, under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an excellent

artificer of Salentum; but they were, indeed, the work of Vulcan, who, at her request, had forged them in the smoking caverns of Mount Ætna.

These arms[1] had a polish like glass, and were effulgent as the rays of the sun. On the cuirass was the representation of Neptune and Pallas, disputing which of them should give name to a rising city. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and a horse sprung out at the blow: his eyes had the appearance of living fire, and the foam of his mouth sparkled like light; his mane floated in the wind; his limbs, at once nervous and supple, played under him with equal agility and vigor; his motion could not be reduced to any pace, but he seemed to bound along with a swiftness and elasticity that left no trace of his foot, and the spectator could scarcely believe but that he heard him neigh.

In another compartment, Minerva appeared to be giving the branch of an olive, a tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city: the branch, with its fruit, represented that plenty and peace which wisdom cannot fail to prefer before the disorders of war, of which the horse was an emblem. This simple and useful gift decided the contest in favor of the goddess, and Athens, the pride of Greece, was distinguished by her name.[2]

Minerva was also represented as assembling around her the Liberal Arts, under the symbols of little children with wings: they appeared to fly to her for protection, terrified at the brutal fury of Mars, who marks his way with desolation, as lambs gather round their dam at the sight of a hungry wolf, who has already opened his mouth to devour them. The goddess, with a look of disdain and anger, confounded, by the excellence of her works, the presumptuous folly of Arachne, who vied with her in the labors of the loom. Arachne herself was also to be seen in the piece, her limbs attenuated

---

[1] Many are the passages in the ancient poets imitated by Fénelon in his fine description of Telemachus' armor.—Ed.

[2] The Greek name of Minerva is Ἀθήνη (Athene).

and disfigured, and her whole form changed into that of a spider.

At a little distance, Minerva was again represented as giving counsel to Jupiter when the Giants made war upon heaven, and encouraging the inferior deities in their terror and consternation. She was also represented with her spear and ægis, upon the borders of Simois and Scamander, leading Ulysses by the hand, animating the flying Greeks with new courage, and sustaining them against the heroes of Troy and the prowess even of Hector himself. She was last represented as introducing Ulysses into the fatal machine, by which, in one night, the whole empire of Priam was subverted.

Another part of the shield represented Ceres in the fruitful plains of Enna, the centre of Sicily. The goddess appeared to be collecting together a scattered multitude, who were seeking subsistence by the chase, or gathering up the wild fruit that fell from the trees. To these ignorant barbarians she seemed to teach the art of meliorating the earth, and deriving sustenance from its fertility. She presented them a plough, and showed them how oxen were to be yoked. The earth was then seen to part in furrows under the share, and a golden harvest waved upon the plain: the reaper put in his sickle, and was rewarded for all his labor. Iron, which in other places was devoted to works of destruction, was here employed only to produce plenty and provide for delight.

The nymphs of the meadows, crowned with flowers, were dancing on the borders of a river near a grove; Pan gave the music of his pipe, and the fauns and satyrs were seen frolicking together on the border. Bacchus was also represented, crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand on his thyrsis, and holding the branch of a vine, laden with grapes, in the other. The beauty of the god was effeminate, but mingled with something noble, impassioned, and languishing, that cannot be expressed. He appeared upon the shield as he did to the unfortunate Ariadne, when he found her alone, forsaken, and overwhelmed with grief, a stranger upon an unknown shore.

Finally, numbers of people were seen on all sides—old men

carrying the first fruits of their labor as an offering to the gods—young men returning, weary with the labor of the day, to their wives, who had gone out to meet them, leading their children by the hand and interrupting their walk with caresses. There were also shepherds, some of whom appeared to be singing, while others danced to the music of the reed. The whole was a representation of peace, plenty, and delight; every thing was smiling and happy. Wolves even were seen sporting with the sheep in the pastures; the lion and tiger, having lost their ferocity, grazed peaceably with the lamb,—a shepherd that was still a child led them, obedient to his crook, in one flock: and this peaceful picture recalled all the charms of the golden age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine armor, took, instead of his own shield, the dreadful ægis of Minerva, which had been sent him by Iris, the speedy messenger of the gods. Iris had, unperceived, taken away his shield, and had left, in its stead, this ægis, at the sight of which the gods themselves are impressed with dread.

When he was thus armed, he ran out of the camp to avoid the flames, and called to him all the chiefs of the army; he called with a voice that restored the courage they had lost, and his eyes sparkled with a brightness that was more than human. His aspect was placid, and his manner easy and composed; he gave orders with the same quiet attention as that of an old man, who regulates his family and instructs his children; but in action he was sudden and impetuous; he resembled a torrent, which not only rolls on its own waves with irresistible rapidity, but carries with it the heaviest vessel that floats upon its surface.

Philoctetes and Nestor, the chiefs of the Mandurians, and the leaders of other nations, felt themselves influenced by an irresistible authority: age appeared to be no longer conscious of experience; every commander seemed to give up implicitly all pretensions to counsel and wisdom; even jealousy, a passion so natural to man, was suspended; every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed with admiration upon Telemachus; all stood ready to obey him without reflection, as if

they had always been under his command. He advanced to an eminence, from which the disposition of the enemy might be discovered: at the first glance he saw that not a moment was to be lost, that the burning of the camp had thrown the Daunians into disorder, and that they might now be surprised in their turn. He therefore took a circuit with the utmost expedition, followed by the most experienced commanders.

He fell upon the Daunians in the rear, when they believed the whole army of the allies to be surrounded by the conflagration. This unexpected attack threw them into confusion; and they fell under the hand of Telemachus, as leaves[1] fall from the trees in the declining year, when the northern tempest, the harbinger of winter, makes the veterans of the forest groan, and bends the branches to the trunk. Telemachus strewed the earth with the victims of his prowess. His spear pierced the heart of Iphicles, the youngest son of Adrastus: Iphicles rashly presented himself before him in battle, to preserve the life of his father, whom Telemachus was about to attack by surprise. Telemachus and Iphicles were equal in beauty, vigor, dexterity, and courage; they were of the same stature, had the same sweetness of disposition, and were both tenderly beloved by their parents; but Iphicles fell like a flower of the field, which, in the full pride of its beauty, is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Telemachus then overthrew Euphorion, the most celebrated of all the Lydians that came from Etruria. His sword at last pierced the breast of Cleomenes, who had just plighted his faith in marriage, and had promised rich spoils to the wife whom he was destined to see no more.

Adrastus beheld the fall of his son and of his captains, and saw his victory wrested from him, when he thought it secure, in a transport of rage. Phalanthus, almost prostrate at his feet, was like a victim, wounded but not slain, that starts from the sacred knife, and flies terrified from the altar.[2] In

---

[1] "As numerous as withered leaves fall in the woods with the first cold of autumn."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 309.

[2] "As when a bull has fled wounded from the altar, and has eluded with his neck the missing axe."—Virgil, *Æn.*, ii. 223.

one moment more, his life would have been the prize of Adrastus.

But in this crisis of his fate, he heard the shout of Telemachus, rushing to his assistance, and looked upward. His life was now given him back, and the cloud which was settling over his eyes vanished. The Daunians, alarmed at this unexpected attack, abandoned Phalanthus, to repress a more formidable enemy. Adrastus was stung with new rage, like a tiger, from which the shepherds, with united force, snatch the prey that he was ready to devour. Telemachus sought him in the throng, desiring to finish the war at a stroke, by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy.

But Jupiter would not vouchsafe the son of Ulysses so sudden and easy a victory; even Minerva, that he might better learn to govern, was willing that he should continue longer to suffer. The impious Adrastus, therefore, was preserved by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might acquire new virtue, and be distinguished by greater glory. A thick cloud was interposed by Jupiter, between the Daunians and their enemies; the will of the gods was declared in thunders that shook the plain, and threatened to crush the weak inhabitants of the earth under the ruins of Olympus; the lightning divided the firmament from pole to pole; and the light which, this moment, dazzled the eye, left it the next in total darkness. An impetuous shower that immediately followed, contributed to separate the two armies.

Adrastus availed himself of the succor of the gods, without any secret acknowledgment of their power,—an instance of ingratitude, which made him worthy of more signal vengeance. He possessed himself of a situation, between the ruins of the camp and a morass which extended to the river, with such promptness and expedition as made even his retreat an honor, and at once showed his readiness at expedients, and his perfect possession of himself. The allies, animated by Telemachus, would have pursued him; but he escaped, by favor of the storm, like a bird from the snare of the fowler.

The allies had now nothing to do but to return to the camp,

and repair the damage it had suffered. But the scene, as they entered it, exhibited the miseries of war in their utmost horror. The sick and wounded, not having strength to quit their tents, had become a prey to the flames; and many that appeared to be half burnt, were still able to express their misery in a plaintive and dying voice, calling upon the gods, and looking upward. At these sights and these sounds, Telemachus was pierced to the heart, and burst into tears; he was seized with horror and compassion, and involuntarily turned away his eyes from objects which he trembled to behold,—from wretches whose death was inevitable, but painful and slow,—from those bodies, in part devoured by the fire, which had the appearance of the flesh of victims that is burnt upon the altar, and mixes the savor of sacrifices with the air.

"Alas!" exclaimed Telemachus, "how various and how dreadful are the miseries of war! What horrid infatuation impels mankind! Their days upon the earth are few, and those few are evil; why then should they precipitate death which is already near? why should they add bitterness to life that is already bitter? All men are brothers, and yet they hunt each other as prey. The wild beasts of the desert are less cruel. Lions wage not war against lions, and to the tiger, the tiger is peaceable; the only objects of their ferocity are animals of a different species; man does, in opposition to his reason, what by animals that are without reason is never done. And for what are these wars undertaken? Is there not land enough in the world for every man to appropriate more than he can cultivate? Are there not deserts which the whole race could never people? What then is the motive to war? Some tyrant sighs for a new appellation—he would be called a conqueror; and for this he kindles a flame that desolates the earth. Thus a wretched individual who would not have been born but for the anger of the gods, brutally sacrifices his species to his vanity: ruin must spread, blood must flow, fire must consume, and he who escapes from the flames and the sword, must perish by famine with yet more anguish and horror, that one man, to whom the misery of a world is sport

may, from this general destruction, obtain a fanciful possession of what he calls glory! How vile the perversion of so sacred a name! how worthy, above all others, of indignation and contempt, those who have so far forgotten humanity! Let those who fancy they are demi-gods, henceforth remember that they are less than men, and let every succeeding age by which they have hoped to be admired hold them in execration. With what caution should princes undertake a war! Wars, indeed, ought always to be just; but that is not sufficient; they ought also to be necessary to the general good. The blood of a nation ought never to be shed except for its own preservation in the utmost extremity. But the perfidious counsels of flattery, false notions of glory, groundless jealousies, insatiable ambition, disguised under specious appearances, and connections insensibly formed, seldom fail to engage princes in wars which render them unhappy, in which every thing is put in hazard without necessity, and which produce as much mischief to their subjects as to their enemies." Such were the reflections of Telemachus.

But he did not content himself with deploring the evils of war; he endeavored to mitigate them. He went himself from tent to tent, affording to the sick and dying such assistance and comfort as they could receive; he distributed among them not only medicine, but money; he soothed and consoled them by expressions of tenderness and friendship, and sent others on the same errand to those whom he could not visit himself.

Among the Cretans that had accompanied him from Salentum, were two old men, whose names were Traumaphilus and Nosophugus.

Traumaphilus had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learned the art of healing wounds from the sons of Æsculapius. He poured into the deepest and most malignant sores an odoriferous liquor, which removed the dead and mortified flesh without the assistance of the knife, and facilitated the formation of new flesh of fairer and healthier texture than the first.

Nosophugus had never seen the sons of Æsculapius, but, by

the assistance of Merion, had procured a sacred and mysterious book, which was written by Æsculapius for their instruction. Nosophugus was also beloved by the gods; he had composed hymns in honor of the offspring of Latona; and he offered every day a lamb, white and spotless, to Apollo, by whom he was frequently inspired. As soon as he saw the sick, he knew by the appearance of the eyes, the color of the skin, the temperature of the body, and the state of respiration, what was the cause of the disease. Sometimes he administered medicines that operated by perspiration; and the success showed how much the increase or diminution of that secretion can influence the mechanism of the body for its hurt or advantage. To those that were languishing under a gradual decay, he gave infusions of certain salutary herbs, that by degrees fortified the noble parts, and, by purifying the blood, brought back the vigor and the freshness of youth. But he frequently declared that if it were not for criminal excesses and idle fears, there would be but little employment for the physician. "The number of diseases," said he, "is a disgrace to mankind; for virtue produces health. Intemperance converts the very food that should sustain life into a poison that destroys it; and pleasure, indulged to excess, shortens our days more than they can be lengthened by medicine. The poor are more rarely sick for want of nourishment than the rich by taking too much. High-seasoned meats, that stimulate appetite after nature is sufficed, are rather poison than food. Medicines themselves offer violence to nature, and should never be used but in the most pressing necessity. The great remedy which is always innocent and always useful, is temperance, a moderate use of pleasure, tranquillity of mind, and exercise of the body. These produce a pure and well-tempered blood, and throw off superfluous humors that would corrupt it." Thus was Nosophugus yet less honored for the medicine by which he cured diseases, than for the rules he prescribed to prevent them and render medicine unnecessary.

These excellent persons were sent by Telemachus to visit the sick of the army. Many they restored by their remedies, but

yet more by the care which they took to have them properly attended, to have their persons kept clean, and the air about them pure; at the same time confining the convalescent to an exact regimen, as well with respect to the quality as the quantity of their food. The soldiers, touched with gratitude at this seasonable and important relief, gave thanks to the gods for having sent Telemachus among them.

"He is not," said they, "a mere mortal like ourselves; he is certainly some beneficent deity in a human shape; or if he is indeed a mortal, he bears less resemblance to the rest of men than to the gods. He is an inhabitant of the earth only to diffuse good; his affability and benevolence recommend him still more than his valor. Oh that we might have him for our king! but the gods reserve him for some more favored and happy people among whom they design to restore the golden age!"

These encomiums were overheard by Telemachus, while he was going about the camp in the night to guard against the stratagems of Adrastus, and therefore could not be suspected of flattery, like those which designing sycophants often bestow upon princes to their face, insolently presuming that they have neither modesty nor delicacy, and that nothing more is necessary to secure their favor than to load them with extravagant praise. To Telemachus, that only was pleasing which was true; he could bear no praise but that, which, being given when he was absent, he might reasonably conclude to be just. To such praise he was not insensible, but tasted the pure and serene delight which the gods have decreed to virtue alone, and which vice can neither enjoy nor conceive. He did not, however, give himself up to this pleasure: his faults immediately rushed into his mind; he remembered his excessive regard for himself and indifference to others; he felt a secret shame at having received from nature a disposition which made him appear to want the feelings of humanity. He referred to Minerva all the praise that he had received, as having grafted excellence upon him, which he thought he had no right to appropriate to himself.

"It is thy bounty," said he, "O goddess, which has given me Mentor to fill my mind with knowledge, and correct the infirmities of my nature. Thou hast vouchsafed me wisdom to profit by my faults and mistrust myself. It is thy power that restrains the impetuosity of my passions; and the pleasure that I feel in comforting the afflicted is thy gift. Men would hate me but for thee, and without thee I should deserve hatred; but for thee I should be guilty of irreparable faults,—I should resemble an infant, who, not conscious of its own weakness, quits the side of its mother and falls at the next step."

Nestor and Philoctetes were astonished to see Telemachus so affable, so attentive to oblige, so ready to supply the wants of others, and so diligent to prevent them. They were struck with the difference of his behavior, but could not conceive the cause. What surprised them most was the care that he took about the funeral of Hippias. He went himself and drew the body, bloody and disfigured, from the spot where it lay hidden under a heap of the slain; he was touched with a pious sorrow, and wept over it. "O mighty shade," said he, "thou art now ignorant of my reverence for thy valor! Thy haughtiness, indeed, provoked me; but thy fault was from the ardor of youth. Alas! I know but too well, how much youth has need of pardon. We were in the way to be united by friendship; I was in the wrong myself. Oh, why have the gods snatched thee from me before I had an opportunity to compel thy esteem!"[1]

Telemachus caused the body to be washed with odoriferous liquors, and by his orders a funeral pile was prepared. The lofty pines groaned under the strokes of the axe, and, as they fell, rolled down the declivity of the mountain. Oaks, those ancient children of the earth, which seemed to threaten heaven, and elms and poplars adorned with thick foliage of vivid green, with the spreading beech, the glory of the forest, fell[2] upon the

---

[1] Such, says an early editor, was the sentiment of Julius Scaliger towards Erasmus.

[2] "Down drop the firs: the ilex crashes, felled by the axes; and the

borders of the river Galesus; and a pile was there raised with such order that it resembled a regular building: the flame began to sparkle among the wood, and a cloud of smoke ascended in volumes to the sky.

The Lacedemonians advanced with a slow and mournful pace, holding their lances reversed, and fixing their eyes upon the ground; the ferocity of their countenances was softened into grief, and tears flowed from their eyes. These Lacedemonians were followed by Pherecydes, an old man, yet less depressed by the weight of years than by sorrow to have survived Hippias, whom he had educated from his earliest youth. He raised his hands, and his eyes that were drowned in tears, to heaven. Since the death of Hippias he had refused to eat, and the gentle hand of sleep had not once closed his eyes, nor suspended the anguish of his mind. He walked on with trembling steps, implicitly following the crowd, and scarcely knowing whither he went. His heart was too full for speech; his silence was that of dejection and despair. But when he saw the pile kindled, a sudden transport seized him, and he cried out: "O Hippias, Hippias! I shall see thee no more! Hippias is dead, and I am still living! O my dear Hippias! it was I that taught thee, cruel and unrelenting—it was I that taught thee the contempt of death. I hoped that my dying eyes would have been closed by thy hand, and that I should have breathed the last sigh into thy bosom. Ye have prolonged my life, ye gods, in your displeasure, that I might see the life of Hippias at an end! O my child, thou dear object of my care and hope, I shall see thee no more! But I shall see thy mother, who, dying of grief, will reproach me with thy death; and I shall see thy wife, fading in the bloom of youth, and agonized with despair and sorrow, of which I am the cause! Oh call me from these scenes to the borders of the Styx, which have received thy shade! The light is hateful to my eyes, and there is none but thee whom I desire to behold!

---

ashen logs and yielding oak are cleft by wedges; down from the mountains they roll the huge wild-ashes."—Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 180.

I live, O my dear Hippias, only to pay the last duty to thy ashes!"

The body of the hero appeared stretched upon a bier that was decorated with purple and gold. His eyes were extinguished in death, but his beauty was not totally effaced, nor had the graces faded wholly from his countenance, however pale. Around his neck, that was whiter than snow, but reclined upon the shoulder, floated his long black hair, still more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, but in a few moments to be reduced to ashes; and on his side appeared the wound through which, issuing with the torrent of his blood, his spirit had been dismissed to the gloomy regions of the dead.

Telemachus followed the body, sorrowful and dejected, and scattered flowers upon it. When it was laid upon the pile, he could not see the flames catch the clothes that were wrapped about it without again bursting into tears. "Farewell," said he, "O magnanimous youth, for I must not presume to call thee friend. Let thy shade be appeased, since thy glory is full, and my envy is precluded only by my love. Thou art delivered from the miseries that we continue to suffer, and hast entered a better region by the most glorious path. How happy should I be to follow thee by the same way! May the Styx yield a passage to thy shade, and the fields of Elysium lie open before thee! may thy name be preserved with honor to the latest generation, and thy ashes rest forever in peace!"

As soon as Telemachus, who had uttered these words in a broken and interrupted voice, was silent, the whole army sent up a general cry: the fate of Hippias, whose exploits they recounted, melted them into tenderness, and grief at once revived his good qualities, and buried in oblivion all the failings which the impetuosity of youth and a bad education had concurred to produce. They were, however, yet more touched by the tender sentiments of Telemachus. "Is this," said they, "the young Greek that was so proud, so contemptuous, and intractable? He is now affable, humane, and tender. Minerva, who has distinguished his father by her favor, is also certainly pro-

pitious to him. She has undoubtedly bestowed upon him the most valuable gift which the gods themselves can bestow upon man—a heart that is at once replete with wisdom and sensible to friendship."

The body was now consumed by the flames. Telemachus himself sprinkled the still smoking ashes with water, which gums and spices had perfumed;[1] he then deposited them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers, and he carried the urn to Phalanthus. Phalanthus was stretched out upon a couch, his body being pierced with many wounds, and life was so far exhausted that he saw, not far distant, the irremediable gates of death.

Traumaphilus and Nosophugus, whom Telemachus sent to his assistance, had exerted all their art; they had brought back his fleeting spirit by degrees, and he was insensibly animated with new strength; a gentle but penetrating power, a new principle of life gliding from vein to vein, reached even to the heart; and a genial warmth relaxing the frozen hand of Death, the tyrant remitted his grasp. But the insensibility of a dying languor was immediately succeeded by an agony of grief, and he felt the loss of his brother, which before he was not in a condition to feel. "Alas!" said he, "why all this assiduity to preserve my life? It would be better that I should follow Hippias to the grave—my dear Hippias!—whom I saw perish at my side. O my brother, thou art lost forever, and with thee all the comforts of life! I shall see thee, I shall hear thee, I shall embrace thee no more! I shall no more unburden my breast of its troubles to thee, and my friendship shall participate of thy sorrows no more! And is Hippias thus lost forever? O ye gods, that delight in the calamities of men, can it be?—or is it not a dream, from which I shall awake? Ah, no! it is a dreadful reality! I have indeed lost thee, O Hippias! I saw thee expire in the dust, and I must at least live till I have avenged thee—till I have offered up, to thy manes,

---

[1] "After the ashes had sunk down and the flames relented, they drenched the relics and soaking embers in wine."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 226.

the merciless Adrastus, whose hands are stained with thy blood."

While Phalanthus was uttering these passionate exclamations, and the divine dispensers of health were endeavoring to soothe him into peace, lest the perturbation of his mind should increase his malady and render their medicines ineffectual, he suddenly beheld Telemachus, who had approached him unperceived. At the first sight of him, he felt the conflict of two opposite passions in his bosom: his mind still glowed with resentment at the remembrance of what passed between Telemachus and Hippias, and the grief that he felt for the loss of his brother gave this resentment new force; but he was also conscious that he was himself indebted for his life to Telemachus, who had rescued him, bleeding and exhausted, from the hands of Adrastus. During this struggle, he remarked the golden urn that contained the dear remains of his brother, and the sight instantly melted him into tears. He embraced Telemachus at first without power to speak, but at length he said, in a feeble and interrupted voice:

"Thy virtue, O son of Ulysses, has compelled my love. I am indebted to thee for my life; I am indebted to thee, also, for something yet more precious than life itself. The body of my brother would have been a prey to the vulture but for thee, and but for thee the rites of sepulture had been denied him. His shade would have wandered, forlorn and wretched, upon the borders of the Styx, forever repulsed by Charon with inexorable severity.[1] Must I lie under such obligations to a man whom I have so bitterly hated? May the gods reward thee, and dismiss me from life and misery together! Render to me, O Telemachus, the last duties that you have rendered to my brother, and your glory shall be complete."

Phalanthus then fell back, fainting and overwhelmed with grief. Telemachus continued near him, but, not daring to speak, waited in silence till his strength should return. He

[1] The shade of whomsoever had not received the rites of sepulture Charon could not ferry over to the Elysian Fields.

revived after a short time, and, taking the urn out of the hands of Telemachus, he kissed it many times and wept over it. "O precious dust," said he, "when shall mine be mingled with you in the same urn? O my brother, I will follow thee to the regions of the dead! There is no need that I should avenge thee, for Telemachus will avenge us both."

By the skill of the two sages, who practised the science of Æsculapius, Phalanthus gradually recovered. Telemachus was continually with them at the couch of the sick, that they might exert themselves with more diligence to hasten the cure; and the whole army was more struck with admiration at the tenderness with which he succored his most inveterate enemy, than at the wisdom and valor with which he had preserved the army of the allies.

He was, however, at the same time indefatigable in the ruder labors of war. He slept but little, and his sleep was often interrupted, sometimes by the intelligence which was brought him at every hour of the night, as well as of the day, and sometimes by examining every quarter of the camp, which he never visited twice together at the same time, that he might be more sure to surprise those that were negligent of their duty. He often returned to his tent covered with sweat and dust. Though his sleep was short and his labor great, yet his diet was plain. He fared in every respect like the common soldiers, that he might give them an example of patience and sobriety. Provisions becoming scarce in the camp, he thought it necessary to prevent murmurings and discontent by suffering voluntarily the same inconveniences which they suffered by necessity. But this labor and temperance, however severe, were so far from impairing his vigor, that he became every day more hardy and robust. He began to lose the softer graces which may be considered as the flower of youth; his complexion became browner and less delicate, and his limbs more muscular and firm.

BOOK XIV.

Telemachus being persuaded, by several dreams, that his father Ulysses was no longer alive, executes his design of seeking him among the dead. He retires from the camp, and is followed by two Cretans as far as a temple near the celebrated cavern of Acherontia. He enters it, and descends through the gloom to the borders of the Styx, where Charon takes him into his boat. He presents himself before Pluto, who, in obedience to superior powers, permits him to seek his father. He passes through Tartarus, and is witness to the torments that are inflicted upon ingratitude, perjury, impiety, hypocrisy, and above all upon bad kings. He then enters the Elysian Fields, where he is known by his great grandfather, Arcesius, who assures him that Ulysses is still alive, that he shall see him in Ithaca, and succeed to his throne. Arcesius describes the felicity of the just, especially of good kings, who have reverenced the gods and given happiness to their people. He makes Telemachus observe that heroes, those who have excelled only in the arts of destruction, have a much less glorious reward, and are allotted a separate district by themselves. Telemachus receives some general instructions, and then returns back to the camp.

Adrastus, whose troops had been considerably diminished by the battle, retired behind Mount Aulon, where he expected a reinforcement, and watched for another opportunity of surprising the allies; as a hungry lion[1] that has been repulsed from the fold, retires into the gloomy forest, enters again into his den, and waits for some favorable moment when he may destroy the whole flock.

Telemachus, having established an exact discipline among the troops, turned his mind entirely to the execution of a design which he had conceived, but had wholly concealed from the commanders of the army. He had been long disturbed in the

---

[1] "As a shaggy-bearded lion, which dogs and men drive from the stall with spears and clamor; but his valiant heart within his breast is shaken, and he unwilling departs from the fold."—Homer, *Iliad*, xvii. 109.

night by dreams, in which he saw his father Ulysses.[1] The vision never failed to return at the end of the night, just before the approach of Aurora, with her prevailing fires, to chase from heaven the doubtful radiance of the stars, and from earth the pleasing delusions of sleep. Sometimes he thought he saw Ulysses naked upon the banks of a river, in a flowery meadow of some blissful island, surrounded by nymphs, who threw clothes to cover him within his reach; sometimes he thought he heard him speaking in a palace resplendent with ivory and gold, where a numerous audience, crowned with flowers, listened to his eloquence with delight and admiration. Ulysses often appeared to him suddenly among guests at a magnificent banquet, where joy shone amid pleasures, and the soft melody of a voice, accompanied by the lyre, gave sweeter music than the lyre of Apollo, and the voices of all the Muses.[2]

From these pleasing dreams Telemachus always awoke dejected and sorrowful. While one of them was recent upon his mind, he cried out: "O my father! O my dear father Ulysses! the most frightful dreams would be more welcome to me than these. These representations of felicity convince me that thou art already descended to the abodes of those happy spirits whom the gods reward for their virtue with everlasting rest. I think I behold the fields of Elysium! How dreadful is the loss of hope! Must I then, O my father, see thee no more forever? Must I no more embrace him to whom I was so dear, and whom I seek with such tender solicitude and persevering labor? Shall I no more drink wisdom from his lips? Shall I kiss those hands, those dear, those victorious hands, which have subdued so many enemies, no more? Shall they never punish the presumptuous suitors of Penelope? and shall the glory of Ithaca be never restored? You, ye gods, who are

---

[1] "Whenever night o'erspreads the earth with humid shades, as often as the fiery stars arise, the troubled ghost of my father Anchises visits me in my dreams."—Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 351.

[2] Telemachus sees in his dreams what happened to his father.—*Odyssey*, vi. vii. viii.

unpropitious to Ulysses, have sent these dreams to expel the last hope from my breast, and leave me to despair and death! I can no longer endure this dreadful suspense. Alas! what have I said? Of the death of my father I am but too certain. I will then seek his shade in the world below. To those awful regions Theseus descended in safety; yet Theseus, with the most horrid impiety, sought only to violate the deities of the place: my motive, the love of my father, is consistent with my duty to the gods. Hercules also descended and returned; I pretend not, indeed, to his prowess, but without it I dare to imitate his example. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, softened into pity that deity who was thought to be inexorable, and obtained permission for the return of Eurydice to the world of life. I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus; the loss that I have sustained is greater than his. What is a youthful beauty, to whom a thousand youthful beauties are equal, in comparison with the wise Ulysses, the admiration of all Greece? The attempt shall be made; and if I perish, I perish. Why should death be dreadful, when life is wretched? I come then, O Pluto! O Proserpine! to prove whether ye are indeed without pity. O my father! having traversed the earth and the seas in vain to find thee, I will now seek thee among the gloomy dwellings of the dead. If the gods will not permit me to possess thee upon the earth, and enjoy with thee the light of heaven, they may perhaps vouchsafe me the sight of thy shade in the realms below."

He immediately rose from the bed which he had bedewed with his tears, and hoped that the cheerful light of the morning would dissipate the melancholy that he suffered from the dreams of the night. He found, however, that the shaft which had pierced him was still in the wound, and that he carried it with him whithersoever he went.

He determined, therefore, to descend into hell by a celebrated avenue not far from the camp. This avenue was near a place called Acherontia, from a dreadful cavern that led down to the banks of Acheron, an infernal river, by which the

gods themselves swear with reverence and dread.[1] The town was built upon the summit of a rock, like a nest upon the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was the cavern, which no man ventured to approach. The shepherds were always careful to turn their flocks another way; and the sulphureous vapor that exhaled by this aperture from the Stygian fens made the air pestilential. The neighboring soil produced neither herb nor flower, and in this place the gentle zephyrs, the rising beauties of the spring, and the rich gifts of autumn were alike unknown.[2] The ground was thirsty and sterile, and presented nothing to the eye but a few naked shrubs, and the cypress clothed with a funereal green. In the fields that surrounded it, even at a distance, Ceres denied her golden harvests to the plough; Bacchus never gave the delicious fruit which he seemed to promise, for the grapes withered instead of ripening upon the vine. The Naiads mourned, and the waters of their urn flowed not with a gentle and translucent wave, but were bitter to the taste and impenetrable to the eye. Thorns and brambles here covered the ground; and, as there was no grove for shelter, there were no birds to sing—their strains of love were warbled beneath a milder sky—and here nothing was to be heard but the hoarse croaking of the raven, and the boding screams of the owl. The very herbage of the field was bitter; and the flocks of these joyless pastures felt not the pleasing impulse that makes them bound upon the green. The bull turned from the heifer, and the dejected shepherd forgot the music of his pipe.

A thick black smoke frequently issued from the cavern in a cloud that covered the earth with untimely darkness in the midst of day. At such seasons the neighboring people doubled their sacrifices, to propitiate the infernal gods, yet the infernal gods were frequently inexorable, and would accept no sacrifice but youth in its sweetest bloom, and

---

[1] It was the Styx that the gods swore by with dread.—Ed.

[2] Petronius, in his *Civil War*, has a similar description of Solfaterra, near Naples.

manhood in its ripest vigor, which they cut off by a fatal contagion.

In this place Telemachus resolved to seek the way that led down to the dark dominions of Pluto. Minerva, who watched over him with incessant care, and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious, and at her request Jupiter himself had commissioned Mercury, who descends daily to the infernal regions to deliver a certain number of the dead to Charon, to tell the sovereign of the shades it was his pleasure that Telemachus should be permitted to enter his dominions.

Telemachus withdrew secretly from the camp in the night, and, going on by the light of the moon, he invoked that powerful divinity, who in heaven is the radiant planet of the night, upon earth the chaste Diana, and the tremendous Hecate in hell. The goddess heard his prayer, and accepted it, for she knew that his heart was upright and his intention pious.

As he drew near to the cavern he heard the subterraneous empire roar. The earth trembled under his feet, and the heavens seemed to rain down fire upon his head. A secret horror thrilled to his heart, and his limbs were covered with a cold sweat; yet his fortitude sustained him, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven he said: "Great gods, I accept these omens, and believe them to be happy; fulfil them, and confirm my hope!" His breast glowed with new ardor as he spoke, and he rushed forward to the mouth of the pit.

The thick smoke, which rendered it fatal to all that approached it, immediately disappeared, and the pestilential stench was for a while suspended. He entered the cavern alone, for who would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans to whom he had communicated his design, and who accompanied him part of the way, remained, pale and trembling, in a temple at some distance, putting up prayers for his deliverance, but despairing of his return.

Telemachus, in the mean time, plunged into the darkness before him, having his sword drawn in his hand. In a few minutes he perceived a feeble and dusky light, like that which is seen at midnight upon the earth: he could also distinguish

airy shades that fluttered round him, which he dispersed with his sword; and soon after he discovered the mournful banks of the Styx, whose waters, polluted by the marshes they cover, move slowly in a sullen stream that returns in perpetual eddies upon itself. Here he perceived an innumerable multitude of those who, having been denied the rites of sepulture, presented themselves to inexorable Charon in vain. Charon, whose old age, though vigorous and immortal, is always gloomy and severe, kept them back with menaces and reproach; but he admitted the young Greek into his bark as soon as he came up.[1]

The ear of Telemachus, the moment he entered, was struck with the groans of inconsolable grief. "Who art thou?" said he to the complaining shade, "and what is thy misfortune?" "I was," replied the phantom, "Nabopharzan, the king of Babylon the Great. All the nations of the East trembled at the sound of my name, and I compelled the Babylonians to worship me in a temple of marble, where I was represented by a statue of gold, before which the most costly perfumes of Ethiopia were burnt night and day. No man contradicted me without instant punishment, and ingenuity was constantly upon the stretch to discover some new pleasure that might heighten the luxury of my life. I was then in the full bloom and vigor of youth, and life, with all its pomp and pleasures, was still before me. But, alas! a woman whom I loved with a passion that she did not return, too soon convinced me that I was not a god: she gave me poison, and I now am nothing. Yesterday they deposited my ashes with great solemnity in a golden urn; they wept, they tore their hair, and seemed ready to throw themselves on the funeral pile, that they might perish with me. They are now surrounding the superb mausoleum in which they placed my remains with all the external parade of sorrow, but secretly, and in sincerity, I am regretted by none. Even my family hold my memory in abhorrence, and here I am already suffering the most horrible treatment."

---

[1] Most of this paragraph is copied from Virgil. The whole passage is in imitation of the sixth book of the *Æneid*.—Ed.

An object so deplorable touched the breast of Telemachus with pity. "And were you then truly happy," said he, "during your reign? Did you taste that sweet tranquillity, without which the heart shrinks and withers like a blighted flower?" "Far from it," replied the monarch; "I know not even what you mean. A peace like this, indeed, has been extolled by the sages, as the only good; but I never felt it. My heart was perpetually agitated by new desires, and throbbing with fear and hope. I wished that passion should perpetually succeed to passion, with a tumultuous rapidity which excluded thought; and practised every artifice to effect it. This was my expedient to avoid the pangs of reflection; such was the peace I procured, and I thought all other a fable and a dream. Such pleasures as these I now regret."

During this relation, Nabopharzan wept with the effeminate pusillanimity of a man enervated by good fortune—unacquainted with adversity, and therefore a stranger to fortitude. There were with him some slaves, who had been put to death to honor his funeral, and whom Mercury had delivered to Charon with their king, giving them, at the same time, an absolute power over him, who had been their tyrant upon earth. The shades of these slaves no longer feared the shade of Nabopharzan; they held him in a chain, and treated him with the most cruel indignity. "As men," said one of them, "had we not the same nature with thee? How couldst thou be so stupid as to imagine thyself a god, and forget that thy parents were mortal?" "His unwillingness to be taken for a man," said another, "was right; for he was a monster, without humanity." "Well," said another, "what has become of thy flatterers now? Poor wretch! there is now nothing that thou canst either give or take away; thou hast now become the slave even of thy slaves. The justice of the gods is slow, but it is certain."

Nabopharzan, stung with these insults, threw himself upon his face in an agony of rage and despair; but Charon bade the slaves pull him up by his chain. "He must not," said he, "be allowed the consolation even of hiding his shame, of

which all the ghosts that throng the borders of the Styx must be witnesses, that the gods, who so long suffered this impious tyrant to oppress the earth, may at last be justified. Yet this, O scourge of Babylon, is but the beginning of sorrows; the judgment of Minos, impartial and inexorable, is at hand!"

The bark now touched the dominions of Pluto, and the shades ran down in crowds to the shore, gazing, with the utmost curiosity and wonder, at the living mortal who stood distinguished among the dead in the boat; but, the moment Telemachus set his foot on the shore, they vanished like the darkness of night before the first beams of morning. Then Charon, turning towards him, with a brow less contracted into frowns than usual, said to him: "O favored of heaven, since thou art permitted to enter the realms of darkness, which to all the living, besides thyself, are interdicted, make haste to go whithersoever the Fates have called thee; proceed by this gloomy path to the palace of Pluto, whom thou wilt find sitting upon his throne, who will permit thee to enter those recesses of his dominion, the secrets of which I am not permitted to reveal."

Telemachus, immediately pressing forward with a hasty step, discovered the shades gliding about on every side, more numerous than the sands on the sea-shore; and he was struck with a religious dread to perceive that, in the midst of the tumult and hurry of this incredible multitude, all was silent as the grave. He sees, at length, the gloomy residence of unrelenting Pluto: his hair stands erect, his legs tremble, and his voice fails him. "Tremendous power!" said he, with faltering and interrupted speech, "the son of unhappy Ulysses now stands before thee. I come to inquire whether my father is descended into your dominions, or whether he is still a wanderer upon the earth?"

Pluto was seated upon a throne of ebony: his countenance was pale and severe, his eyes hollow and ardent, and his brow contracted and menacing. The sight of a mortal still breathing the breath of life was hateful to his eyes, as the day is hateful to those animals that leave their recesses only by night.

At his side sat Proserpine, who was the only object of his attention, and seemed to soften him into some degree of complacency. She enjoyed a beauty that was perpetually renewed, but there was mingled with her immortal charms something of her lord's inflexible severity.

At the foot of the throne sat the pale father of destruction, Death, incessantly whetting a scythe which he held in his hand. Around this horrid spectre hovered repining Cares and injurious Suspicions; Vengeance, distained with blood and covered with wounds; causeless Hatred; Avarice, gnawing her own flesh; Despair, the victim of her own rage; Ambition, whose fury overturns all things like a whirlwind; Treason, thirsting for blood, and not able to enjoy the mischief she produces; Envy, shedding round her the venom that corrodes her heart, and sickening with rage at the impotence of her malice; Impiety, that opens for herself a gulf without bottom, in which she shall plunge at last without hope; Spectres, all hideous to behold; Phantoms, that represent the dead to terrify the living; frightful Dreams; and the horrid Vigils of disease and pain. By these images of woe was Pluto surrounded: such were the attendants that filled his palace. He replied to the son of Ulysses in a hollow tone, and the depths of Erebus remurmured to the sound: "If it is by fate, young mortal, that thou hast violated this sacred asylum of the dead, that fate, which has thus distinguished thee, fulfil. Of thy father I will tell thee nothing; it is enough that here thou art permitted to seek him. As upon the earth he was a king, thy search may be confined, on one side, to that part of Tartarus where wicked kings are consigned to punishment, and, on the other, to that part of Elysium, where the good receive their reward. But, from hence thou canst not enter the fields of Elysium till thou hast passed through Tartarus. Make haste thither, and linger not in my dominions."

Telemachus instantly obeyed, and passed through the dreary vacuity that surrounded him with such speed that he seemed almost to fly; such was his impatience to behold his father and to quit the presence of a tyrant equally the terror of the

living and the dead. He soon perceived the gloomy tract of Tartarus at a small distance before him: from this place ascended a black cloud of pestilential smoke, which would have been fatal in the realms of life. This smoke hovered over a river of fire, the flames of which, returning upon themselves, roared in a burning vortex with a noise like that of an impetuous torrent precipitated from the highest rock, so that in this region of woe no other sound could be distinctly heard.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, entered the gulf without fear. He first saw a great number of men, who, born in a mean condition, were now punished for having sought to acquire riches by fraud, treachery, and violence. Among them he remarked many of those impious hypocrites, who, affecting a zeal for religion, played upon the credulity of others, and gratified their own ambition. These wretches, who had abused virtue itself, the best gift of heaven, to dishonest purposes, were punished as the most criminal of men. Children who had murdered their parents, wives who had imbrued their hands in their husbands' blood, and traitors who had sold their country in violation of every tie, were punished with less severity than these. Such was the decree pronounced by the judges of the dead, because hypocrites are not content to be wicked upon the common terms; they would be vicious, with the reputation of virtue; and by an appearance of virtue, which at length is found to be false, they prevent mankind from putting confidence in the true. The gods, whose omniscience they mock and whose honor they degrade, take pleasure in the exertion of all their power to avenge the insult.

After these appeared others, to whom the world scarcely imputes guilt, but whom the divine vengeance pursues without pity—the liar, the ingrate, the parasite who lavishes adulation upon vice, and the slanderer who falsely detracts from virtue—all those who judge rashly of what they know but in part, and thus injure the reputation of the innocent.

But, among all who suffered for ingratitude, those were

punished with most severity who had been ungrateful to the gods. "What!" said Minos, "is he considered as a monster who is guilty of ingratitude to his father or his friend, from whom he has received some such benefits as mortals can bestow, and shall the wretch glory in his crime who is ungrateful to the gods, the givers of life and of every blessing it includes? Does he not owe his existence rather to the authors of nature than to the parents through whom his existence was derived? The less these crimes are censured and punished upon earth, the more are they obnoxious in hell to implacable vengeance, which no force can resist and no subtlety elude."

Telemachus, seeing a man condemned by the judges, whom he found sitting, ventured to ask them what was his crime. He was immediately answered by the offender himself. "I have done," said he, "no evil; my pleasure consisted wholly in doing good. I have been just, munificent, liberal, and compassionate; of what crime, then, can I be accused?" "With respect to man," replied Minos, "thou art accused of none; but didst thou not owe less to man than to the gods? If so, what are thy pretensions to justice? Thou hast punctually fulfilled thy duty to men, who are but dust; thou hast been virtuous, but thy virtue terminated wholly in thyself, without reference to the gods who gave it: thy virtue was to be thy own felicity, and to thyself thou wast all in all. Thou hast, indeed, been thy own deity. But the gods, by whom all things have been created, and who have created all things for themselves, cannot give up their rights: thou hast forgotten them, and they will forget thee. Since thou hast desired to exist for thyself, and not for them, to thyself they will deliver thee up. Seek, then, thy consolation in thine own heart. Thou art separated forever from man, whom, for thy own sake, thou hast desired to please, and art left to thyself alone, that idol of thy heart. Learn now, at least, that piety is that virtue of which the gods are the object, and that without this no virtue can deserve the name. The false lustre of that with which thou hast long dazzled the eyes of men, who are easily deceived, will deceive no more. Men distinguish that only from which they derive pain or pleasure,

into virtue and vice, and are, therefore, alike ignorant both of good and evil: but here the perspicacity of divine wisdom discerns all things as they are; the judgment of men, from external appearance, is reversed; what they have admired is frequently condemned, and what they have condemned, approved."

These words, to the boaster of philosophic virtue, were like a stroke of thunder, and he was unable to sustain the shock. The self-complaisance with which he had been used to contemplate his moderation, his fortitude, his generosity, was now changed to despair. The view of his own heart, at enmity with the gods, became his punishment. He now saw, and was doomed forever to see, himself by the light of truth. He perceived that the approbation of men, which all his actions had been directed to acquire, was erroneous and vain. When he looked inward, he found every thing totally changed; he was no longer the same being, and all comfort was eradicated from his heart. His conscience, which had hitherto witnessed in his favor, now rose up against him, and reproached him even with his virtues, which, not having deity for their principle and end, were erroneous and illusive. He was overwhelmed with consternation and trouble, with shame, remorse, and despair. The Furies, indeed, forbore to torment him; he was delivered over to himself, and they were satisfied; his own heart was the avenger of the gods, whom he had despised. As he could not escape from himself, he retired to the most gloomy recesses, that he might be concealed from others: he sought for darkness, but he found it not; light still persecuted and pursued him: the light of truth, which he had not followed, now punished him for the neglect. All that he had beheld with pleasure became odious in his eyes, as the source of misery that could never end. "O fool!" said he; "I have known neither the gods, men, nor myself; I have, indeed, known nothing, since I have not known the only and true good. All my steps have deviated from the path I should have trodden; all my wisdom was folly and all my virtue was pride, which sacrificed, with a blind impiety, only to that vile idol, myself!"

The next objects that Telemachus perceived, as he went on, were kings that had abused their power. An avenging Fury held up before them a mirror which reflected their vices in all their deformity. In this they beheld their undistinguishing vanity, that was gratified by the grossest adulation; their want of feeling for mankind, whose happiness should have been the first object of their attention; their insensibility to virtue, their dread of truth, their partiality to flatterers, their dissipation, effeminacy, and indolence; their causeless suspicions; their vain parade and ostentatious splendor, an idle blaze, in which the public welfare is consumed; their ambition of false honor, procured at the expense of blood; and their inhuman luxury, which extorted a perpetual supply of superfluous delicacies from the wretched victims of grief and anguish. When they looked into this mirror, they saw themselves faithfully represented; and they found the picture more monstrous and horrid than the Chimera vanquished by Bellerophon, the Lernæan hydra slain by Hercules, and even Cerberus himself, though from his three howling mouths he disgorges a stream of black venomous blood, that is sufficient to infect the whole race of mortals that breathe upon the earth.[1]

At the same time another Fury tauntingly repeated all the praises which sycophants had lavished upon them in their lives, and held up another mirror, in which they appeared as flattery had represented them. The contrast of these pictures, widely different, was the punishment of their vanity. It was remarkable that the most wicked were the objects of the most extravagant praise; because the most wicked are most to be feared, and because they exact, with less shame, the servile adulation of the poets and orators of their time.

Their groans perpetually ascended from this dreadful abyss, where they saw nothing but the derision and insult of which they were themselves the objects—where every thing repulsed, opposed, and confounded them. As they sported with the

---

[1] "A pestilential steam and an infectious poison issue from his triple-tongued mouth."—Horace, III., *od.* xi.

lives of mankind upon the earth, and pretended that the whole species were created for their use, they were, in Tartarus, delivered over to the capricious tyranny of slaves, who made them taste all the bitterness of servitude in their turn. They obeyed with unutterable anguish, and without hope that the iron hand of oppression would lie lighter upon them. Under the strokes of these slaves, now their merciless tyrants, they lay passive and impotent, like an anvil under the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges their labor at the flaming furnaces of Mount Ætna.

Telemachus observed the countenance of these criminals to be pale and ghastly, strongly expressive of the torment they suffered at the heart. They looked inward with a self-abhorrence, now inseparable from their existence. Their crimes themselves had become their punishment, and it was not necessary that greater should be inflicted. They haunted them like hideous spectres, and continually started up before them in all their enormity. They wished for a second death, that might separate them from these ministers of vengeance, as the first had separated their spirits from the body—a death that might at once extinguish all consciousness and sensibility. They called upon the depths of hell to hide them from the persecuting beams of truth, in impenetrable darkness; but they are reserved for the cup of vengeance, which, though they drink of it forever, shall be ever full. The truth, from which they fled, has overtaken them, an invincible and unrelenting enemy. The ray which once might have illuminated them, like the mild radiance of the day, now pierces them like lightning—a fierce and fatal fire, that, without injury to the external parts, infixes a burning torment at the heart. By truth, now an avenging flame, the very soul is melted, like metal in a furnace; it dissolves all, but destroys nothing; it disunites the first elements of life, yet the sufferer can never die. He is, as it were, divided against himself, without rest and without comfort; animated by no vital principle, but the rage that kindles at his own misconduct, and the dreadful madness that results from despair.

Among these objects, at the sight of which the hair of Telemachus stood erect, he beheld many of the ancient kings of Lydia who were punished for having preferred the selfish gratification of an idle and voluptuous life, to that labor for the good of others, which, to royalty, is a duty of indispensable obligation.

These kings mutually reproached each other with their folly. "Did I not often recommend to you," said one of them to his son, "during the last years of my life, when old age had given weight to my counsel, the reparation of the mischiefs that my negligence had produced?" "Unhappy father!" replied the son, "thou art the cause of my perdition; it was thy example that made me vain-glorious, proud, voluptuous, and cruel. While I saw thee surrounded with flattery, and relaxed into luxury and sloth, I also insensibly acquired the love of pleasure and adulation. I thought the rest of men were to kings what horses and other beasts of burden are to men—animals wholly unworthy of regard, except for the drudgery they perform and the conveniences they procure. This was my opinion, and I learnt it of thee. I followed thy example, and share thy misery." These reproaches were mingled with the most horrid execrations: mutual rage and indignation aggravated the torments of hell.

Around these wretched princes there still hovered, like owls in the twilight, causeless Jealousies and vain Alarms, Mistrust and Dread, which revenge upon kings their disregard of mankind; Avarice, insatiable of wealth;[1] False-Honor, ever tyrannical and oppressive; and effeminate Luxury, a deceitful demon that aggravates every evil, and bestows only imaginary good.

Many kings were also severely punished, not for the mischief they had done, but for the good they had neglected to do. Every crime that is committed by the subject in consequence of laws not enforced, is the crime of the kings, for kings reign only as ministers of the law. To kings also are imputed all the disorders that arise from pomp, luxury, and

[1] Auri sacra fames.—Virgil, *Æn.*, iii.

every other excess which excites irregular and impetuous passions that cannot be gratified but by the violation of the common rights of mankind. But the princes who, instead of watching over their people as a shepherd watches over his flock, worried and devoured them like the wolf, were punished with the most exemplary severity.

In this abyss of darkness and misery, Telemachus beheld, with yet greater astonishment, many kings who had been honored for their personal virtues upon earth, but were, notwithstanding, condemned to the pains of Tartarus for having left the administration of government to wicked and crafty men. They were punished for mischiefs which they had suffered to be perpetrated under the sanction of their authority. The greater part of them, indeed, had been by principle neither virtuous nor vicious; supinely taking the color impressed upon them from without, they did not shun the truth when it presented itself, but they had no relish for virtue, no delight in doing good.

When Telemachus left Tartarus, he felt himself relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breast. This relief, so sudden and so great, impressed him with a strong sense of the misery of those who are confined there without hope of deliverance. He was terrified at having seen so many kings punished with much greater severity than any other offenders. "Have kings, then," said he, "so many duties to fulfil, so many difficulties to surmount, and so many dangers to avoid? Is the knowledge that is necessary to put them upon their guard, as well against themselves as others, so difficult to be acquired? and, after all the envy, tumult, and opposition of a transitory life, are they consigned to the intolerable and eternal pains of hell? What folly, then, to wish for royalty! How happy the peaceful private station, in which the practice of virtue is comparatively easy!"

These reflections filled him with confusion and trouble; his knees trembled, his heart throbbed with perturbation, and he felt something of that hopeless misery which he had just witnessed. But the further he advanced from the realms of dark-

ness, despair, and horror, the more he felt his courage reviving in his breast: he breathed with greater freedom, and perceived, at a distance, the pure and blissful light which brightens the residence of heroic virtue.

In this place resided all the good kings who had wisely governed mankind from the beginning of time. They were separated from the rest of the just; for, as wicked princes suffer more dreadful punishment than other offenders in Tartarus, so good kings enjoy infinitely greater felicity than other lovers of virtue, in the fields of Elysium.

Telemachus advanced towards these kings, whom he found in groves of delightful fragrance, reclining upon the downy turf, where the flowers and herbage were perpetually renewed. A thousand rills wandered through these scenes of delight, and refreshed the soil with a gentle and unpolluted wave; the song of innumerable birds echoed in the groves. Spring strewed the ground with her flowers, while at the same time autumn loaded the trees with her fruit. In this place the burning heat of the dog-star was never felt, and the stormy north was forbidden to scatter over it the frosts of winter. Neither War that thirsts for blood, nor Envy that bites with an envenomed tooth, like the vipers that are wreathed around her arms and fostered in her bosom, nor Jealousy, nor Distrust, nor Fears, nor vain Desires, invade these sacred domains of peace. The day is here without end, and the shades of night are unknown. Here the bodies of the blessed are clothed with a pure and lambent light, as with a garment. This light does not resemble that vouchsafed to mortals upon earth, which is rather darkness visible; it is rather a celestial glory than a light—an emanation that penetrates the grossest body with more subtlety than the rays of the sun penetrate the purest crystal, which rather strengthens than dazzles the sight, and diffuses through the soul a serenity which no language can express. By this ethereal essence the blessed are sustained in everlasting life; it pervades them; it is incorporated with them, as food with the mortal body; they see it, they feel it, they breathe it, and it produces in them an inexhausti-

ble source of serenity and joy. It is a fountain of delight, in which they are absorbed as fishes are absorbed in the sea; they wish for nothing, and, having nothing, they possess all things. This celestial light satiates the hunger of the soul; every desire is precluded; and they have a fulness of joy which sets them above all that mortals seek with such restless ardor, to fill the vacuity that aches forever in their breast. All the delightful objects that surround them are disregarded, for their felicity springs up within, and, being perfect, can derive nothing from without. So the gods, satiated with nectar and ambrosia, disdain, as gross and impure, all the dainties of the most luxurious table upon earth. From these seats of tranquillity all evils fly far away: death, disease, poverty, pain, regret, remorse, fear, even hope—which is sometimes not less painful than fear itself—animosity, disgust, and resentment, can never enter there.

The lofty mountains of Thrace, whose summits, hoary with everlasting snows, have pierced the clouds from the beginning of time, might sooner be overturned from their foundations, though deep as the centre of the earth, than the peace of these happy beings be interrupted for a moment. They are, indeed, touched with pity at the miseries of life; but it is a soothing and tender passion that takes nothing from their immutable felicity. Their countenances shine with a divine glory, with the bloom of unfading youth, with the brightness of everlasting joy. Their joy is superior to the wanton levity of mirth; it is calm, silent, and solemn; it is the sublime fruition of truth and virtue. They feel every moment what a mother feels at the return of an only son whom she believed to be dead; but the pleasure, which in the breast of the mother is transient, is permanent in theirs; it can neither languish nor cease. They have all the gladness that is inspired by wine, without either the tumult or the folly.

They converse together concerning what they see, and what they enjoy; they despise the opprobrious luxury and idle pomp of their former condition, which they review with disgust and regret; they enjoy the remembrance of their difficulties and

distress during the short period in which, to maintain their integrity, it was necessary they should strive, not only against others, but themselves; and they acknowledge the guidance and protection of the gods, who conducted them in safety through so man dangers, with gratitude and admiration. Something ineffable and divine is continually poured into their hearts; something like an efflux of divinity itself, which incorporates with their own nature. They see, they feel, that they are happy, and are secretly conscious that they shall be happy forever. They sing the praises of the gods as with one voice; in the whole assembly there is but one mind and one heart, and the same stream of divine felicity circulates through every breast.

In this sacred and supreme delight whole ages glide away unperceived, and seem shorter than the happiest hours upon earth; and gliding ages still leave their happiness ever new and ever complete. They reign together, not upon thrones, which the hand of man can overturn, but in themselves, with a power that is absolute and immutable, not derived from without, or dependent upon a despicable and wretched multitude. They are not distinguished by the crowns that so often conceal, under a false lustre, the mournful gloom of anxiety and terror. The gods themselves have placed upon their heads diadems of everlasting splendor, the symbols and the pledge of happiness and immortality.

Telemachus, who looked here for his father in vain, was so struck with the calm but sublime enjoyments of the place, that he was now grieved not to find him among the dead, and lamented the necessity he was under himself of returning back to the living. "It is here alone," said he, "that there is real life; the shadow only, and not the reality, is to be found upon earth." He observed, however, with astonishment, that the number of kings that were punished in Tartarus was great, and the number of those that were rewarded in Elysium was small. From this he inferred that there were but few princes whose fortitude could effectually resist their own power, and the flattery by which their passions were continually excited.

He perceived that good kings were, for this reason, rare, and that the greater number are so wicked, that if the gods, after having suffered them to abuse their power during life, were not to punish them among the dead, they would cease to be just.

Telemachus, not seeing his father Ulysses among these happy few, looked round for his grandfather, the divine Laertes. While his eyes were ineffectually employed in this search, an old man advanced towards him, whose appearance was in the highest degree venerable and majestic. His old age did not resemble that of men who bend under the weight of years upon earth; it was a kind of nameless indication that he had been old before he died; it was something that blended all the dignity of age with all the graces of youth, for to those who enter the fields of Elysium, however old and decrepit, the graces of youth are immediately restored. This venerable figure came up hastily to Telemachus, and looked upon him with a familiar complacency as one whom he knew and loved. The youth, to whom he was wholly a stranger, stood silent in confusion and suspense.

"I perceive, my son," said the shade, "that thou dost not recollect me; but I am not offended. I am Arcesius, the father of Laertes. My days upon earth were finished a little before Ulysses, my grandson, went from Ithaca to the siege of Troy. Thou wast yet an infant in the arms of thy nurse, but I had then conceived hopes of thee which are now justified, since thou hast descended into the dominions of Pluto in search of thy father, and the gods have sustained thee in the attempt. The gods, O fortunate youth, regard thee with peculiar love, and will distinguish thee by glory equal to that of Ulysses. I am happy once more to behold thee; but search for Ulysses no more among the dead; he still lives, and is reserved to render my line illustrious by new honors at Ithaca. Laertes himself, though the hand of time is now heavy upon him, still draws the breath of life, and expects that his son will return to close his eyes. Thus transitory is man, like the flower that blows in the morning, and in the evening is withered, and trodden

under foot. One generation passes away after another, like the waves of a rapid river; and Time, rushing on with silent but irresistible speed, carries with him all that can best pretend to permanence and stability. Even thou, O my son—alas! even thou, who art now happy in the vigor, the vivacity, and the bloom of youth, shalt find this lovely season, so fruitful of delight, a transient flower that fades as soon as it is blown; without having been conscious that thou wert changing, thou wilt perceive thyself changed; the train of graces and pleasures that now sport around thee, health, vigor, and joy, shall vanish like the phantoms of a dream, and leave thee nothing but a mournful remembrance that they once were thine. Old age shall insensibly steal upon thee,—that enemy to joy shall diffuse through thee his own languors,—shall contract thy brow into wrinkles, incline thy body to the earth, enfeeble every limb, and dry up forever that fountain of delight which now springs in thy breast,—thou shalt look around upon all that is present with disgust, anticipate all that is future with dread, and retain sensibility only for pain and anguish.

"This time appears to thee to be far distant: alas! thou art deceived; it approaches with irresistible rapidity, and is therefore at hand: that which draws near so fast can never be remote; and the present, forever flying, is remote already; even while we speak it is past, and it returns no more. Let the present, therefore, be light in thy estimation; tread the path of virtue, however rugged, with perseverance, and fix thine eye upon futurity. Let purity of manners and a love of justice secure thee a place in this happy residence of peace.

"Thou shalt soon see thy father resume his authority in Ithaca, and it is decreed that thou shalt succeed him on the throne. But royalty, O my son, is a deceitful thing: those who behold it at a distance see nothing but greatness, splendor, and delight; those who examine it near find only toil, perplexity, solicitude, and fear. In a private station a life of ease and obscurity is no reproach. A king cannot prefer ease and leisure to the painful labors of government, without infamy. He must live, not for himself, but for those he governs. The

least fault he commits produces infinite mischief, for it diffuses misery through a whole people, and sometimes for many generations. It is his duty to humble the insolence of guilt, to support innocence, and repress calumny. It is not enough to abstain from doing evil; he must exert himself to the uttermost in doing good. Neither will it suffice to do good as an individual; he must prevent the mischief that others would do, if they were not restrained. Think then of royalty, O my son, as a state not of ease and security, but of difficulty and danger. Call up all thy courage to resist thyself, to control thy passions, and disappoint flattery."

While Arcesius was speaking, he seemed to glow with the divine ardor of inspiration; and when he displayed the miseries of royalty, Telemachus perceived in his countenance strong expressions of pity. "Royalty," said he, "when it is assumed to procure selfish indulgences, degenerates into tyranny; when it is assumed to fulfil its duties, to govern, cherish, and protect an innumerable people, as a father protects, cherishes, and governs his children, it is a servitude most laborious and painful, and requires the fortitude and patience of heroic virtue. It is, however, certain that those who fulfil the duties of government with diligence and integrity, shall here possess all that the power of the gods can bestow to render happiness complete."

While Telemachus listened to this discourse, it sank deep into his heart; it was engraven upon that living tablet, as a sculptor engraves upon brass the characters which he would transmit to the latest generation. It was an emanation of truth and wisdom, that like a subtle flame pervaded the most secret recesses of his soul; it moved and warmed him at once, and he felt his heart, as it were, dissolved by a divine energy not to be expressed, by something that exhausted the fountain of life. His emotion was a kind of desire that could not be satisfied—an impulse that he could neither support nor resist—a sensation exquisitely pleasing, and yet mixed with such pain as it was impossible long to endure and live.

After some time its violence abated, he breathed with more

freedom, and he discovered in the countenance of Arcesius a strong likeness to Laertes. He had also a confused remembrance of something similar in the features of Ulysses when he set out for the siege of Troy.

This remembrance melted him into tears of tenderness and joy; he wished to embrace a person whom he now regarded with reverence and affection, and attempted it many times in vain; the shade, light and unsubstantial, eluded his grasp, as the flattering images of a dream deceive those who expect to enjoy them:[1] the thirsty lip is sometimes in pursuit of water that recedes before it; sometimes the imagination forms words which the tongue refuses to utter, and sometimes the hand is eagerly stretched out, but can grasp nothing: so the tender wish of Telemachus could not be gratified—he beheld Arcesius, he heard him speak, and he spoke to him, but to touch him was impossible. At length he inquired who the persons were that he saw around him.

"You see," said the hoary sage, "those who were the ornament of their age, and the glory and happiness of mankind. You see the few kings who have been worthy of dominion, and filled the character of deities upon earth. Those whom you see not far distant, but separated from them by that small cloud, are allotted a much inferior glory: they were heroes indeed, but the reward of courage and prowess is much less than that of wisdom, integrity, and benevolence.

"Among those heroes you see Theseus, whose countenance is not perfectly cheerful. Some sense of his misfortune in placing too much confidence in a false and designing woman still remains, and he still regrets having unjustly demanded the death of his son Hippolytus at the hands of Neptune. Happy had it been for Theseus had he been less liable to sudden anger! You see also Achilles, who, having been mortally wounded in the heel by Paris, supports himself upon a

---

1 "There thrice he attempted to throw his arms around his neck; thrice the phantom grasped in vain, escaped his hands, like the light winds or a winged dream."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 700.

spear. If he had been as eminent for wisdom, justice, and moderation as for courage, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they had compassion for the nations whom he would have governed by a natural succession, after the death of Peleus his father, and would not leave them at the mercy of a man more easily irritated than the sea by a tempest. The thread of his life was cut short by the Fates, and he fell as a flower scarcely blown falls under the ploughshare, and withers[1] before the day is past in which it sprung up. The gods made use of him only as they do of torrents and tempests, to punish men for their crimes; he was the instrument by which they overthrew the walls of Troy, to punish the perjury of Laomedon, and the criminal desires of Paris. When this was done they were appeased; and they were implored in vain, even by the tears of Thetis, to suffer a young hero to remain longer upon the earth, who was fit only to destroy cities, to subvert kingdoms, and to fill the world with confusion and trouble.

"You see another, remarkable for the ferocity of his countenance; that is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and the cousin of Achilles. You cannot be ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles he laid claim to his arms, which he said ought not to be given to another; but they were claimed also by your father, who insisted upon his right: the Greeks determined in favor of Ulysses. Ajax slew himself in despair: the marks of rage and indignation are still visible in his countenance. Approach him not, my son, for he will think you come to insult the misfortune that you ought to pity. He has discovered us already, and he rushes into the thick shade of the wood that is behind him, to avoid a sight that is hateful to his eyes. On the other side you see Hector, who would have been invincible, if the son of Thetis had lived in another age. That gliding shade is Agamemnon, whose countenance still expresses a sense of the perfidy of Clytem-

---

[1] "As when a purple flower cut down by the plough droops dying."—Virgil, *Æn.*, ix. 435.

nestra. O my son, the misfortunes that have avenged the impiety of Tantalus in his family still make me tremble: the mutual enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, filled the house of their father with horror and death. Alas! how is one crime, by a kind of dreadful necessity, the cause of more! Agamemnon returned in triumph from the siege of Troy, but no time was allowed him to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired in war. Such is the fate of almost all conquerors. All that you see have been great in battle, but they have neither been amiable nor virtuous, and they enjoy only the second place in the fields of Elysium.

"Those who have reigned with justice and loved their people, are considered as the friends of the gods; while Achilles and Agamemnon, still full of their quarrels and their combats, are not perfect even here, but retain their natural defects, and suffer the infelicity they produce. These heroes regret in vain the life that they have lost, and grieve at their change from substance to shade. But the kings who with an equal hand have dispensed justice and mercy, being purified by the divine light which perpetually renovates their being, feel their wishes anticipated, and their happiness complete. They look back upon the vain solicitude of mankind with compassion, and the great affairs that busy ambition seem to them like the plays of children. They drink of truth and virtue at the fountain head, and are satisfied they can suffer nothing, either from themselves or others; they have no wants, no wishes, no fears,—with respect to them all is finished, except their joy, which shall have no end.

"The venerable figure you see yonder is Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. The character of old age is tempered with ineffable sweetness and majesty: he moves with a light and gliding pace that resembles the flight of a bird, and may be traced by the flowers that spring up under his feet; he holds a lyre of ivory in his hand, and an eternal rapture impels him to celebrate the wonders of the gods with eternal praise. His breath is full of fragrance, like the breath of the morning in spring; and the harmony of his voice and

his lyre might add to the felicity, not only of Elysium, but of Olympus. This is the reward of his paternal affection to the people whom he surrounded with the walls of a new city, and secured in the blessings of society by legislation.

"Among these myrtles, at a little distance, you see also Cecrops the Egyptian, the first sovereign of Athens, a city dedicated to the Goddess of Wisdom, whose name it bears. Cecrops by bringing excellent laws from Egypt, the great source from which learning and good morals have flowed through all Greece, softened the natural ferocity of the people that he found in the scattered villages of Attica, and united them by the bonds of society. He was just, humane, and compassionate; he left his people in affluence, and his family in mediocrity; for he was not willing that his children should succeed to his power, because there were others whom he judged more worthy of the trust.

"But I must now show you Ericthon: you see him in that little valley. Ericthon was the first who introduced the use of silver as money, in order to facilitate commerce among the islands of Greece; but he foresaw the inconveniences which would naturally result from his invention. 'Apply yourselves,' he said to the people, 'to accumulate natural riches, for they only deserve the name. Cultivate the earth, that you may have wealth in corn and wine, oil and fruit; multiply your flocks to the utmost, that you may be nourished by their milk, and clothed with their wool, and it will then be impossible that you should be poor. The increase even of your children will be the increase of your wealth, if you inure them early to diligence and labor; for the earth is inexhaustible, and will be more fruitful in proportion as it is cultivated by more hands: it will reward labor with boundless liberality, but to idleness it will be parsimonious and severe. Seek principally, therefore, for that which is truly wealth, as it supplies that which is truly want. Make no account of money, but as it is useful either to support necessary wars abroad, or for the purchase of such commodities as are wanted at home: still it would be desirable that no commerce should be carried on in

articles that can only support and gratify luxury, vanity, and sloth.

"'My children,' said the wise Ericthon, who thought frequent admonition necessary, 'I greatly fear that I have made you a fatal present. I foresee that this money will excite avarice and ambition, the lust of the eye and the pride of life; that it will produce innumerable arts, which can only corrupt virtue and gratify idleness; that it will destroy your relish for that happy simplicity which is at once the blessing and the security of life; and that it will make you look with contempt upon agriculture, the support of our existence, and the source of every valuable possession. But I call the gods to witness that I made you acquainted with money, a thing useful in itself, in the integrity of my heart!' Ericthon, however, having lived to see the mischiefs that he dreaded come to pass, retired, overwhelmed with grief, to a desert mountain, where he lived to an extreme old age, in poverty and solitude, disgusted with government, and deploring the folly of mankind.

"Not long afterwards Greece beheld a new wonder in Triptolemus, to whom Ceres had taught the art of cultivating the earth, and of covering it every year with a golden harvest. Mankind were indeed already acquainted with corn, and the manner of multiplying it by seed, but they knew only the first rudiments of tillage; and Triptolemus, being sent by Ceres, came, with the plough in his hand, to offer the bounty of that goddess to all who had spirit to surmount the natural love of ease, and apply themselves diligently to labor. The Greeks soon learnt of Triptolemus to part the earth into furrows, and render it fertile by breaking up the surface. The yellow corn soon strewed the fields under the sickle of the reapers. Even the wandering barbarians that were dispersed in the forests of Epirus and Etolia, seeking acorns for their subsistence, when they had learnt to sow corn and make bread, threw off their ferocity, and submitted to the laws of civil society.

"Triptolemus made the Greeks sensible of the pleasure that is to be found in that independent wealth which a man derives from his own labor, and in the possession of all the necessaries

and conveniences of life as the genuine produce of his own field. This abundance, so simple and so blameless, arising from agriculture, recalled to their minds the counsel of Erichthon. They held money in contempt, and all other factitious wealth, which has no value but in the imaginations which tempts men to dangerous pleasures, and diverts them from that labor which alone supplies all that is of real value with innocence and liberty. They were now convinced that a paternal field, with a kindly soil and diligent cultivation, was the best inheritance for those who were wisely content with the simple plenty that contented their fathers. Happy would it have been for the Greeks if they had steadily adhered to these maxims, so fit to render them free, powerful, and happy; and to inspire and maintain a uniform and active virtue, which would have made them worthy of such blessings! But, alas! they began to admire false riches; by degrees they neglected the true, and they degenerated from this admirable simplicity.

"O my son, the sceptre of thy father shall one day descend to thee; in that day remember to lead thy people back to agriculture, to honor the art, to encourage those that practise it, and to suffer no man either to live in idleness, or employ himself only to propagate luxury and sloth. These men, who governed with such benevolence and wisdom upon earth, are here the favorites of heaven. They were, in comparison with Achilles and other heroes, who excelled only in war, what the gentle and genial gales of spring are to the desolating storms of winter; and they now as far surpass them in glory as the sun surpasses the moon in splendor."

While Arcesius was thus speaking, he perceived that Telemachus had fixed his eyes upon a little grove of laurels, and a rivulet of pure water that was bordered with roses, violets, lilies, and a thousand other odoriferous flowers, the vivid colors of which resembled those of Iris, when she descends upon earth with some message from the gods to man. He saw in this delightful spot an inhabitant of Elysium, whom he knew to be Sesostris. There was now a majesty in the appearance of this great prince infinitely superior to that which distin-

guished him upon the throne of Egypt. His eyes sparkled with a divine radiance that Telemachus could not steadfastly behold. He appeared to have drank, even to excess, of immortality and joy: such was the rapture, beyond all that mortals have the power to feel, which the divine spirit, as the reward of virtue, had poured into his breast.

"O my father," said Telemachus to Arcesius, "I know him; it is Sesostris, the wise and good, whom I beheld, not long since, upon his throne in Egypt."

"It is he," replied Arcesius; "and in him you have an example of the boundless liberality with which good kings are rewarded by the gods; yet all the felicity which now overflows in his bosom and sparkles in his eyes, is nothing in comparison of what he would have enjoyed, if, in the excess of his prosperity, he had been still moderate and just. An ardent desire to abase the pride and insolence of the Tyrians, impelled him to take their city. This acquisition kindled a desire of more, and he was seduced by the vain-glory of a conqueror: he subdued, or rather he ravaged all Asia. At his return into Egypt, he found the throne usurped by his brother, who had rendered the best laws of the country ineffectual, by an iniquitous administration. His conquest of other kingdoms, therefore, served only to throw his own into confusion; yet he was so intoxicated with the vanity of conquest, that he harnessed the princes whom he had subdued to his chariot.[1] This was less excusable than all the rest; but he became, at length, sensible of his fault and ashamed of his inhumanity. Such was the fruit of his victories; and the great Sesostris has left an example of the injury done by a conqueror to his country and himself when he usurps the dominions of others. This degraded the character of a prince in other respects so just and beneficent; and this has diminished the glory which the gods intended for his reward.

"But seest thou not another shade, my son, distinguished by a wound, and a lambent light that plays around it like a

---

[1] We have the authority of Pliny for this.—*Hist. Nat.*, xxxiii. § 15.

glory? That is Dioclides, a king of Caria, who voluntarily gave up his life in battle because an oracle had foretold that, in a war between the Carians and Lycians, the nation whose king should be slain would be victorious.

"Observe yet another: that is a wise legislator, who, having instituted such laws as could not fail to render his people virtuous and happy, and bound them by a solemn oath not to violate them in his absence, immediately disappeared, became a voluntary exile from his country, and died poor and unnoticed on a foreign shore, that his people might, by that oath, be obliged to keep his laws inviolate forever.

"He, whom thou seest not far off from these, is Eunesimus, a king of Pylos and an ancestor of Nestor. During a pestilence that desolated the earth and crowded the banks of Acheron with shades newly dismissed from above, he requested of the gods that he might be permitted to redeem the lives of his people with his own. The gods granted his request, and have here rewarded it with felicity and honor, in comparison of which all that royalty upon earth can bestow is vain and unsubstantial, like a shadow or a dream.

"That old man whom you see crowned with flowers is Belus. He reigned in Egypt, and espoused Anchinoe, the daughter of the god Nilus, who fertilizes the earth with a flood that he pours over it from a secret source. He had two sons,—Danaus, whose history you know, and Egyptus, from whom that mighty kingdom derives its name. Belus thought himself more enriched by the plenty which he diffused among his people and the love that he acquired in return, than by all the levies he could have raised if he had taxed them to the utmost. These, my son, whom you believe to be dead, these only are the living; those are the dead who languish upon earth, the victims of disease and sorrow: the terms are inverted, and should be restored to their proper place. May the gods vouchsafe thee such virtue as this life shall reward—a life which nothing shall embitter or destroy. But haste thee, now, from this world to which thou art yet unborn: it is time the search for thy father should be renewed. Alas! what scenes of blood

shalt thou behold before he is found! What glory awaits thee in the fields of Hesperia! Remember the counsels of Mentor: let these be the guide of thy life, and thy name shall be great to the utmost limits of the earth and the remotest period of time!"

Such was the admonition of Arcesius, and he immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory[1] gate that leads from the gloomy dominions of Pluto. Telemachus parted from him with tears in his eyes; but it was not possible to embrace him; and, leaving behind him the shades of everlasting night, he made haste back to the camp of the allies, having joined the two young Cretans in his way, who had accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern and despaired of his return.

---

1 "And dismissed them by the ivory gate."—Virgil, *Æn.*, vi. 897.

BOOK XV.

Venusium having been left as a deposit by both parties in the hands of the Lucanians, Telemachus declares against seizing it in an assembly of the chiefs, and persuades them to be of his opinion. He discovers great penetration and sagacity with respect to two deserters, one of whom, Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him ; and the other, Dioscorus, had offered to bring him Adrastus' head. In the battle which soon after follows, Telemachus strews the field with dead in search of Adrastus. Adrastus, who is also in search of Telemachus, engages and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor; Philoctetes comes up, and, at the moment when he is about to pierce Adrastus, is himself wounded, and obliged to retire. Telemachus, alarmed by the cry of his friends, among whom Adrastus is making a terrible slaughter, rushes to their assistance. He engages Adrastus, and prescribes conditions upon which he gives him his life. Adrastus, rising from the ground, attempts treacherously to kill his conqueror by surprise, who engages him a second time, and kills him.

In the mean time, the chiefs assembled in council to deliberate whether they should take possession of Venusium. It was a strong town that had been formerly taken by Adrastus from a neighboring people, the Peucetian Apulians, who had now entered into the alliance that was formed against him, to obtain satisfaction for the injury. Adrastus, to soften their resentment, had put the town into the hands of the Lucanians: he had, however, at the same time corrupted the Lucanian garrison and its commander with money, so that he had still more authority in Venusium than the Lucanians; and the Apulians, who had consented that Venusium should be garrisoned with Lucanian forces, were thus defrauded in the negotiation.

A citizen of Venusium, whose name was Demophantes, had secretly offered to put the allies in possession of one of the gates by night; an advantage which was of the greater importance, as Adrastus had placed his magazine of military stores

and provisions in a neighboring castle, which could not hold out against an enemy that was in possession of Venusium. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given their opinion that this offer should be accepted. The rest of the chiefs, influenced by their authority, and struck with the facility of the enterprise and its immediate advantages, applauded their determination; but Telemachus, as soon as he returned, exerted his utmost abilities to set it aside.

"I confess," said he, "that if any man can deserve to be surprised and deceived, it is Adrastus, who has practised fraud against everybody. I am sensible that the surprise of Venusium will only put you in possession of a town which by right is yours already, because it belongs to the Apulians, who are confederates in your expedition. I also acknowledge that you may improve this opportunity with the greater appearance of justice, as Adrastus, who has made a deposit of the town in question, has at the same time corrupted the commander and the garrison, to suffer him to enter it whenever he shall think fit. In fine, I am convinced, as well as you, that if you should take possession of Venusium to-day you would to-morrow be masters of the neighboring castle, in which Adrastus has formed his magazine, and that, the day following, this formidable war would be at an end. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by means like these? Must fraud be counteracted by fraud? Shall it be said that so many kings, who united to punish the perfidy of Adrastus, were themselves perfidious? If we can adopt the practices of Adrastus without guilt, Adrastus himself is innocent, and our attempt to punish him injurious. Has all Hesperia—sustained by so many colonies of Greece, by so many heroes returned from the siege of Troy—no other arms to oppose the fraud and treachery of Adrastus than treachery and fraud?

"You have sworn by all that is most sacred to leave Venusium a deposit in the hands of the Lucanians. The Lucanian garrison, you say, is corrupted by Adrastus, and I believe it to be true, but this garrison is still Lucanian; it receives the pay of the Lucanians, and has not yet refused to obey them; it

has preserved, at least, an appearance of neutrality; neither Adrastus nor his people have yet entered it; the treaty is still subsisting, and the gods have not forgotten your oath. Is a promise never to be kept but when a plausible pretext to break it is wanting? Shall an oath be sacred only when nothing is to be gained by its violation? If you are insensible to the love of virtue and fear of the gods, have you no regard to your interest and reputation? If you give so pernicious an example to mankind, by breaking your promise and violating your oath, in order to put an end to a war, how many wars will this impious conduct excite? By which of your neighbors will you not be at once dreaded and abhorred? By whom will you afterwards be trusted in the most pressing necessity? What security can you give for your faith, when you design to keep it; and how will you convince your neighbors that you intend no fraud, even when you are sincere? Shall this security be a solemn treaty?—you have trodden treaties under foot. Shall it be an oath?—will not they know that you have set the gods at defiance when you can derive any advantage from perjury? With respect to you, peace will be a state of no greater security than war. Whatever you do will be considered as the operation of war, either secret or avowed. You will be the constant enemies of all who have the misfortune to be your neighbors. Every affair which requires reputation, probity, or confidence, will to you become impracticable, and you will never be able to make any promise that can be believed.

"But there is another interest yet nearer and more pressing which must strike you, if you are not lost to all sense of probity, and wholly blind to your advantage: a conduct so perfidious will be a canker in the very heart of your alliance, which it must finally destroy. The fraud that you are about to practise against Adrastus, will inevitably render him victorious."

At these words the assembly demanded, with great emotion, how he could take upon him to affirm that the alliance would be ruined by a measure that would procure them certain and immediate victory.

"How can you," said he, "confide in each other, if you violate the only bond of society and confidence—your plighted faith? After you have admitted this maxim, that the laws of honesty and truth may be violated to secure a considerable advantage, who among you would confide in another, when that other may secure a considerable advantage by breaking his promise and defrauding you? When this is the case, what will be your situation? Which of you would not practise fraud, to preclude the fraudulent practises of his neighbor? What must become of an alliance consisting of so many nations, each of which has a separate interest, when it is agreed among them, in a public deliberation, that every one is at liberty to circumvent his neighbor and violate his engagements? Will not the immediate consequence be distrust and dissension; an impatience to destroy each other, excited by the dread of being destroyed? Adrastus will have no need to attack you; you will effect his purpose upon yourselves, and justify the perfidy you combined to punish.

"Ye mighty chiefs, renowned for magnanimity and wisdom, who govern innumerable people with experienced command, despise not the counsel of a youth. Whatever is your danger and distress, your resources should be diligence and virtue. True fortitude can never despair; but if once you pass the barrier of integrity and honor, your retreat is cut off, and your ruin inevitable—you can never more establish that confidence without which no affair of importance can succeed—you can never make those hold virtue sacred whom you have once taught to despise it. And, after all, what have you to fear? Will not your courage conquer without so base an auxiliary as fraud? Are not your own powers and the strength of united nations sufficient? Let us fight, and if we must, let us die; but let us not conquer with the loss of virtue and of fame. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our power, and nothing can deliver him but our participation in the crimes that expose him to the wrath of heaven."

When Telemachus had done speaking, he perceived that his words had carried conviction to the heart. He observed that

of all who were present not one offered to reply; their thoughts were fixed, not indeed upon him, nor the graces of his elocution, but upon the truths that he had displayed. At first, all was silent astonishment, expressed only by the countenance; but after a short time a confused murmur spread by degrees through the whole assembly: they looked upon each other, and all were impatient to declare their sentiments, though every one was afraid to speak first. It was expected that the chiefs of the army should give their opinion, and the venerable Nestor at length spoke as follows:

"The gods, O son of Ulysses, have spoken by thy voice; Minerva, who has so often inspired thy father, has suggested to thee the wise and generous counsel thou hast given us. I think not of thy youth, for when I hear thee, Pallas only is present to my mind. Thou hast been the advocate of virtue. The greatest advantage without virtue is lost; without virtue, men are suddenly overtaken by the vengeance of their enemies, they are distrusted by their friends, abhorred by good men, and exposed to the righteous anger of the gods. Let us then leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of defeating Adrastus only by our own courage."

Thus Nestor spoke, and the whole assembly applauded; but their eyes were fixed upon Telemachus, and every one thought he saw the wisdom of the goddess that inspired him, glowing in his countenance.

This question being determined, the council began immediately to debate another, in which Telemachus acquired equal reputation. Adrastus, with a perfidy and cruelty natural to his character, had sent one Acanthus into the camp as a deserter, who had undertaken to destroy the principal commanders of the army by poison, and had a particular charge not to spare Telemachus, who had already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too generous and brave easily to entertain suspicion, readily admitted this wretch to his presence, and treated him with great kindness; for, having seen Ulysses in Sicily, he recommended himself by relating his adventures. Telemachus took him under his immediate pro-

tection, and consoled him under his misfortunes, for he pretended to have been defrauded and treated with indignity by Adrastus. Telemachus, however, was warming and cherishing a viper in his bosom that was quite ready to give him a mortal wound.

Acanthus had dispatched another deserter, whose name was Arion, from the camp of the allies to Adrastus, with particular intelligence of his situation, and assurances that he would give poison to the chief commanders, and in particular to Telemachus, the next day at an entertainment, to which he had been invited as a guest. It happened that this man was detected and seized as he was escaping from the camp, and in the terror and confusion of conscious guilt he confessed his treachery. Acanthus was suspected of having been his accomplice, because a remarkable intimacy had been observed between them; but Acanthus, who had great courage, and was profoundly skilled in dissimulation, made so artful a defence that nothing could be proved against him, nor could the conspiracy be traced to its source.

Many of the princes were of opinion that he ought certainly to be sacrificed to the public safety. "He must, at all events," said they, "be put to death; for the life of a private individual is nothing in comparison with the lives of so many kings. It is possible he may die innocent, but that consideration should have no weight, when the vicegerents of the gods are to be secured from danger."

"This horrid maxim," said Telemachus, "this barbarous policy, is a disgrace to human nature. Is the blood of men to be so lightly spilt, and are they to be thus wantonly destroyed by those that are set over them only for their preservation? The gods have made you to mankind what the shepherd is to his flock, and will you degrade yourselves into wolves, and worry and devour those whom you ought to cherish and protect? Upon your principle, to be accused and to be guilty is the same thing, and every one that is suspected must die. Envy and calumny will destroy innocence at pleasure; the oppressed will be sacrificed to the oppressor, and in proportion

as tyranny makes kings distrustful, judicial murderers will depopulate the State."

Telemachus uttered this remonstrance with a vehemence and authority that gave it invincible force, and covered those who gave the counsel he had reproved with confusion. He perceived it, and softened his voice. "As for myself," said he, "I am not so fond of life as to secure it upon such terms. I had rather Acanthus should be wicked than Telemachus, and would more willingly perish by his treason than destroy him unjustly, while I doubt his crime. A king is, by his office, the judge of his people, and his decision should be directed by wisdom, justice, and moderation: let me, then, examine Acanthus in your presence."

Every one acquiesced, and Telemachus immediately questioned him concerning his connection with Arion. He pressed him with a great variety of particulars, and he frequently took occasion to intimate a design of sending him back to Adrastus as a deserter: this, if he had really deserted, would have alarmed him; for Adrastus would certainly have punished him with death: but Telemachus, who watched the effect of this experiment with great attention, perceived not the least token of fear either in his countenance or his voice, and therefore, thought it probable that he was guilty of conspiracy. Not being able, however, fully to convict him, he demanded his ring. "I will send it," said he, "to Adrastus." At this demand Acanthus turned pale. Telemachus, who kept his eyes fixed upon him, perceived that he was in great confusion. The ring being delivered, Telemachus said: "I will send Polytropus, a Lucanian, whom you well know, to Adrastus, as a messenger dispatched with private intelligence from you, and he shall produce this ring as a token. If it is acknowledged by Adrastus, and by this means we discover that you are his emissary, you shall be put to death by torture; but if you will now voluntarily confess your guilt, we will remit the punishment it deserves, and only banish you to some remote island, where every thing shall be provided for your subsistence." Acanthus, being now urged both by fear and hope, made a full

confession, and Telemachus prevailed with the kings to give him his life, as he had promised it. He was sent into one of the Echinadian islands, where he passed his days in security and peace.

Not long afterwards, a Daunian of obscure birth, but of a daring and violent spirit, whose name was Dioscorus, came into the camp of the allies by night, and offered to assassinate Adrastus in his tent. This offer it was in his power to make good, for whoever despises his own life, can command that of another. Dioscorus had no wish but for revenge, for Adrastus had forcibly taken away his wife whom he loved to distraction, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herself. He had determined either to kill the tyrant and recover his wife, or perish in the attempt. He had received secret instructions how to enter the tent in the night, and had learnt that his enterprise would be favored by many officers in the service; but he thought that it would also be necessary that the allies should attack the camp at the same time, as the confusion would facilitate his escape, and afford him a fairer opportunity to carry off his wife.

As soon as this man had made the confederate princes acquainted with his design, they turned towards Telemachus, as referring implicitly to his decision.

"The gods," said he, "who have preserved us from traitors, forbid us to employ them. It would be our interest to reject treachery if we had not sufficient virtue to detest it; if we should once practise it against others, our example would justify others in the practice of it against us. Then who among us will be safe? If Adrastus should avoid the mischief that threatens him, it will recoil upon ourselves. The nature of war will be changed; military skill and heroic virtue will have no object, and we shall see nothing but perfidy, treason, and assassination. We shall ourselves experience their fatal effects, and deserve to suffer every evil to which we have given sanction by our practice. I am, therefore, of opinion that we ought to send back this traitor to Adrastus—not for his sake, indeed, but the eyes of all Hesperia, and of all Greece, are

upon us, and we owe this testimony of our abhorrence of perfidy to them and to ourselves; we owe it also to the gods, for the gods are just."

Dioscorus was sent away to Adrastus, who trembled at the review of his danger, and was beyond expression amazed at the generosity of his enemies, for the wicked have no idea of disinterested virtue. He contemplated what had happened with admiration, and a secret and involuntary praise; but he did not dare to applaud it openly, being conscious that it would condemn himself; it brought into his mind the fraud and cruelty he had practised, with a painful sense both of guilt and shame. He endeavored to account for appearances, without imputing to his enemies such virtue as he could not emulate; and, while he felt himself indebted to them for his life, he could not think of ingratitude without compunction; but, in those who are habitually wicked, remorse is of short duration. Adrastus, who saw the reputation of the allies perpetually increasing, thought it absolutely necessary to attempt something of importance against them immediately. As he found they must of necessity foil him in virtue, he could only hope to gain advantage over them in arms, and therefore prepared to give them battle without delay.

The day of action arrived, and Aurora had scarcely strewed her roses[1] in the path of the sun, and thrown open the gates of the east before him, when Telemachus, anticipating the vigilance of experience and age, broke from the soft embraces of sleep and put all the commanders in motion. His helmet, covered with horse-hair that floated in the wind, already glittered upon his head; his cuirass on his back dazzled the eyes of the whole army; and his shield, the work of Vulcan, had, besides its natural beauty, a divine effulgence, which it derived from the ægis of Minerva that was concealed under it. In one hand he held a lance, and, with the other, he pointed out the posts which the several divisions of the army were to occupy.

---

[1] "The watchful Aurora opened her purple doors in the ruddy east, and her halls filled with roses."—Ovid, *Met.*, ii. 112.

Minerva had given a fire to his eye that was more than human, and animated his countenance with an expression of awful majesty that seemed to be an earnest of victory. He marched, and all the princes of the confederacy, forgetting their dignity and their age, followed him by an irresistible impulse. Their hearts were inaccessible even to envy; and every one yielded, with a spontaneous obedience, to him who was under the immediate but invisible conduct of Minerva. There was now nothing impetuous or precipitate in his deportment; he possessed himself with the most placid tranquillity and condescending patience; he was ready to hear every opinion, and to improve every hint; but he showed also the greatest activity, vigilance, and foresight; he provided against the remotest contingencies; he was neither disconcerted himself, nor disconcerted by others; he excused all mistakes, regulated all that was amiss, and obviated difficulties, even in their causes, before they could take effect; he exacted no unreasonable service, left every man at liberty, and enjoyed every man's confidence.

When he gave an order, he expressed himself with the greatest plainness and perspicuity; he repeated it, to assist the apprehension and memory of those that were to execute it. He consulted their looks while he was speaking, to know whether he was perfectly understood, and he made them express their sense of his orders in their own words. When he had satisfied himself of the abilities of the persons he employed, and perceived that they perfectly entered into his views, he never dismissed them without some mark of his esteem and confidence. All, therefore, that were engaged in the execution of his designs, were interested in success, from a principle of love to their commander, whom they wished, more than all things, to please. Nor was their activity restrained by the fear of having misfortune imputed to them as a fault, for he blamed none that were unsuccessful by mistake, if their intentions appeared to have been good.

The first rays of the sun now tinged the horizon with a glowing red, and the sea sparkled with the reflected fires of

the rising day. The plain was thronged with men and arms, and horses and chariots were everywhere in motion. An almost infinite variety of sounds produced a loud but confused noise, like that of the sea, when a mighty tempest, at the command of Neptune, moves the world of waters to its foundation. Mars, by the din of arms, and the dreadful apparatus of war, began to scatter the seeds of rage in every breast. Spears stood erect in the field as thick as corn that hides the furrows of the plough in autumn. A cloud of dust rose in the air, which hid both heaven and earth by degrees from the sight of man. Inexorable Death advanced, with Confusion, Horror, and Carnage in his train.

The moment the first flight of arrows were discharged, Telemachus, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, pronounced these words: "O Jupiter, father both of gods and men! thou seest justice on our side; and peace, which we have not been ashamed to seek. We draw the sword with reluctance, and would spare the blood of man. Against even this enemy, however cruel, perfidious, and profane, we have no malice. Judge, therefore, between him and us. If we must die, it is thy hand that resumes the life it has given. If Hesperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant abased, it is thy power, and the wisdom of Minerva, that shall give us victory. The glory will be due to thee, for the fate of battle is weighed in thy balance. We fight in thy behalf, for thou art righteous; and Adrastus is therefore more thy enemy than ours. If, in thy behalf, we conquer, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall smoke upon thy altars before the day is past."

Then, shaking the reins over the fiery and foaming coursers of his chariot, he rushed into the thickest of the enemy. The first that opposed him was Periander the Locrian, covered with the skin of a lion, which he had slain while he was travelling in Cilicia. He was armed, like Hercules, with a club of enormous size; he had the stature and the strength of a giant. As soon as he saw Telemachus, he despised his youth and the beauty of his countenance. "Is it for thee," said he, "effeminate boy, to dispute the glory of arms with us? Hence, child,

and seek thy father in the dominions of the dead!" He spoke, and lifted up his ponderous and knotted mace against him; it was studded with spikes of steel, and had the appearance of a mast. All that were near trembled at its descent; but Telemachus avoided the blow, and rushed upon his enemy with a rapidity equal to the flight of an eagle. The mace, falling upon the wheel of a chariot that was near him, dashed it to pieces. Before Periander could recover it, Telemachus pierced his neck with a dart. The blood, which gushed in a torrent from the wound, instantly stifled his voice; his hand relaxed; and the reins falling upon the neck of his coursers, they started away with ungoverned fury. He fell from the chariot; his eyes were suffused with everlasting darkness; on his disfigured countenance was depicted pale death. Telemachus was touched with pity at the sight, and immediately gave the body to his attendants, reserving to himself the lion's skin and mace as trophies of victory.

He then sought Adrastus in the thickest of the battle, and overturned a crowd of heroes in his way: Hyleus, who had harnessed to his chariot two coursers, bred in the vast plains that are watered by the Ausidius, and scarcely inferior to those of the sun; Demoleon, who, in Sicily, had almost rivalled Eryx in combats with the cestus; Crantor, who had been the host and the friend of Hercules, when he passed through Hesperia to punish the villanies of Cacus with death; Menecrates, who, in wrestling, was said to have rivalled Pollux; Hippocoön the Salapian, who, in managing the horse, had the grace and dexterity of Castor; the mighty hunter Eurymedes, who was always stained with the blood of bears and wild boars that he slew upon the frozen summits of the Apennines, and who was said to have been so great a favorite of Diana, that she taught him the use of the bow herself; Nicostrates, who had conquered a giant among the rocks of Mount Garganus, that vomited fire; and Cleanthus, who was betrothed to the youthful Pholoe, daughter of the river Liris. She had been promised, by her father, to him who should deliver her from a winged serpent, which was bred on the borders of the stream, and

which an oracle had predicted should, in a few days, devour her. Cleanthus, for the love of Pholoe, undertook to destroy the monster, and succeeded; but the Fates withheld him from the fruits of his victory; and, while Pholoe was preparing for their union, and expecting the return of her hero with a tender and timid joy, she learned that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that his life was cut off by an untimely stroke. Her laments were borne to the surrounding woods and mountains upon every breeze; her eyes were burdened with tears; the flowers which she had wreathed into garlands were neglected; she tore out her beautiful blonde hair, and, in the distraction of her grief, accused heaven of injustice. But the gods beheld her with compassion, and, accepting the prayers of her father, put an end to her distress. Her tears flowed in such abundance, that she was suddenly changed into a fountain, which at length mingled with the parent stream; but the waters are still bitter; no herbage blooms upon its banks, and no tree but the cypress refreshes them with a shade.

In the mean time, Adrastus, who had learned that Telemachus was spreading terror on every side, went in search of him with the utmost ardor and impatience. He hoped to find him an easy conquest, as he had yet scarcely acquired the strength of a man. The tyrant did not, however, trust wholly to this advantage, but took with him thirty Daunians, of uncommon boldness, dexterity, and strength, to whom he had promised great rewards for killing Telemachus in any manner. If, at this time, they had met, and the thirty Daunians had surrounded the chariot of the young hero while Adrastus had attacked him in front, he would certainly have been cut off without difficulty; but Minerva turned this formidable band another way.

Adrastus, thinking he distinguished the voice and figure of Telemachus among a crowd of combatants that were engaged in a small hollow at the foot of a hill, rushed to the spot, that he might satiate his revenge; but instead of Telemachus he found Nestor, who, with a feeble hand, threw some random shafts that did no execution. Adrastus, in the rage of disap-

pointment, would instantly have slain him if a troop of Pylians had not surrounded their king.

And now a multitude of arrows obscured the day, and covered the contending armies like a cloud. Nothing was to be heard but the groans of death, and the clashing armor of those that fell. The ground was loaded with mountains of slain, and deluged with rivers of blood. Mars and Bellona, attended by the infernal Furies, and clothed in garments that dropped with gore, enjoyed the horrors of the battle, and animated the combatants with new fury. By these relentless deities, enemies to man, Pity, generous Valor, and mild Humanity were driven from the field. Slaughter, Revenge, Despair, and Cruelty raged amid the tumult without control. Minerva, the wise and invincible, shuddered, and turned with horror from the scene.

Philoctetes, in the mean time, though he walked with difficulty with the shafts of Hercules, limped to the assistance of Nestor with all his might. Adrastus, not being able to penetrate the guard of Pylians that surrounded him, laid many of them in the dust. He slew Ctesilas, who was so light of foot that he scarcely imprinted the sand, and in his own country left the rapid waves of Eurotas and Alpheus behind him. He overthrew also Euthyphron, who exceeded Hylas in beauty, and Hippolytus in the chase; Pterelas, who had followed Nestor to the siege of Troy, and was beloved by Achilles for his prowess and valor; Aristogiton, who, having bathed in the river Acheloüs, was said to have received from the deity of the stream the secret gift of assuming whatever form he desired, and who had, indeed, a suppleness and agility that eluded the strongest grasp; but Adrastus, by one stroke of his lance, rendered him motionless forever, and his soul rushed from the wound with his blood.

Nestor, who saw the bravest of his commanders fall under the cruel hand of Adrastus, as ears of corn ripened into a golden harvest fall before the sickle of the reaper, forgot the danger to which, tremulous and feeble with age, he exposed himself in vain. His attention was wholly fixed upon his son Pisistratus, whom he followed with his eye, as he was bravely

sustaining the party that defended his father. But now the fatal moment had come when Nestor was once more to feel the infelicity of having lived too long.

Pisistratus made a stroke against Adrastus with his lance, so violent, that, if the Daunian had not avoided it, it must have been fatal. The assailant, having missed his blow, staggered with its force, and before he could recover his position Adrastus wounded him with a javelin in the belly. His bowels, in a torrent of blood, followed the weapon; his color faded like a flower plucked in the meadow by a maiden; his eyes became dim, and his voice faltered. Alcæus, his governor, who fought near him, sustained him as he fell, and had just time to place him in the arms of his father, before he expired. He looked up and made an effort to give the last token of his tenderness; but, having opened his lips to speak, the spirit issued with his breath.

Nestor, now defended against Adrastus by Philoctetes, who spread carnage and horror around him, still supported the body of his son, and pressed it in agony to his bosom. The light was now hateful to his eyes, and his passion burst out into exclamation and complaint. "Wretched man," said he, "to have been once a father, and to have lived so long! Wherefore, O inexorable Fates! would ye not take my life when I was chasing the Calydonian boar, sailing in the expedition to Colchis, or courting danger in the first siege of Troy? I should then have died with glory, and tasted no bitterness in death. I now languish with age and sorrow; I am now feeble and despised; I live only to suffer, and have sensibility only for affliction. O my son! O my dear son, Pisistratus! when I lost thy brother Antilochus I had still thee to comfort me, but I now have thee no more; I possess nothing and can receive no comfort; with me all is at an end; and even in hope, that only solace of human misery, I have no portion. O my children! Antilochus and Pisistratus! I feel as if this day I had lost you both; the first wound in my heart now bleeds afresh. Alas! I shall see you no more! Who shall close my eyes when I die, and who shall collect my ashes for the urn? Thou

hast died, O my dear Pisistratus, like thy brother, the death of a hero; and to die is forbidden only to me!"

In this transport of grief he would have killed himself with a javelin that he held in his hand, but he was prevented by those that stood by. The body of his son was forced from his arms, and sinking under the conflict he fainted. He was carried, in a state of insensibility, to his tent, where, reviving soon after, he would have returned to the combat, if he had not been restrained.

In the mean time, Adrastus and Philoctetes were mutually in search of each other. Their eyes sparkled like those of the leopard and the lion, when they fight in the plains that are watered by the Cayster. Their looks were savage, and expressed hostile fury and unrelenting vengeance. Every lance that they dismissed was fatal, and the surrounding warriors gazed at them with terror. At last they got sight of each other, and Philoctetes applied one of those dreadful arrows to his bow, which from his hand never missed the mark, and which inflicted a wound that no medicine could cure. But Mars, who favored the fearless cruelty of Adrastus, would not yet suffer him to perish. It was the pleasure of the god that he should prolong the horrors of war, and increase the number of the dead. Adrastus was still necessary to divine justice, for the punishment of man.

Philoctetes, at the very moment when he was fitting the shaft against Adrastus, was himself wounded with a lance; the blow was given by Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, more beautiful than Nireus, who, among all the commanders at the siege of Troy, was surpassed in person only by Achilles. Philoctetes, the moment he received the wound, discharged the arrow at Amphimachus. The weapon transfixed his heart. The lustre of his eyes, so beautifully black, was extinguished, and they were covered with the shades of death. His lips, in comparison with which the roses that Aurora scattered in the horizon are pale, lost their color. His countenance, so blooming and lovely, became ghastly and disfigured. Philoctetes himself was touched with compassion. When his body lay

weltering in his blood, and his tresses, which might have been mistaken for Apollo's, were trailed in the dust, every one lamented his fall.

Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was himself obliged to retire from the field; he became feeble by the loss of blood; and he had exerted himself so much in the battle that his old wound became painful, and seemed ready to break out afresh, for, notwithstanding the divine science of the sons of Æsculapius, the cure was not perfect. Thus exhausted, and ready to fall upon the heaps of slain that surrounded him, he was borne off by Archidamas, who excelled in dexterity and courage all the Œbalians that he brought with him to found the city of Petilia, just at the moment when Adrastus might with ease have laid him dead at his feet. And now the tyrant found none that dared to resist him, or retard his victory. All his enemies had either fallen or fled, and he might justly be compared to a torrent, which, having overflowed its bounds, rushes on with tumultuous impetuosity, and sweeps away the harvest and the flock, the shepherd and the village, together.

Telemachus heard the shouts of the victors at a distance, and saw his people flying before Adrastus with disorder and precipitation, like a herd of timid hinds, that, pursued by the hunter, traverse the plain, rush through the forest, leap the precipice, and plunge into the flood.

A groan issued from his breast, and his eyes sparkled with indignation. He quitted the spot where he had long fought with so much danger and glory, and hastened to sustain his party. He advanced, covered with the blood of a multitude whom he had extended in the dust; and in his way he gave a shout that was at once heard by both armies.

Minerva had communicated a kind of nameless terror to his voice, which the neighboring mountains returned. The voice even of Mars was never louder in Thrace, when he called up the infernal Furies, War and Death. The shout of Telemachus animated his people with new courage, and chilled his enemies with fear; Adrastus himself was moved, and blushed at the confusion he felt. A thousand fatal presages thrilled

him with secret horror, and he was actuated rather by despair than courage. His trembling knees thrice bent under him, and he thrice drew back, without knowing what he did; his countenance faded to a deadly palor, and a cold sweat covered his body; his voice became hollow, tremulous, and interrupted; and a kind of sullen fire gleamed in his eyes, which appeared to be starting from their sockets. All his motions had the sudden violence of a convulsion, and he looked like Orestes, when he was possessed by the Furies. He now began to believe that there are gods; he fancied that he saw them denouncing vengeance, and that he heard a hollow voice issuing from the depths of hell, and calling him to everlasting torment. Every thing impressed him with a sense that a divine and invisible hand was raised against him, and that it would crush him in its descent. Hope was extinguished in his breast, and his courage fled, as light vanishes when the sun sets in the deep, and the earth is enveloped in the shades of night.

Adrastus, whose tyranny would already have been too long, if the earth had not needed so severe a scourge,—the impious Adrastus had now filled up the measure of his iniquity, and his hour was come. He rushed forward to meet his fate: horror, remorse, consternation, fury, rage, and despair kept him company. At the first sight of Telemachus, he thought that Avernus opened at his feet, and the fiery waves of Phlegethon roared to receive him. He uttered a cry of terror, and his mouth continued open, but he was unable to speak; like a man terrified with a frightful dream, who makes an effort to complain, but can articulate nothing.[1] He hurled a lance at Telemachus with tremor and precipitation. Telemachus, serene and fearless as the friend of heaven, covered himself with his buckler; victory seemed to overshadow him with her wings, and suspended a crown over his head; in his eye there was something that expressed at once courage and tranquillity; and such was his apparent superiority to danger, that he might have been taken for Minerva herself. He turned

[1] Close imitation of Virgil.—*Æneid*, xii. 908.

aside the lance that was thrown against him by Adrastus, who instantly drew his sword, that he might prevent Telemachus from discharging his lance in return. Telemachus, therefore, relinquished his spear, and, seeing the sword of Adrastus in his hand, immediately unsheathed his own.

When the other combatants on each side saw them thus closely engaged, they laid down their arms, and, fixing their eyes upon them, waited in silence[1] for the event that would determine the war. Their swords flashed like the bolts of Jove when he thunders from the sky, and their polished armor resounded with the strokes. They advanced, retired, stooped, and sprung suddenly up; till at length closing, each seized his antagonist at the same moment. The clasping ivy less closely embraces the elm, than these combatants each other. The strength of Adrastus was undiminished, but that of Telemachus was not yet mature. Adrastus frequently endeavored to surprise and stagger him, by a sudden and violent effort, but without success. He then endeavored to seize the young Greek's sword; but the moment he relinquished his grasp for that purpose, Telemachus lifted him from the ground and laid him at his feet. In this dreadful moment the wretch, who had so long defied the gods, betrayed an unmanly fear of death. He was ashamed to beg his life, yet not able to suppress his desire to live, and endeavored to move Telemachus with compassion. "O son of Ulysses," said he, "I now acknowledge that there are gods, and that the gods are just: their righteous retribution has overtaken me. It is misfortune alone that opens our eyes to truth: I now see it, and it condemns me. But let an unhappy prince bring thy father,[2] now distant from his country, to thy remembrance, and touch thy breast with compassion."

Telemachus, who kept the tyrant under him with his knee, and had raised the sword to dispatch him, suspended the blow. "I fight," said he, "only for victory and for peace; not for

---

[1] Virgil.—*Æneid*, xii. 704.

[2] "But revere the gods, O Achilles, and have pity on myself, remembering thy father."—Homer, *Iliad*, xxiv. 505.

vengeance or for blood. Live, then; but live to atone for the wrongs you have committed; restore the dominions you have usurped; establish justice and tranquillity upon the coast of Hesperia, which you have so long polluted by cruelty and fraud. Live, henceforth, a convert to truth and virtue. Learn from your defeat that the gods are just; that the wicked are miserable; that to seek happiness in violence and deceit, is to insure disappointment; and that there is no enjoyment like the constant exercise of integrity and virtue. As a pledge of your sincerity, give us your son Metrodorus, and twelve chiefs of your nation, for hostages."

Telemachus then suffered Adrastus to rise, and, not suspecting his insincerity, offered him his hand. But the tyrant, in this unguarded moment, perfidiously threw a short javelin at him, which he had hitherto kept concealed. The weapon was so keen, and thrown with such dexterity and strength, that it would have pierced the armor of Telemachus, if it had not been of divine temper. Adrastus, being now without arms, placed himself for security behind a tree. Telemachus then cried out: "Bear witness, Daunians, the victory is ours! The life of your king was mine by conquest, and it is now forfeited by treachery. He that fears not the gods is afraid of death; he that fears the gods can fear nothing else."

He advanced hastily towards the Daunians as he spoke, and made a sign to his people, that were on the other side of the tree where Adrastus had taken refuge, to cut of his retreat. The tyrant, perceiving his situation, would have made a desperate effort to force his way through the Cretans; but Telemachus rushing upon him, sudden and irresistible as the bolt which the father of the gods launches from the summit of Olympus to destroy the guilty, seized him with his victorious hand and laid him prostrate in the dust, as the northern tempest levels the harvest not yet ripe for the sickle. The victor was then deaf to entreaty, though the perfidious tyrant again attempted to abuse the goodness of his heart: he plunged the sword in his breast, and dismissed his soul to the flames of Tartarus, the just punishment of his crimes.

As soon as Adrastus was dead, the Daunians, instead of deploring their defeat and the loss of their chief, rejoiced in their deliverance, and gave their hands to the allies in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom the tyrant had brought up in the principles of dissimulation, injustice, and cruelty, pusillanimously fled. But a slave who had been the confidant and companion of his vices, whom he had enfranchised and loaded with benefits, and to whom alone he trusted in his flight, thought only how he might improve the opportunity to his own advantage: he therefore attacked him behind as he fled, and having cut off his head, brought it into the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime which would put an end to the war. The allies, however, were struck with horror at the act, and put the traitor to death. Telemachus, when he saw the head of Metrodorus, a youth of great beauty and excellent endowments, whom the love of pleasure and bad example had corrupted, could not refrain from tears. "Behold," said he, "what the poison of prosperity can effect for a young prince! The greater his elevation, and the keener his sensibility, the more easy and the more certain is his seduction from virtue. And what has now happened to Metrodorus, might perhaps have happened to me, if I had not been favored by the gods with early misfortune and the counsels of Mentor."

The Daunians being assembled, required, as the only condition of peace, that they should be permitted to choose a king of their own nation, whose virtues might remove the disgrace which Adrastus had brought upon royalty. They were thankful to the gods who had cut him off; they came in crowds to kiss the hand of Telemachus as the instrument of divine justice, and they celebrated their defeat as a triumph. Thus the power which threatened all Hesperia, and struck united nations with terror, fell in a moment, totally and forever. So the ground that is gradually undermined in appearance maintains its stability: the slow progress of the work below is disregarded or despised; nothing shakes, nothing is broken, and, in appearance, nothing is weak; yet the secret support is certainly, though

insensibly destroyed, and the moment at last arrives when the whole falls at once into ruin, and nothing remains but an abyss in which the surface, and all that covered it, is swallowed up. Thus an unjust power, an illegal authority, however founded, is gradually subverted by fraud and cruelty: whatever degree of prosperity it may reach through fraud, it gradually undermines itself. It is gazed at with admiration and terror, and every one trembles before it, till the moment when it sinks into nothing; it falls by its own weight, and it can rise no more, for its support is not only removed, but annihilated—justice and integrity are wanting, which alone can produce confidence and love.

BOOK XVI.

The chiefs assemble to deliberate upon the demand of the Daunians, that one of their own nation may be given them for a king. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, where some are of opinion that the conquered lands should be divided among them, and allot the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Telemachus rejects this offer, and convinces the chiefs that it is their common interest to appoint Polydamas king of the Daunians, and leave them in possession of their country. He afterwards persuades the Daunians to bestow Arpi upon Diomedes, who had accidentally landed upon their coast. Hostilities being now at an end, the allies separate, and every one returns to his country.

On the next day the chiefs of the army assembled to give the Daunians a king. They saw the two camps intermingled by an amity so sudden and unexpected, and the two armies, as it were, incorporated into one, with infinite pleasure. Nestor, indeed, could not be present, for the death of his son was more than the weakness of age could support. He sunk under his misfortunes, in the decline of life, as under the showers of the evening sinks a flower, which was the glory of the verdant field, when Aurora first gave the day. His eyes continually overflowed from an inexhaustible source; the lenient hand of sleep closed them no more, and the soothing prospects of hope, in which misery itself can rejoice, were cut off. All food was bitter to his taste, and light was painful to his eye; he had no wish but to be dismissed from life, and covered with the veil of eternal darkness. The voice of friendship soothed and expostulated with him in vain; for even kindness itself disgusted him, as the richest dainties are disgustful to the sick. To soft condolence and tender expostulation, he answered only with groans and sighs. He was some-

times heard to break out into such passionate exclamations as these: "O Pisistratus! O my son! thou callest me, and I will follow thee! thou hast made death welcome, and I have no wish but once more to behold thee upon the borders of the Styx!" After such bursts of grief he would pass whole hours in silence, except that, lifting up his eyes to heaven, groans would involuntarily escape him.

In the mean time, the princes that were assembled waited patiently for Telemachus, who still continued near the body of Pisistratus, burning the richest perfumes, scattering flowers over it in handfuls,[1] and shedding bitter tears. "O my dear companion," said he, "can our first meeting at Pylos, our journey to Sparta, and our meeting on the coast of Hesperia be forgotten? How many obligations am I under to thee! how tenderly did I love thee! and how faithfully was my love returned! I knew thy valor; it would have rivalled the greatest heroes of Greece; but, alas! it has destroyed thee. It has indeed consecrated thy name, but it has impoverished the world. We have lost the virtues that would have been equal to those of thy father,—another Nestor, whose wisdom and eloquence would in future times have been the pride and admiration of Greece. That soft persuasion was already upon thy lips, which, when Nestor speaks, is irresistible; that native simplicity and truth, that gentle expostulation which soothes anger into peace, and that authority which equanimity and wisdom necessarily acquire, were already thy own. To thy voice every ear was attentive, and every heart was inclined to approve thy judgment. Thy words, plain and artless, distilled upon the heart as the dews of heaven distil upon the rising herbage of the field. In thee, how many blessings within a few hours did we possess! with thee, how many blessings have we now lost forever! Pisistratus, whom but yesterday I clasped to my breast, is now insensible to my friendship, and a mournful remembrance of him is all that remains. If, instead of our closing thy eyes, thou hadst closed the eyes of Nestor,

---

1 "Give me lilies in handfuls."—*Æneid*, vi. 883.

the gods would have spared him this sight of anguish and horror, and he would not have been distinguished among fathers by unexampled calamity."

After these exclamations of tenderness and pity, Telemachus ordered the blood to be washed from the wounded side of Pisistratus, and the body to be laid upon a purple bier. Upon this bed of death, his head reclined and his countenance pale, he resembled a young tree, which, having covered the earth with its shade, and shot up its branches to heaven, is cut down by the axe with an untimely stroke; it is severed at once from its root, and from the earth, a prolific mother, that cherishes her offspring in her bosom. The branches languish, and the verdure fades; it is no longer self-supported; it falls to the ground, and its spreading honors, that concealed the sky, are stretched, withered and sapless, to the dust; it is no more a tree, but a lifeless trunk; it aspires and is graceful no more. Thus fallen, and thus changed, Pisistratus was now borne to the funeral pile, attended by a band of Pylians, moving with a slow and mournful pace; their arms reversed, and their eyes, swimming in tears, fixed upon the ground. And now the flame ascends in ruddy spires to the sky: the body is quickly consumed, and the ashes deposited in a golden urn. This urn, as an invaluable treasure, Telemachus, who superintended the whole, confided to Callimachus, to whom Nestor had once confided the son whose remains it contained. "Preserve," said he, "these mournful but precious relics of one whom you tenderly loved; preserve them for his father, but do not give them till he has fortitude enough to ask for them. That which at one time sharpens sorrow will soothe it at another."

Telemachus, having thus fulfilled the last duties to his friend, repaired to the assembly of the confederate princes, who, the moment they saw him, became silent with attention: he blushed at the deference that was paid him, and could not be prevailed upon to speak. The acclamations that followed increased his confusion; he wished to hide himself, and now for the first time appeared to be irresolute and disconcerted. At last he entreated as a favor that they would praise him no

more: "Not," he said, "because it displeases me, especially from those who are so well able to distinguish virtue, but because I am afraid it should please me too much. Praise is the great corrupter of men; it renders them arrogant, presumptuous, and vain; it ought alike to be deserved and avoided. Nothing is so like honest praise as flattery. Tyrants, the most wicked of all men, are the objects of greatest adulation. What pleasure can I derive from such tribute? Honest praise, if I am so happy as to deserve it, will be well paid when I am absent. If you believe that I have merit, you must also believe that I desire to be humble, and am afraid of being vain. Spare me, then, if you esteem me; and do not praise me as if you thought praise was delightful to my ear."

Telemachus, having thus expressed the sentiments of his heart, took no further notice of those who still continued loud in extravagant encomiums, and his neglect soon put them to silence. They began to fear that their zeal would displease him: praise, therefore, was at an end, but admiration increased. The tenderness which he had shown to Pisistratus, and the affectionate assiduity with which he had paid the last duties of a friend, were known by all. The whole army was more touched with these testimonies of sensibility and benevolence, than with all the prodigies of wisdom and valor that had distinguished his character with unrivalled lustre. "He is wise," said they to each other, "and he is brave; he is beloved of the gods; he stands alone, the hero of our age; he is more than man; but this is only wonderful, this excites no passion but astonishment. He is, besides, humane; he is good; he is a faithful and a tender friend; he is compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and devoted without reserve, to those who merit his affection. Of his haughtiness, indifference, and ferocity, nothing remains. His character is now distinguished by useful and endearing excellence; by qualities that reach the heart, that melt us with tenderness, that make us not only acknowledge but feel his virtues, and would prompt us to redeem his life with our own."

The princes, having thus given vent to their esteem and

admiration, proceeded to debate the necessity of giving the Daunians a king. The greater part of the assembly was of opinion that the territories of Adrastus should be divided among them as a conquered country. Telemachus was offered, as his share, the fertile country of Arpi, where Ceres pours out her golden treasures, Bacchus presents his delicious fruit, and the olive, consecrated to Minerva, pays her green tribute twice a year. "This country," said they, "ought to obliterate Ithaca from your remembrance, its barren soil, its mean cottages, the dreary rocks of Dulichium, and the savage forests of Zacynthus. Think no more of your father, who has certainly been buried in the deep at the promontory of Caphareus, by the vengeance of Nauplius and the anger of Neptune; nor of your mother, who must have yielded to her suitors in your absence; nor of your country, which the gods have not favored like that which is now offered to you."

Telemachus heard them patiently, but the rocks of Thessaly and Thrace are not more deaf and inexorable to the complaints of despairing love, than the son of Ulysses to these offers. "I have no wish," said he, "either for luxury or wealth; and why should I possess a wider extent of country, or command a greater number of men? I should only be more embarrassed, and less at liberty. Men of the greatest wisdom and most moderate desires have found life full of trouble, without taking upon them the government of others, who are restless and untractable, injurious, fraudulent, and ungrateful. He that desires to command others for his own sake, without any view but to his own power and pleasure and glory, is a tyrant, an enemy to the gods, and a punishment to men. He who, on the contrary, governs men with justice and equity, for their own advantage, is rather their guardian than their lord; his trouble is inconceivable, and he is far from wishing to increase it by extending his authority. The shepherd, who does not riot upon the flesh of his flock, who defends it from the wolf at the hazard of his life, who leads it to the best pasture, and watches over it night and day, has no desire to increase the number of his sheep, or to seize upon those of his neighbor;

for this would only increase his care, by multiplying its objects. Though I have never governed, I have learned from the laws, and from the sages by whom laws have been made, that government is an anxious and laborious task. I am, therefore, content with Ithaca, however small, and however poor. If I can reign there, with fortitude, justice, and piety, I shall have no need to wish for a larger dominion to increase my glory. My reign, indeed, may commence but too soon. Heaven grant that my father, escaping the fury of the waves, may reign himself to the longest period of human life; and that, under him, I may learn to subdue my own passions, till I know how to restrain those of a whole nation."

Telemachus then addressed the assembly in these terms: "Hear, O ye princes, what your interest makes it my duty to declare. If you give the Daunians a just king, he will make them a just people; he will show them the advantage of keeping their faith unbroken, and of not invading the territories of their neighbors—a lesson which, under the impious Adrastus, they could never learn. From these people, while they are under the direction of a wise and good prince, you will have nothing to fear: if you shall give them such a prince, they will be indebted for him to you; they will be indebted to you for the peace and prosperity they will enjoy under him: instead of attacking, they will bless you; both king and people will be, as it were, the work of your own hands. But, on the contrary, if you divide their country among you, the mischiefs I now predict will certainly come to pass: the Daunians, pushed to desperation, will renew the war; they will fight in a just cause, the cause of liberty; and the gods, who abhor tyranny, will fight for them. If the gods take part against you, first or last you must be confounded, and your prosperity will be dispelled like a vapor; counsel and wisdom will be withdrawn from your chiefs, courage from your armies, and plenty from your country. Your hope will be presumptuous, and your undertakings rash; you will impose silence upon those that warn you of your danger; your ruin will be sudden and irretrievable, and it will then be said: 'Is this the mighty na-

tion that was to give laws to the world? this, that is now vanquished, pursued, and trampled in the dust? Such is the desert of the lawless, the haughty, and the cruel; and such is the righteous retribution of heaven.' Consider, also, that if you undertake to divide your conquest, you will unite all the surrounding nations against you: your alliance, which was formed in defence of the common liberty of Hesperia against the usurpations of Adrastus, will become odious; and you will yourselves be justly accused of aspiring at a universal tyranny."

But suppose that you should be victorious against the Daunians and every other people, your success will inevitably be your ruin. This measure will disunite you: it cannot be taken without a violation of those very rules by which alone you can regulate your own pretensions; it will substitute power for justice, and therefore each of you will make his power the measure of his claim. Not one of you will have sufficient authority over the rest to make a peaceable division of the common property; and thus a new war will commence, of which your descendants, that are not yet born, will probably never see the end. Is it not better to sit down in peace, with justice and moderation, than to follow ambition, where all is tumult, danger, and calamity? Is not perfect tranquillity and blameless pleasure, a plentiful country and friendly neighbors, the glory that is inseparable from justice, and the authority that must result from an integrity, to which foreign nations refer their contests for decision, more desirable than the idle vanity of lawless conquest? I speak, O princes, without interest; I oppose your opinions because I love you; I tell you the truth, though I risk your displeasure."

While Telemachus was thus speaking, with a new and irresistible authority, and the princes were admiring the wisdom of his counsels in astonishment and suspense, a confused noise spread through the camp, and came at last to the place where they were assembled. It was said that a stranger had just landed, with a company of men in arms; that he was of a lofty bearing; that every thing about him was heroic; that

he appeared to have endured great adversity, and to be superior to all suffering. The soldiers, who were stationed to guard the coast, at first prepared to repulse him as an enemy that was invading their country; upon which he drew his sword with an air of intrepidity, and declared that, if he was attacked, he could make good his defence; but that he required only peace and hospitality. He then held out an olive-branch as a suppliant; and, desiring to be conducted to those who commanded that part of the coast, he was accordingly brought to the royal assembly.

The moment after this intelligence was received, the stranger entered. His majestic appearance struck the whole assembly with surprise. He looked like the god of war, when he calls together his sanguinary bands upon the mountains of Thrace; and he addressed the princes thus:

"Surely I see the guardians of nations assembled to defend their country, or distribute justice. Here, then, a man, persecuted by fortune, may hope to be heard. May the gods preserve you from the like calamities! I am Diomedes, the king of Ætolia, who wounded Venus at the siege of Troy. Her vengeance pursues me whithersoever I fly. Neptune, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, has given me up to the fury of the winds and waves; and often have my ships been broken upon the rocks. Inexorable Venus has left me no hope of again returning to my kingdom, or clasping my family to my breast. In the country where I first beheld the light, I shall behold it no more. From all that is dear to me I am severed forever. Upon this unknown coast, after all my shipwrecks, I seek only security and rest. Jupiter himself is the stranger's titulary god; if, therefore, you have any reverence for heaven, if you have any feelings of compassion, vouchsafe me some neglected corner of this vast country, some barren spot, some untrodden waste, some sandy plain, some craggy rock, where I may take refuge with my associates in misfortune, and build a little town, a sad memorial of the country we have lost. We ask but a small tract of such ground as is useless to you. We will be peaceful neighbors, and firm allies;

we will have no enemy, and no interest, but yours; and we desire only the liberty of living according to our own laws."

While Diomedes was speaking, Telemachus kept his eyes fixed upon him, and all the changes of passion were by turns expressed in his face. When the hero at first mentioned his long misfortunes, he thought this majestic stranger might be his father, and his countenance brightened with hope. The moment he declared himself to be Diomedes, hope faded like a flower at the chill blast of the north. When he complained of inexorable anger and an offended goddess, the heart of Telemachus was melted by the remembrance of what his father and himself had suffered from the same cause; the conflict was, at last, more than he could sustain: bursting into tears of grief and joy, he threw himself upon the neck of Diomedes, and embraced him.

"I am," said he, "the son of Ulysses, your associate in the war, who, when you carried off the horses of Rhesus, was not idle. The gods have treated him with unrelenting severity, as they have treated you. If the oracles of Erebus may be believed, he is still alive; but, alas! he is not alive to me. I have left Ithaca to seek him, and I have now lost him and my country forever. Judge from my misfortunes of my compassion for yours; for misfortune is the parent of pity, and so far it is an advantage. In this country I am but a stranger myself, and I have from my infancy suffered various distress in my own. Yet, O mighty Diomedes, I was not there ignorant of the glory you have acquired, nor am I here unable, O next to Achilles in courage and prowess! to procure you some succor. The princes whom you see in this assembly are not strangers to humanity; they are sensible that without it there is neither virtue, nor courage, nor honor. The truly great become more illustrious by adversity; without adversity, something is wanting in their character, and they cannot be examples either of patience or of fortitude. When virtue suffers, every heart is melted that is not insensible to virtue. Intrust then your affairs implicitly with us, to whom the gods have given you;

we receive you as a bounty from their hands, and shall think ourselves happy in the power of alleviating your distress."

Diomedes, astonished at what he heard, fixed his eyes upon Telemachus, and felt himself moved to the heart. They embraced as if they had been long united by the most intimate friendship. "O son of the wise Ulysses," said he, "how worthy art thou of such a father! Thou hast the same sweetness of countenance, the same grace of discourse, the same force of eloquence, the same elevation of sentiment, and the same rectitude of thought."

The hero was also embraced by Philoctetes, and they related their unfortunate adventures to each other. "You would, certainly," said Philoctetes, "be glad once more to see Nestor. He has just lost his last surviving child, Pisistratus; and to him this world is now only a vale of tears, leading to the grave. Come with me and comfort him: an unfortunate friend is more likely than any other to soothe his distress." They went immediately to his tent, but grief had so much affected both his senses and his understanding, that he recollected Diomedes with difficulty. Diomedes at first wept with him, and the old man felt his grief increased by the interview. The presence of his friend, however, soothed his anguish by degrees, and it was easy to perceive that the sense of his misfortunes was, in some degree, suspended by the pleasure of relating them, and of hearing what had befallen Diomedes in return.

In the mean time the assembled princes consulted with Telemachus what was proper to be done. Telemachus advised them to bestow the country of Arpi upon Diomedes, and to give Polydamas to the Daunians for their king. Polydamas was their countryman, a soldier of whose eminent abilities Adrastus was jealous, and whom, therefore, he would never employ, lest he should share the glory of success, which he wished to secure to himself. Polydamas had often told him in private, that in a war against united nations, his life and the public welfare were too much exposed, and would have persuaded him to treat the neighboring States with more jus-

tice and equity. But men who hate truth, hate those also who are bold enough to speak it; they are not touched either with their sincerity, their zeal, or their disinterestedness. A deluded prosperity hardened the heart of Adrastus against the counsels of virtue, and the neglect of them afforded him every day a new triumph, for fraud and violence gave him the advantage over all his enemies. The misfortunes which Polydamas predicted did not happen. Adrastus despised the timid prudence which foresaw nothing but difficulty and danger; Polydamas became at length insupportable; he was dismissed from all his employments, and left to languish in solitude and poverty.

Polydamas was at first overwhelmed with this reverse of fortune; but at length it supplied what was wanting in his character,—a sense of the vanity of external greatness. He became wise at his own expense, and rejoiced that he had felt adversity; he learnt by degrees not to repine, to live upon little, to nourish himself with tranquillity upon truth, to cultivate the virtues of private life, which are infinitely more estimable than those that glitter in the public eye; finally, not to depend for his enjoyments upon men. He dwelt in a desert at the foot of Mount Garganus, where a rock that formed a kind of rude vault sheltered him from the weather. A brook that fell from the mountain quenched his thirst, and the fruit of some neighboring trees allayed his hunger. He had two slaves whom he employed to cultivate a small spot of ground, and he assisted them in their work with his own hands. The soil repaid his labor with usury, and he was in want of nothing. He had not only fruit, herbs, and roots in abundance, but fragrant flowers of every kind. In this retirement he deplored the misfortune of those nations which the mad ambition of a prince pushes on to their ruin. He expected every day that the gods, who, though long-suffering, are just, would put an end to the tyranny of Adrastus. He thought he perceived that the more the tyrant rose in prosperity, the nearer he approached to destruction; for successful imprudence, and absolute authority in its utmost stretch, are to kings and king-

doms the certain forerunners of a fall. Yet when he heard of the defeat and death of Adrastus, he expressed no joy, either in having foreseen his ruin, or in being delivered from his tyranny; he was anxious only for his country, which he feared the conquerors might reduce to a state of slavery.

Such was the man whom Telemachus proposed to give the Daunians for their king. He had been some time acquainted both with his courage and his virtue; for Telemachus, as he had been advised by Mentor, applied himself with incessant diligence to discover the good and bad qualities of all persons who had any considerable trust, whether under the allied princes with whom he served in the war, or among their enemies. It was one of his principal employments, in every place, to discover and examine men who were distinguished by some singular talent or qualification, wherever they were to be found.

The confederated princes were at first unwilling to bestow the kingdom upon Polydamas. "We have learned," said they, "by fatal experience, that a king of the Daunians, who has a military disposition and military skill, must be extremely formidable to his neighbors. Polydamas is a great commander, and he may bring us into great danger." "It is true," replied Telemachus, "that Polydamas is acquainted with war; but it is also true that he is a lover of peace; these two things together make the very character that our interest requires. A man who has experienced the difficulties, the dangers, and the calamities of war, is much better qualified to avoid them than he that knows them only by report. Polydamas has learned to relish and to value the blessings of tranquillity; he always condemned the enterprises of Adrastus, and foresaw the ruin in which they would terminate. You will have much more to fear from a weak prince, without knowledge and without experience, than from one who sees all with his own eye, and determines all by his own will. The weak and ignorant prince will see all things with the eyes of another—either of some capricious favorite, or of some flattering, turbulent, and ambitious minister; he will therefore be engaged in a war without

intending it. You can certainly have no dependence upon him who acts implicitly by the direction of others; there can be no hope that his promises will be kept; and you will, in a short time, have no alternative but to destroy him, or to suffer yourselves to be destroyed by him. Is it not, therefore, more advantageous, more safe, and at the same time more just and more generous, faithfully to fulfil the trust which the Daunians have placed in you, and give them a king that is worthy of dominion?"

All scruples being entirely removed by this discourse, Polydamas was immediately proposed to the Daunians, who waited the determination of the assembly with impatience. As soon as they heard the name of Polydamas, they answered: "The allies have now proved the sincerity of their intentions, and given us a pledge of perpetual peace, by proposing a man of such virtue and abilities for our king. If they had proposed a man without spirit, without virtue, without knowledge, we should have concluded that they designed only to make us weak and contemptible, by rendering our government corrupt—a cruel subtlety, which we could not have seen practised against us without a secret but strong resentment. The choice of Polydamas, indeed, is a proof of candor. As the allies have given us a king who is incapable of doing any thing inconsistent with the liberty and honor of our State, it is manifest that they expect nothing which can either degrade or oppress us; and on our part, we call the gods to witness, that if the rivers return not back to their sources, we will not cease to love those who have treated us with so noble a beneficence. May our latest posterity remember the benefits which have this day been conferred upon us, and renew, from generation to generation, the peace of the golden age of Hesperia till time shall be no more!"

Telemachus then proposed to the Daunians, that the plains of Arpi should be given to Diomedes for the settlement of a colony. "You will lay this new people," said he, "under an obligation without expense. You do not occupy the country in which they will settle, yet they will be indebted for their

settlement there to you. Remember that all men should be united by the bonds of love; that the earth is of an extent much larger than they can fill; that it is necessary to have neighbors; and eligible to have such neighbors as are obliged to you for their settlement. Nor should you be insensible to the misfortunes of a prince to whom his native country is interdicted forever. A union between him and Polydamas will be immediately formed upon mutual principles of rectitude and benevolence, the only principles upon which any union can be lasting; you will therefore secure all the blessings of peace to yourselves, and become so formidable to all the neighboring States, that none of them will attempt the acquisition of a greatness and power that would be dangerous to the rest. As we have given to your country and people a king that will procure to both the highest degree of prosperity and honor, let your liberality, at our request, bestow a country that you do not cultivate upon a king who has an indubitable claim to your assistance."

The Daunians answered that they could refuse nothing to Telemachus, who had given them Polydamas for a king, and they went immediately to seek him in his desert, that they might place him upon the throne. First, however, they granted the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomedes, for a new kingdom. Their bounty to him was extremely pleasing to the allies; because this colony of Greeks would powerfully assist them to repel the Daunians, in any future attempt to make encroachments upon the neighboring States, of which Adrastus had given them so pernicious an example.

All the purposes of the alliance being now accomplished, the princes drew off their forces in separate bodies. Telemachus departed with his Cretans, having first tenderly embraced his noble friend Diomedes; then Nestor, still inconsolable for the loss of his son; and last Philoctetes, who possessed and deserved the arrows of Hercules.

BOOK XVII.

Telemachus, on his return to Salentum, is surprised to see the country so well cultivated, and to find so little appearance of magnificence in the city. Mentor accounts for these alterations, and points out the principal causes that prevent national prosperity. He proposes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model. Telemachus discovers to Mentor his desire to marry the daughter of Idomeneus, Antiope. Mentor approves of the choice, and assures him that she is designed for him by the gods; but that at present he should think only of returning to Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from her suitors. Idomeneus, fearing the departure of his guests, proposes several embarrassing affairs to Mentor, and assures him that without his assistance they cannot be adjusted. Mentor lays down general principles for his conduct, but continues steady in his purpose of departing with Telemachus for Ithaca. Idomeneus tries another expedient to detain them: he encourages the passion of Telemachus for Antiope, and engages him and Mentor in a hunting party with his daughter. She is in the utmost danger from a wild boar, but is delivered by Telemachus. He feels great reluctance to leave her, and has not fortitude to bid Idomeneus farewell. Being encouraged by Mentor, he surmounts his difficulties, and embarks for his country.

Telemachus was now impatient to rejoin Mentor at Salentum, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father would arrive before him. As he approached the city, he was astonished to see that the neighboring country, which he had left almost a desert, was now in the highest state of cultivation, and swarmed like a hive with the children of industry and labor: this change he imputed to the wisdom of Mentor. But when he entered the city, and perceived that its appearance was much less magnificent, and that fewer hands were employed to furnish the luxuries of life, he was displeased, for he was naturally fond of elegance and splendor. His displeasure, however, soon gave way to other sentiments: he saw Idomeneus and Mentor at a distance coming to meet him.

His heart instantly overflowed with tenderness and joy. It was not, however, without some mixture of anxiety; for, notwithstanding his success in the expedition against Adrastus, he doubted whether his conduct, upon the whole, would be approved by Mentor, and endeavored to read his sentiments in his eyes as he approached.

Idomeneus embraced Telemachus with the affection of a parent, and Telemachus, as soon as he was disengaged, threw himself upon the neck of Mentor, and burst into tears. "I am satisfied," said Mentor: "you have indeed committed great faults, but they have acquainted you with your infirmities, and warned you of self-confidence. More advantage is sometimes derived from disappointment than from success. Great achievements frequently produce contemptible vain-glory, and dangerous presumption; but disappointments from ill-conduct make the man a censor of himself, and restore the wisdom which success had taken away. You are not to seek praise from men, but to offer it with humility to the gods. You have indeed performed noble exploits, but you must confess that you were rather the instrument than the agent: were they not effected by powers communicated from without? and were they not frequently endangered by your precipitation and imprudence? Are you not conscious that Minerva exalted you into a nature superior to your own, and that, only after this transformation, you became equal to the achievements that you performed? Minerva suspended your passions, as Neptune suspends the swelling waves, when he commands the tempest to be still."

While Idomeneus was gratifying his curiosity by making various inquiries of the Cretans that had returned from the war, Telemachus was listening to the wisdom of Mentor. At length, looking around him with astonishment, he said: "I see many alterations here, of which I cannot comprehend the cause: has any misfortune happened to Salentum in my absence? The magnificence and splendor in which I left it have disappeared. I see neither silver, nor gold, nor jewels; the habits of the people are plain, the buildings are smaller

and more simple, the arts languish, and the city has become a desert."

"Have you observed," replied Mentor with a smile, "the state of the country that lies around it?" "Yes," said Telemachus, "I perceive that agriculture has become an honorable profession, and that there is not a field uncultivated." "And which is best," replied Mentor, "a superb city abounding with marble, and silver, and gold, with a sterile and neglected country; or a country in a state of high cultivation and fruitful as a garden, with a city where sobriety of manners has taken the place of pomp? A great city, full of artificers, who are employed only to effeminate the manners, by furnishing the superfluities of luxury, surrounded by a poor and uncultivated country, resembles a monster with a head of enormous size, and a withered, enervated body, without beauty, vigor, or proportion. The genuine strength and true riches of a kingdom consist in the number of people, and the plenty of provisions. An innumerable people now cover the whole territory of Idomeneus, which they cultivate with unwearied diligence and assiduity. His dominions may be considered as one town, of which Salentum is the centre. The people that were wanting in the fields, and superfluous in the city, we have removed from the city to the fields. We have also brought in many foreigners. As the produce of the earth will always be in proportion to the number of persons that till it, this quiet and peaceable multitude is a much more valuable acquisition than a new conquest. We have expelled those arts which divert the poor from procuring by agriculture the necessaries of life, and corrupt the wealthy, by giving them the superfluities of luxury and pride; but we have done no injury to the fine arts, nor to those who have a true genius for their cultivation. Idomeneus has thus become much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence. This false splendor, by dazzling the eye, concealed such weakness and misery as would in a short time have subverted his empire. He has now a much greater number of subjects, and he subsists them with greater facility. These people, inured to labor and hardship,

and set above a fond and effeminate attachment to life, by the wise institutions of the government under which they live, are always ready to take the field in defence of the country which they have cultivated with their own hands; and the State which you think is in decay, will shortly be the wonder of Hesperia.

"Remember, O my son, that there are two evils in government which admit of no remedy,—an inequitable and despotic power in the prince, and a luxurious depravity of manners in the people.

"Princes that have been accustomed to consider their will only as law, and to give the reins to their passions, may do any thing; but their power of doing any thing is necessarily subverted by its own excess; their government is capriciously administered without maxim or principle; they are universally feared and flattered; their subjects degenerate into slaves; and of these slaves the number is perpetually diminishing. Who shall dare to affront them with truth? Who shall stem the torrent of destruction? It swells over all bounds; the wise fly before it, and sigh in secret over the ruins of their country. Some sudden and violent revolution only can reduce this enormous power within proper bounds; and by that which alone can restrain it, it is frequently destroyed. Nothing is so certain a presage of irremediable destruction, as authority pushed to excess; it is like a bow that is over-bent, which, if not relaxed, will suddenly break; and who shall venture to relax it? This excessive, this fatal but flattering power, has been once the ruin of Idomeneus; he was dethroned but not undeceived. Of this power, which, as it is not intended for mankind, can be assumed only to their ruin, he would still have been the dupe, if the gods had not sent us hither for his deliverance; and, after all, events scarcely less than miracles have been necessary to open his eyes.

"The other almost incurable evil is luxury. As the prince is corrupted by an excess of power, the people are corrupted by luxury. It has been said, indeed, that luxury feeds the poor at the expense of the rich; but certainly the poor may

be subsisted by useful employments; if they apply themselves to multiply the products of the earth, they will be under no necessity to corrupt the rich by the refinements of luxury. A deviation from the simplicity of nature is sometimes so general, that a whole nation considers the most trifling superfluities as the necessaries of life; these factitious necessaries multiply every day, and people can no longer subsist without things which thirty years before had never been in existence. This luxury is called taste, perfection of the arts, and refinement of the nation. This vice, which superinduces almost every other, is cultivated and commended as a virtue. Its contagion spreads from the prince to the meanest of his people. The royal family imitate the magnificence of the king; the nobles, that of the royal family; the middle class, that of the nobles; and the poor—for who makes a just estimate of himself?—would intrude upon the class above them. All live above their condition; some from ostentation, and to glory in their wealth; some from a false shame, and to conceal their poverty. Even those who discover the mischief of this general folly, want fortitude to set the examples of reformation. All conditions are confounded, and the nation is undone. A desire of gain to support this idle expense, taints by degrees the purest minds; wealth is the only object of desire, and poverty the only mark of disgrace. You may have learning, talents, and virtue; you may diffuse knowledge, you may win battles, save your country, and sacrifice your interest; and after all, if your merit is not set off by the glitter of fashionable expense, you will sink into obscurity and contempt. Even those who are without money, will not appear to want it; they live at the same expense as if they had it; they borrow, they cheat, and practise a thousand scandalous expedients to procure it. But who shall apply a remedy to these evils? New laws must be instituted, and the taste and habit of the whole nation must be changed. Who is equal to such an undertaking, but he who is at once a philosopher and a prince; who, by the example of his own moderation, can shame those that are fond of ostentation and parade, and keep the wise in counte-

nance, who would rejoice to be encouraged in an honest frugality?"

Telemachus, while he listened to this discourse, perceived the delusions of his mind to vanish, like a man that wakes from a dream. He was now conscious of truth, and his heart was transformed to its image, as marble to the idea of the sculptor, when he gives it the features, the attitude, and the softness of life. At first he made no reply; but while he recollected what he had heard, he attentively reviewed the alterations that had been made in the city.

At length, turning to Mentor, he said: "You have made Idomeneus one of the wisest princes upon earth; I no longer know either him or his people. I am now convinced that your achievements here are much greater than ours in the field. The success of war is, in a great degree, the effect of personal prowess and chance, and the commander must always share the glory of conquest with his men;[1] but your work is properly and exclusively your own; you have alone opposed a whole nation and its prince, and you have corrected the manners and principles of both. The success of war is always fatal and horrid: all here is the work of celestial wisdom; all is gentle, pure, and lovely; all indicates an authority more than human. When man is desirous of glory, why does he not seek it by works of benevolence like these? Oh, how false are their notions of glory, who hope to acquire it by ravaging the earth, and by destroying mankind!"

At this exclamation of Telemachus, Mentor felt a secret joy, that brightened in his countenance; for it convinced him that his pupil had reduced the value of conquest and triumph to their true standard, at an age when it would have been but natural to overrate the glory he had acquired.

"It is true," replied Mentor, after a pause, "all that Idomeneus has done here is right, and deserves commendation; but he may do still better. He has now brought his passions under subjection, and applies himself to the government of

---

[1] Cicero (*Pro Marc*, 2) has a similar passage.

his people upon just principles; but he has still great faults, which seem to be the progeny of faults that are past. When we make an effort to leave familiar vices, they seem to follow us; bad habits, relaxation of mind, inveterate errors, and strong prejudices long remain. Happy are those who never deviated into error! Their rectitude, and theirs only, can be uniform and constant. The gods, O Telemachus, require more from you than from Idomeneus; because you have been made acquainted with truth from your earliest infancy, and have never been exposed to the seduction of unbounded prosperity.

"Idomeneus," continued Mentor, "is by no means deficient either in penetration or knowledge; but he wastes his abilities upon little things; he is too much busied upon parts to comprehend the whole. The proof of abilities in a king, as the supreme governor of others, does not consist in doing every thing himself: to attempt it is a poor ambition; and to suppose that others will believe it can be done, an idle hope. In government, the king should not be the body, but the soul; by his influence, and under his direction, the hands should operate, and the feet should walk. He should conceive what is to be done, but he should appoint others to do it. His abilities will appear in the conception of his designs, and espepecially in the choice of his instruments. He should never stoop to their function, nor suffer them to aspire to his. Neither should he trust them implicitly; he ought to examine their proceedings, and be equally able to detect a want of judgment or integrity. He governs well who discerns the various characters and abilities of men, and employs them to administer government under him, in departments that are exactly suited to their talents. The perfection of supreme government consists in the governing of those that govern. He that presides, should try, restrain, and correct them; he should encourage, raise, change, and displace them; he should keep them forever under his eye, and in his hand; but, to make the minute particulars of their subordinate departments objects of personal application, indicates meanness and suspicion, and fills the mind with petty anxieties, that leave it nei

ther time nor liberty for designs that are worthy of royal attention. To form great designs, the mind must be free and tranquil; no intricacies of business must embarrass or perplex, no subordinate objects must divide the attention. A mind that is exhausted upon minute particulars, resembles the lees of wine, that have neither flavor nor strength. A king that busies himself in doing the duty of his servants, is always determined by present appearances, and never extends his view to futurity; he is always absorbed by the business of the day that is passing over him; and this being his only object, it acquires an undue importance, which, if compared with others, it would lose. The mind that admits but one object at a time, must naturally contract; and it is impossible to judge well of any affair, without considering many, comparing them with each other, and ranging them in a certain order, by which their relative importance will appear. He that neglects this rule in government, resembles a musician, who should content himself with the discovery of melodious tones, one by one, and never think of combining or harmonizing them into music, which would not only gratify the ear, but affect the heart. Or he may be compared to an architect, who should fancy the powers of his art exhausted, by heaping together large columns, and great quantities of stone curiously carved, without considering the proportion of his building, or the arrangement of his ornaments. Such an artist, when he was building a saloon, would not reflect that a suitable staircase should be added; and when he was busy upon the body of the building, he would forget the court-yard and the portal. His work would be nothing more than a confused assemblage of parts, not suited to each other, not concurring to form a whole. Such a work would be so far from doing him honor, that it would be a perpetual monument of disgrace. It would show that his range of thought was not sufficient to include all the parts of his design at once, that his mind was contracted, and his genius subordinate; for he that sees only from part to part, is fit only to execute the designs of another. Be assured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom re-

quires a certain harmony like music, and just proportions like architecture.

"If you will give me leave to carry on the parallel between these arts and government, I can easily make you comprehend the inferiority of those who administer government by parts, and not as a whole. He that sings particular parts in a concert, however great his skill or excellent his voice, is still but a singer; he who regulates all the parts, and conducts the whole, is the master of music. So, he that fashions the columns, and carries up the sides of a building, is no more than a mason; but he who has designed the whole, and whose mind sees all the relations of part to part, is the architect. Those, therefore, who are most busy, who dispatch the greatest number of affairs, can least be said to govern; they are only the inferior workmen. The presiding mind, the genius that governs the State, is he who, doing nothing, causes all to be done; who meditates, contrives, looks forward to the future, and back to the past; who sees relative proportions, arranges all things in order, and provides for remote contingencies; who keeps himself in perpetual exercise to wrestle with fortune, as the swimmer struggles with a torrent; and whose mind is night and day upon the stretch, that, anticipating all events, nothing may be left to chance.

"Do you think, my dear Telemachus, that a great painter is incessantly toiling that he may dispatch his work with the greater expedition? No: such drudgery and constraint would quench all the fire of imagination; he would no longer work like a genius, for the genius works as he is impelled by the power of fancy, in sudden, vigorous, but irregular sallies. Does the genius spend his time in grinding colors and preparing pencils? No: he leaves that to others who are yet in the rudiments of his art. He reserves himself for the labors of the mind; he transfers his ideas to the canvas in bold and glowing strokes, which give dignity to his figures, and animate them not only with life but passion. His mind teems with the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he is to represent; he is carried back to the ages in which they lived, and to the cir-

cumstances in which they were placed. But with this fervid enthusiasm he possesses also a judgment that restrains and regulates it, so that his whole work, however bold and animated, is perfectly consonant with propriety and truth. And can it be imagined that less elevation of genius, less effort of thought, is necessary to make a great king than a good painter? Let us therefore conclude that the province of a king is to think, to form great designs, and to make choice of men properly qualified to carry them into execution."

"I think," said Telemachus, "that I perfectly comprehend your meaning; but surely a king who leaves the dispatch of public business to others will be often imposed upon." "You are mistaken," replied Mentor; "a general knowledge of government will always secure him against imposition. Those who are not acquainted with radical principles, and have not sagacity to discern the talents and characters of men, are always seeking their way like men in the dark. If these, indeed, escape imposition, it is by chance, for they have not a clear and perfect knowledge of what they seek, nor in what direction they should move to find it; their knowledge is just sufficient to excite suspicion; and they are rather suspicious of integrity that opposes them with truth, than of fraud that seduces them by flattery. Those, on the contrary, who know the principles of government, and can distinguish the characters of men, know what is to be expected from them, and how to obtain it; they know, at least, whether the persons they employ are, in general, proper instruments to execute their designs, and whether they conceive and adopt their views with sufficient precision and abilities to carry them into effect. Besides, as their attention is not divided by embarrassing particulars, they keep the great object steadily in view, and can always judge whether they are approaching it. If they are sometimes deceived, it is in accidental and trifling matters that are not essential to the principal design. They are also superior to little jealousies, which are always marks of a narrow mind and grovelling disposition; they know that in great affairs they must in some particulars be deceived, because they

are obliged to make use of men, and men are often deceitful. More is lost by the delay and irresolution which arises from want of confidence in those who must be employed, than from petty frauds, by which that confidence is abused. He is comparatively happy who is disappointed only in affairs of small moment. The great work may go on with success, and it is about this only that a great man ought to be solicitous. Fraud, indeed, should be severely punished when it is discovered, but he that would not be deceived in matters of importance must in trifles be content to be deceived. An artificer, in his workroom, sees every thing with his own eye, and does every thing with his own hand; but a king who presides over a great nation can neither see all nor do all. He ought, indeed, to do nothing himself but what another cannot do under him; and to see nothing that is not essential to some determination of great importance.

"You, Telemachus," continued Mentor, "are a favorite of the gods, and it is their pleasure to distinguish your reign by wisdom. All that you see here is done less for the glory of Idomeneus, than for your instruction. If your virtues correspond with the designs of heaven, the wise institutions that you admire in Salentum are but as shadows to the substance, in comparison with what you will one day do in Ithaca. But Idomeneus has now prepared a ship for our departure, and it is time that we should think of quitting the coast of Hesperia."

At the mention of their departure, Telemachus opened his heart to his friend, with respect to an attachment which made it impossible for him to leave Salentum without regret. The secret, however, cost him some pain. "You will blame me, perhaps," said he, "for yielding too easily to impressions of love, in the countries through which I pass; but my heart would always reproach me if I should hide from you the passion that I have conceived for Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not a blind impulse, like that which you taught me to surmount in the island of Calypso. I know that the wound which my heart received from Eucharis was deep; neither time nor absence can efface her image from

my heart, and I cannot even now pronounce her name without emotion. After such experience of my weakness, I must be diffident of myself. But what I feel for Antiope is wholly different from what I felt for Eucharis; it is not the tumultuous desire of passion; it is the calm complacency of reason, a tender approbation and esteem. I desire her as my friend and companion for life, and if the gods shall ever restore my father to me, and I am permitted to choose, my fate and the fate of Antiope shall be one. The charms that have attached me to Antiope are the glowing modesty of her countenance, her silent diffidence and sweet reserve, her constant attention to tapestry, embroidery, or some other useful and elegant employment, her diligence in the management of her father's household since the death of her mother, her contempt of excessive finery in her dress, and her total forgetfulness, or rather ignorance, of her beauty. When, at the command of Idomeneus, she leads the dance, with the beauties of Crete, to the soft sound of the flute, she might be well taken for Venus, the queen of smiles, with the Graces[1] in her train. When he takes her with him to the chase, she discovers such skill in the bow, and such dignity of deportment, as distinguish Diana when she is surrounded by her nymphs. Of this superiority she alone is ignorant, while every eye remarks it with admiration. When she enters a temple with sacred offerings to the god, she might herself be taken for the divinity of the place. With what devotion and awe she presents her gifts and propitiates the gods, when some crime is to be expiated, or some fatal omen averted! And when she appears with a golden needle in her hand, surrounded by the virgins of her train, we are tempted to believe that Minerva has descended, in a human form, to the earth, and is teaching the fine arts to mankind. She encourages others to diligence by her example; she sweetens labor, and suspends weariness by the melody of her voice,

---

1 "Now Cytherean Venus leads off the dance by moonlight, and the comely Graces, in conjunction with the Nymphs, shake the ground with alternate feet."—Horace, I., *Od.* 4.

when she sings the mysterious history of the gods; and she excels the most exquisite painters in the elegance of her embroidery. How happy the man whom Hymen shall unite with her by a gentle band! What can he suffer but her loss?—what can he fear but to survive her?

"But I take the gods to witness, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart. I shall love Antiope forever, but she shall not delay my return to Ithaca a moment. If another shall possess her, I shall be wretched; yet I will leave her. Although I know that I may lose her by absence, I will not mention my love either to her or to her father; for I ought to conceal it in my bosom from all but you, till Ulysses, again seated upon his throne, shall permit me to reveal it. Judge, then, my dear Mentor, how much my attachment to Antiope differs from that passion for Eucharis, by which you remember both my virtue and reason to have been overborne."

"I am sensible of this difference," said Mentor. "Antiope is all gentleness, prudence, and simplicity; her hands do not despise labor; she looks forward with a provident forecast; she provides for contingencies; she dispatches pressing affairs with silent expedition; she is always busy, but never confused, for every thing is referred to its proper time and place. The elegant regularity of her father's household is her glory—a nobler distinction than youth and beauty. Though the whole is submitted to her management, and it is her province to reprove, to deny, to spare, which make almost every woman hated, she is yet beloved by the whole house; for she discovers neither passion, nor obstinacy, nor levity, nor caprice, which are so often blemishes in the sex; a glance of her eye is a sufficient command, and every one obeys from an unwillingness to displease her. She gives particular directions with exactness and precision; she commands nothing that cannot be executed; there is kindness even in her reproof, and she encourages to amendment while she blames for misconduct. She is the solace of her father's fatigue and care, and to her his mind retreats for rest, as a traveller, fainting with heat in the summer's sun, retreats to the shade of a grove and reposes

in luxurious ease upon the downy turf. Antiope is, indeed, a treasure that would repay the most distant and laborious search. Her mind, no more than her person, is dishonored by trifling ornaments; her imagination is lively, but not uncontrolled; she speaks only when it is improper to refrain, and in her speech there is an artless grace, a soft but irresistible persuasion. All listen in silence when she speaks, and she blushes with confusion; the deference and attention with which she is heard make it difficult for her modesty not to suppress what she intended to say.

"We have, indeed, heard her speak but seldom, yet you once heard her upon an occasion which I am sure you cannot forget. She was one day sent for by her father, when he was about to punish one of his slaves with exemplary severity. She appeared with her head modestly reclined, and her face covered with a long veil. She spoke, but she said no more than was just necessary to appease his anger. At first she seemed to take part in his resentment; she then softened it by insensible degrees; at last she insinuated an apology for the offender, and, without wounding the king, by making him feel that he had been excessively angry, she kindled in his bosom sentiments of justice and compassion. The tumult of his mind subsided under an easy but irresistible influence, as the yielding waves insensibly lose their undulation when hoary Nereus is soothed into peace by the gentle blandishments of his daughter Thetis. Thus will the heart of a husband one day respond to the influence of Antiope, though she assumes no authority, nor takes advantage of her charms, as the lute now answers to her touch when she wakes it to the tenderest strains. Antiope is indeed worthy of your affection, and she is intended for you by the gods; but though your love for her is justified by reason, you must wait till she is given you by Ulysses. I commend you for having concealed your sentiments, and I may now tell you that if you had made any propositions to Antiope, they would have been rejected, and you would have forfeited her esteem. She will enter into no engagement, but leaves herself wholly to the disposal of her father. He that hopes to

be her husband, must reverence the gods and fulfil every duty to man. I have observed—and has it not been observed by you?—that she is less seen, and that her eyes are more frequently fixed upon the ground, than before your expedition. She is not a stranger to any of your achievements in the war; she is acquainted with your birth and your adventures, and she knows the endowments which you have received from the gods: this knowledge has increased her reserve. Let us then depart for Ithaca; my task will be accomplished when I have assisted you to find your father, and put you in a condition to obtain a wife worthy of the golden age. If Antiope, a royal virgin, the daughter of Idomeneus, king of Salentum, were a keeper of sheep upon the bleak summit of Mount Algidus, the possession of Antiope would still be happiness and honor."

Idomeneus, who dreaded the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, formed many pretences to delay them. He told Mentor that he could not without his assistance determine a dispute which had arisen between Diophanes, a priest of Jupiter Conservator, and Heliodorus, a priest of Apollo, concerning the omens that were to be drawn from the flight of birds and the entrails of victims.

"And why," said Mentor, "should you concern yourself about sacred things? Leave questions of religion to be decided by the Etrurians, who have preserved the most ancient oracles by tradition, and who are by inspiration interpreters of the gods to men. Employ your authority only to suppress these disputes in the beginning; act with perfect neutrality while they continue, and content yourself with supporting the decision when it shall be made. Remember that kings ought to submit to religion, and not to make it: religion is from the gods, and above regal authority. If kings concern themselves with religion, they do not protect it as a divine institution, but degrade it to a mere instrument of State policy. The power of kings is so great, and that of others so little, that religion would be in danger of becoming just what the sovereign would wish to make it, if he should undertake to determine any question about its doctrines or duties. Leave

then the decision of these questions implicitly to the friends of the gods, and exert your authority only against those who will not conform to their determination when it is made."

Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity he suffered from the great number of cases between private persons, which he was pressed, with great importunity, to decide.

"Decide," said Mentor, "all new questions of right, by which some general maxim of jurisprudence will be established, or some precedent given for the explanation of laws already in force; but do not take upon you to determine all questions of private property; they would overwhelm and embarrass you by their variety and number; justice would necessarily be delayed for your single decision, and all subordinate magistrates would become useless. You would be overwhelmed and confounded; the regulation of petty affairs would leave you neither time nor thought for business of importance, and, after all, petty affairs would not be regulated. Avoid, therefore, a state of such disadvantage and perplexity; refer private disputes to subordinate judges, and do nothing yourself but what others cannot do for you. You will then fulfil the real duties of a king."

"But," said Idomeneus, "there are many persons of high birth about me who have followed my fortunes, and lost great possessions in my service; these persons seek some kind of recompense for their losses, by obtaining certain young women of great wealth in marriage: they urge me with incessant importunity to interpose in their behalf, and a single word from me would insure them success."

"It is true," said Mentor, "a single word from you would be sufficient, but that single word would cost you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and consolation of choosing their sons-in-law, and, consequently, their heirs? This surely would reduce them to the severest and most abject slavery, and make you answerable for all the domestic evils of your people. Marriage, at the best, is not the couch of unmingled delight, and why should you scatter new thorns among the down? If you have faithful servants

to reward, distribute among them some unappropriated lands, and give them, besides, rank and honors suited to their merits and condition; if more still is necessary, add to these pecuniary gratifications from your treasury, and make good the deficiency by retrenching your expense; but never think of paying your own debts with the property of others, much less with property transferred in violation of the most sacred rights, by giving a daughter in marriage without the consent of her parents."

This difficulty being removed, Idomeneus immediately proposed another. "The Sybarites," said he, "complain that certain districts which we have given, as uncultivated lands, among the strangers whom we have drawn to Salentum, belong to them. Must I admit this claim? and shall I not encourage other nations to make demands upon our territory, if I do?"

"The Sybarites," said Mentor, "should not be implicitly believed in their own cause; nor is it just to believe you implicitly in yours." "Upon whose testimony will you then depend?" said Idomeneus. "Upon that of neither of the parties," replied Mentor; "some neighboring nation that cannot be suspected of partiality to either must determine between you. The Sipontines are such a nation; they have no interest that is incompatible with yours."

"But am I obliged," said Idomeneus, "to submit to an umpire? Am I not a sovereign prince? and is a sovereign prince to leave the extent of his dominions to the decision of foreigners?"

"If you resolve to keep the lands in question," answered Mentor, "you must suppose that your claim is good. If the Sybarites insist upon a restoration, they must, on their part, suppose their right to be incontestable. Your opinions being thus opposite, the difference must either be accommodated by an umpire mutually chosen, or decided by force of arms: there is no medium. If you should enter a country inhabited by people who had neither judge nor magistrate, and among whom every family assumed a right of determining differen-

ces with a neighboring family by violence, would you not deplore their misfortune, and think with horror of the dreadful confusion which must arise from every man's being armed against his fellow? Can you then believe that the gods would look with less horror upon the earth, of which all the inhabitants may be considered as one people, if every nation, which is but a more numerous family, should assume the right of determining by violence all differences with a neighboring nation? An individual, who possesses his field as an inheritance from his ancestors, depends wholly upon the authority of the laws, and the judgment of the magistrate, for the security of his property, and would be severely punished, as guilty of sedition, if he should endeavor to secure by force what was given him by right. Do you then believe that kings are at liberty to support their pretensions by violence, without having first tried what could be done by expedients more consonant to reason and humanity? Is not justice yet more sacred and inviolable, as an attribute of kings, when it has whole nations for its object, than as a private virtue in an individual, when it relates to a ploughed field? Is he a villain and a robber who seizes only a few acres, and is he just, is he a hero, who wrests whole provinces from their possessor? If men are subject to prejudice, partiality, and error, with respect to the trifling concerns of property, is it probable that they will be less influenced by such motives in affairs of State? Should we rely upon our own judgment where it is most likely to be biased by passion? and should not error be most dreaded where its consequences will be most fatal? The mistake of a prince with respect to his own pretensions is the cause of ravage, famine, massacres, depravation of manners, the mournful effects of which may extend to the end of time. A king knows that he is always surrounded by flatterers; should he not therefore suppose that upon such occasions he will be flattered? If he leaves his differences to arbitration, he shows himself candid, equitable, and dispassionate. He states the reasons upon which his claim is founded. The umpire is an amicable mediator, not a rigorous judge. Though his determinations

do not compel implicit obedience, yet the greatest deference should be paid to them: he does not pronounce sentence like a judge, from whose authority there is no appeal; but he proposes expedients, and, by his advice, the parties make mutual concessions for the preservation of peace. If war is at last inevitable, notwithstanding the king's utmost endeavors to avoid it, he will, at least, have secured the testimony of a good conscience, the esteem of his neighbors, and the protection of the gods."

Idomeneus felt the force of this reasoning, and consented that the Sipontines should mediate between him and the Sybarites.

The king, finding these expedients to prevent the departure of the two strangers ineffectual, endeavored to detain them by a stronger tie. He had observed the attachment of Telemachus for Antiope; and he hoped that, by strengthening this, he might accomplish his purpose. When he gave an entertainment, therefore, he frequently commanded his daughter to sing. She obeyed, from a sense of duty; but it was with such regret and confusion as made it easy to perceive how much she suffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went so far as to intimate his desire that the subject of her song might be the victory which had been obtained over the Daunians and Adrastus; but she could not be prevailed upon to sing the praises of Telemachus: she declined it with modest respect, and her father thought fit to acquiesce. There was something in her voice inexpressibly tender and sweet; Telemachus felt all its power, and his emotion was too great to be concealed. Idomeneus remarked it with pleasure; but Telemachus appeared not to perceive his design: he could not quench the sensibility of passion, but reason precluded its effects. He was no longer that Telemachus, whom love, the tyrant of the mind, had once held captive in the island of Calypso. While Antiope sung, he was silent; and, as soon as the song was over, he turned the conversation to some other subject.

The king, being again disappointed, resolved to give his daughter the pleasure of a great hunting party. She declined

the sport, and entreated with tears to be left behind; but the commands of Idomeneus were peremptory, and she was obliged to obey. She was mounted upon a fiery steed, which, like those that Castor had trained to war, disdained the ground, and was impatient of the rein; yet she governed him with such easy negligence, that he seemed to move by the secret impulse of her will. A train of virgins followed her with that ardor which is the distinction and felicity of youth; and she might have been taken for Diana with her nymphs.[1] The king followed her incessantly with his eye; and while he gazed upon his child he forgot the past misfortunes of his life. She fixed also the attention of Telemachus, who was more touched with her modesty than with the graces of her person or her dexterity in the field.

The dogs gave chase to a wild boar of enormous size, and furious as that of Calydon. The bristles of his back were as rigid as iron, and as sharp and long as a dart; his eyes seemed to sparkle with fire, and to be suffused with blood;[2] his breath was heard at a great distance, like the hoarse murmurs of rebellious winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave, that the tempest may cease: his long tusks were crooked like a sickle, nor could the trees of the forest stand before them. He gored all the dogs that had courage to approach him. The boldest hunters that pursued him were afraid to overtake him.

Antiope, who in the course was swifter than the wind, came up and attacked him. She threw a javelin at him, which wounded him in the shoulder. The blood gushed out in a torrent, and he turned upon his adversary with new fury. The horse of Antiope, although bold and spirited, shuddered

---

[1] "As on the banks of Eurotas, or on Mount Cynthus' top, Diana leads the circular dance, round whom a numerous train of mountain nymphs play in rings."—Virgil, *Æn.*, i. 495.

[2] "A boar . . . . than which not even does verdant Epirus possess bulls of greater size. . . . . His eyes shine with blood and flames, his rough neck is stiff; bristles, too, stand up like spikes, thickly set."—Ovid, *Metam.*, viii. 284.

and drew back. The monster then rushed against him, and the shock was like that of the ponderous engines that overturn the bulwarks of the strongest city. The horse could not sustain it, and fell. Antiope was now upon the ground, in a situation that left her no power to avoid the tusks of the furious animal whom she had provoked. But Telemachus, whose attention had been engrossed by her danger, had already dismounted. With a rapidity scarcely less than that of lightning, he threw himself between her and the boar that was foaming to revenge his wound. The prince instantly plunged a hunting spear into his body, and the horrid monster fell, agonized with fury, to the ground.

Telemachus cut off the head, which astonished the hunters, and was still terrible when nearly viewed. He presented it immediately to Antiope, who blushed, and consulted the eyes of Idomeneus, to know what she should do. Idomeneus, who had been terrified at her danger, and was now transported with joy at her deliverance, made a sign that she should accept the present. She took it, therefore, saying to Telemachus: "I receive from you, with gratitude, a more valuable gift; for I am indebted to you for my life." The moment she had spoken, she feared she had said too much, and fixed her eyes upon the ground. Telemachus, who perceived her confusion, could only reply: "How happy is the son of Ulysses, to have preserved a life so precious! How much more happy, if he could unite it with his own!" Antiope made no answer, but hastily rejoined her young companions, and immediately remounted her horse.

Idomeneus would immediately have promised his daughter to Telemachus, but he hoped that, in a state of uncertainty, his passion would still increase, and that the hope of insuring his marriage, would prevent his departure from Salentum. Such were the principles upon which Idomeneus reasoned; but the gods deride and disappoint the wisdom of men. The very project that was formed to detain Telemachus, hastened his departure. The tumult of love, and hope, and fear, which he now felt in his breast, made him justly distrust his resolution.

Mentor labored with double diligence, to revive his desire of returning to Ithaca; and, the vessel being now ready, he also pressed Idomeneus to dismiss them. Thus, the life of Telemachus being every moment regulated by the wisdom of Mentor, with a view to the consummation of his glory, he was suffered to remain no longer at any place than was necessary to exercise his virtues, and add experience to knowledge.

Mentor, as soon as Telemachus arrived, had given orders that the vessel should be got ready. Idomeneus had seen the preparations with inexpressible regret; and when he perceived that the guests, from whom he had derived advantages so numerous and important, could be detained no longer, he gave himself up to melancholy and despair. He shut himself up in the innermost recesses of his palace, and endeavored to soothe his anguish by venting it in sighs and tears. He forgot that nature was to be sustained with food, and no interval of tranquillity was bestowed by sleep. His health gradually declined, and the secret anxiety of his heart consumed him. He withered like a stately tree which covers the earth with its shade, but is gnawed by a worm at the root: the winds in their fury may have attacked it in vain; the earth may have nourished it with delight; and it may have been spared, in reverence, by the axe; but if the latent mischief is not discovered, it will fade; its leaves, which are its honors, will be scattered in the dust; and the trunk and branches only, rifted and sapless, will remain. Such, in appearance, was Idomeneus, the victim of inconsolable grief.

Telemachus was tenderly affected at his distress, but did not dare to speak to him. He dreaded the day of departure, and was always busied in finding pretences for delay; but he was at length delivered from this state of embarrassment and suspense by Mentor. "I am glad," said he, "to see this alteration in your temper. You were, by nature, obdurate and haughty, sensible only to your own conveniences and interests; but you are now softened into humanity, and your misfortunes have taught you to compassionate the sufferings of others. Without this sympathy, there can be neither good-

ness, nor virtue, nor ability to govern; but it must not be carried to excess, nor suffered to degenerate into feminine softness. I would myself solicit Idomeneus to dismiss you, and spare you the embarrassment of so painful a conversation; but I am unwilling that a false shame and unmanly timidity should predominate in your breast. You must learn to blend fortitude and courage with the tenderness and sensibility of friendship. You should preserve an habitual fear of giving unnecessary pain; when you are compelled to grieve any man, you should participate in his sorrow, and make the blow fall lightly which you cannot avert." "That an inevitable stroke may be thus lightened," said Telemachus, "is the reason why I wish that Idomeneus should be acquainted with our departure rather by you than by myself."

"My dear Telemachus," said Mentor, "you mistake your motive. You are like all other children of royalty, who expect that every thing should be managed so as to coincide with their desires, and that the laws of nature should be subservient to their will; yet they have not resolution to oppose any man to his face. They avoid an opposition, not in tenderness to others, not from a principle of benevolence, that fears to give pain, but from a regard to their own convenience and gratification, since they cannot bear to be surrounded with mournful or discontented countenances. They are touched with the miseries of men only as with objects disagreeable to the eye. They will not hear of misfortune because it is a disgustful subject. Lest their fancy should be offended, they must be told that all is prosperity and happiness; surrounded with delights, they will neither see nor hear any thing that may interrupt their joy. If misconduct is to be reproved, error detected, importunity repressed, false claims opposed, or factious turbulence controlled, they will always depute another for the purpose, rather than declare their own will with that gentle firmness which enforces obedience without kindling resentment. They will tamely suffer the most unreasonable favors to be extorted, and the most important affairs to miscarry, rather than determine for themselves against the opinion

of those who are continually about them. This weakness is easily discovered, and every one improves it to his advantage; every request becomes in effect a demand; it is urged with the most pernicious and troublesome importunity, and is granted that importunity may be troublesome no more. The first attempt upon the prince is by flattery: by this, designing parasites recommend themselves to favor, but they are no sooner trusted to serve than they aspire to govern: they rule their lord by the very power they have derived from him; their bridle is in his mouth, and their yoke upon his shoulders; he groans under it, and sometimes he makes an effort to throw it off; this effort is soon remitted, and he bears the yoke to his grave. He dreads the appearance of being governed, yet tamely suffers the reality: to be governed is indeed necessary to such princes; for they resemble the feeble branches of a vine, which, not being able to support themselves, always creep around the trunk of some neighboring tree.

"I must not suffer you, O Telemachus, to fall into this state of imbecility, which cannot fail to render you wholly unfit for command. Though you dare not speak to Idomeneus, lest you should wound his sensibility, you will yet have no sense of your affliction when the gates of Salentum are behind you; you are even now less melted by his grief than embarrassed by his presence. Go, then, and speak to him for yourself; learn, upon this occasion, to unite the tender and the firm; let him see that you leave him with regret, but that you are determined to leave him."

Telemachus did not dare to oppose Mentor, nor yet to seek Idomeneus; he was ashamed of his timidity, and yet unable to surmount it; he hesitated, he went forward a few steps, and then returned to Mentor, with some new pretence for delay He was about to speak, but the very look of Mentor deprived him of the power, and silently confuted all that he would have said. "Is this, then," said Mentor, with a smile of disdain, "the conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of Hesperia? Is this the son of the wise Ulysses, who is to succeed him as the oracle of Greece? and does he not dare to tell Idomeneus that

he can no longer delay his return to his country, where he hopes once more to embrace his father? O wretched Ithaca! how great will be thy misfortune if thou art one day to be governed by a prince who is himself a slave to an unworthy shame; and who, to gratify his weakness in the lightest trifle, will sacrifice the most important interest! Remark now the difference between the sedate fortitude of the closet, and the tumultuous courage of the field: you feared not the arms of Adrastus, yet are intimidated by the grief of Idomeneus. This inequality often brings dishonor upon those princes who have been distinguished by the noblest achievements; after they have appeared heroes in battle, they have been found less than men in common occurrences, in which others have been consistent and steady."

Telemachus, feeling the force of these truths, and stung with the reproach they contained, turned abruptly away, and debated no longer even with himself. But when he approached the place where Idomeneus was sitting pale and languishing, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his heart overwhelmed with sorrow, they became in a moment afraid of each other; they did not dare to interchange a look. Their thoughts were mutually known, without language; each dreaded that the other should break silence; and in this painful suspense both burst into tears. At length Idomeneus, pressed by excess of anguish, cried out: "Why should we seek virtue, since those who find her are thus wretched? I am made sensible of my weakness, and then abandoned to its effects. Be it so; and let the past calamities of my life return. I will hear no more of good government; I know not the art, and am weary of the labor. But as for you, Telemachus, whither would you go? To seek your father is in vain, for among the living he is not to be found. Ithaca is in possession of your enemies, who will destroy you if you return, and one of whom is now certainly the husband of your mother. Be content, therefore, to continue at Salentum; my daughter shall be your wife, and my kingdom your inheritance. Your power here, even while I live, shall be absolute; and my confidence in you without

limits. If these advantages are unworthy of your acceptance, at least leave me Mentor, who is my last resource. Speak—answer me; let not your heart be steeled against me, nor deny your pity to the most unfortunate of men. Alas! you are still silent. The gods are still inexorable; I feel more sensibly their resentment at Salentum than at Crete; and the loss of Telemachus wounds me deeper than the death of my son."

Telemachus replied, in a timid and faltering tone: "My departure from Salentum is not choice, but fate. I am commanded to Ithaca by the gods; their wisdom is communicated to Mentor, and Mentor has urged my departure in their name. What then can I do? Should I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, that should be yet dearer than both? As I am born to royalty, a life of ease and pleasure must not be my portion, nor must inclination be my guide. With your kingdom, I should possess more wealth and power than my father's can bestow; but I ought to prefer what the gods have decreed me, to what your bounty has offered in its stead. If Antiope was my wife, I should think myself too happy to desire your kingdom; but that I may deserve Antiope, I must go whither I am called by duty, and she must be demanded for me by my father. Did you not promise to send me back to Ithaca? Was it not under this promise that I marched against your enemy Adrastus, with the army of the allies? It is now time that I should attend to my own interest, and endeavor to redress the misfortunes of my family. The gods, who have given me to Mentor, have also given Mentor to the son of Ulysses, that, guided by his wisdom, he might fulfil their purpose. Would you, then, have me lose Mentor, when all but Mentor is lost already? I have now no worldly goods, no retreat, no father, no mother, no certain country. One man, distinguished for virtue and for wisdom, is all that remains; and this, indeed, is the most valuable gift of Jove: judge, then, if I can renounce this bounty, and consent to be totally destitute and forlorn. I would cease to be, rather than be thus: life itself is of less value than a friend; take my life, therefore, but leave me Mentor!"

While Telemachus was speaking, his voice became stronger and his timidity vanished. Idomeneus could not acquiesce, though he knew not what to reply. Being unable to speak, he endeavored to excite pity by looks and gestures of distress. At this moment he perceived Mentor, who said to him in a solemn tone, but without severity:

"Do not give way to unreasonable sorrow. We leave you; but we leave you to that wisdom which presides in the councils of the gods. Remember with gratitude that we were sent by the direction of that wisdom to correct your errors and preserve your State. We have restored Philocles, and he will serve you with fidelity: reverence for the gods, delight in virtue, love for the people, and compassion for the wretched, will be always predominant in his bosom. Listen to his advice, and employ him without jealousy or distrust. The most important service he can render you, is to tell you your faults without disguise or palliation. A good king is distinguished by the noblest fortitude; he fears not the monitor in the friend, nor shrinks from the sight of his own failings. If you are endowed with this fortitude, you have nothing to fear from our absence; the felicity of your life is secure: but if flattery, which steals its winding way like a serpent, should once more get access to your heart, and render you suspicious of disinterested counsel, you are undone. Pine no longer in voluntary subjection to sorrow, but follow virtue with the utmost effort of your mind. I have instructed Philocles to lighten your cares, and deserve your confidence; and I will be answerable for his integrity. The gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus. The destiny which they have allotted us, we should fulfil boldly; for to regret it is in vain. If my assistance should be necessary, after I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will return; and what could give me more sensible delight? I seek, for myself, neither wealth nor power; and I wish only to assist others in the search of justice and virtue. To you, I have a particular attachment, for the generous confidence of your friendship can never be forgotten."

While Mentor was speaking, Idomeneus became conscious of a sudden and pleasing change. He felt his passions subside into peace, as the waves sink to rest, and the tempest is hushed to silence, when the father of the deep lifts his trident against them. Nothing now remained but a kind of tender regret—something that was rather a soft and soothing melancholy than grief. Courage, hope, virtue, and confidence in the gods, began once more to kindle in his bosom.

"Well then, my dear Mentor," said he, "I must lose all, and be content; let me, however, be still present to your mind. When you shall have arrived in Ithaca, where the reward of wisdom shall fill all your wishes, remember that Salentum is your own work; and that Idomeneus, inconsolable for your loss, has no hope but in your return. Farewell, O son of Ulysses! my ports shall detain you no longer; the gods reclaim the treasure which they have lent, and it is my duty to comply. Farewell, Mentor, the greatest and wisest of men (if such excellence as thine is within the limits of our nature, and thou art not a divinity that has assumed the form to call strength from weakness, and from simplicity wisdom); be still the guide and guardian of Telemachus, who is more fortunate to be thy charge than to be the conqueror of Adrastus. I dismiss you both: I will restrain my words; my sighs are involuntary, and may therefore be forgiven. Go, live together, and together be happy; I have nothing left but the remembrance that I once shared your felicity. The golden moments are past, and I knew not their value; they fled in haste, alas! and they will never return! I have possessed you; but the joy is vanished! I now see you, but I shall see you no more!"

Mentor took this opportunity to withdraw; he embraced Philocles, who burst into tears and was unable to speak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand, that he might quit that of Idomeneus; but Idomeneus, placing himself between them, went towards the port: he gazed upon them by turns; he sighed; and frequently began to speak; but his voice faltered, and he left the sentence unfinished.

And now they heard, in a confused murmur, the voices of the mariners that crowded the shore; the cordage was stretched, the sails were set, and a favorable wind sprung up. Telemachus and Mentor, with tears in their eyes, took leave of the king, who held them long in his arms, and followed them with his eyes as far as they could be seen.

BOOK XVIII.

Telemachus, during the voyage, prevails upon Mentor to explain many difficulties in the art of government, particularly that of distinguishing the characters of men, so as to employ the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad. During this conversation, a calm obliges them to put into a little island where Ulysses had just gone ashore. Telemachus sees and speaks to him without knowing who he is; but, after having seen him embark, feels a secret uneasiness, of which he cannot imagine the cause. Mentor explains it, and comforts him, assuring him that he shall soon meet with his father again. He puts his patience and piety to another trial, by detaining him to sacrifice to Minerva. Finally, the goddess, who had been concealed under the figure of Mentor, resumes her own form, and is known and acknowledged by Telemachus. She gives him her last instructions, and disappears. Telemachus arrives in Ithaca, and finds his father at the house of his faithful servant Eumenes.

The sails now swell with the breeze, the anchor is weighed, and the shore seems to retreat. The experienced pilot perceives at a distance the promontory of Leucate, which conceals its summit in the hoary mists that are blown around it by the freezing whirlwind, and the Acroceraunian mountains, which still lift their presumptuous brow to heaven, though blasted so often by the bolts of Jove.

"I believe," said Telemachus to Mentor, during the voyage, "that I now perfectly understand the maxims of government that you have given me. They appear, at first, like the confused images of a dream; but, by degrees, they become clear and distinct,—as all objects appear obscure and cloudy at the first dawn of the morning, but at length rise gradually, like a new creation out of chaos, as the light, increasing by insensible degrees, gives them their true forms and natural colors. I am persuaded that the great secret of government is to distinguish the different characters of men, to select them for different purposes, and allot to each the employment which is most

suited to his talents; but I am still to learn how characters are thus to be distinguished."

"Men," replied Mentor, "to be known, must be studied, and to be studied they must frequently be seen and talked to. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, hear their sentiments, and consult them; they should also trust them with some small employment, and see how they discharge it, in order to judge whether they are capable of more important service. By what means, my dear Telemachus, did you acquire, in Ithaca, your knowledge of horses? Was it not by seeing them frequently, and by conversing with persons of experience concerning their excellences and defects? In the same manner, converse with the wise and good, who have grown old in the study of human nature, concerning the defects and excellences of men; you will thus, insensibly, acquire a nice discernment of character, and know what may be expected from every man that falls under your observation. How have you been taught to distinguish the poet from the mere writer of verses, but by frequent reading, and conversation with persons who have a good taste for poetry? And how have you acquired judgment in music, but by the same application to the subject? How is it possible that men should be well governed, if they are not known? and how can the knowledge of men be acquired, but by living among them? But seeing them in public, where they talk of indifferent subjects, and say nothing that has not been premeditated, is by no means living among them. They must be seen in private, their latent sentiments must be traced to the secret recesses of the heart, they must be viewed in every light, they must be sounded, and their principles of action ascertained. But to form a right judgment of men, it is principally necessary to know what they ought to be; a clear and definite idea of real merit is absolutely necessary to distinguish those who have it from those who have it not.

"Men are continually talking of virtue and merit, but there are few who know precisely what is meant by either. They are splendid terms, indeed, but, to the greater part of those

who take a pride in perpetually repeating them, of uncertain signification. Justice, reason, and virtue, must be resolved into some certain principles before it can be determined who are just, reasonable, and virtuous. The maxims of a wise and good administration must be known, before those who adopt them can be distinguished from those who substitute false refinement and political cunning in their stead. To take the dimensions of different bodies, we must have a standard measure; to judge of qualities and characters, we must have some fixed and invariable principles to which they may be referred. We must know precisely what is the great purpose of human life, and to what end the government of mankind should be directed. The sole end of all government is to render mankind virtuous and happy; and with this great end, the notion that a prince is invested with the regal power and authority for his own sake, is wholly incompatible. This notion can only gratify the pride of a tyrant; a good king lives but for his people, and sacrifices his own ease and pleasure to their advantage. He whose eye is not invariably fixed upon this great end—the public good, if in any instance he attains it, will attain it by chance; he will float in the stream of time, like a ship in the ocean, without a pilot, the stars unobserved, and the shores unknown. In such a situation, is it possible to avoid shipwreck?

"It frequently happens that princes, not knowing in what virtue consists, know not what they ought to seek in men. They mistake virtue for austerity; it offends them by appearing to want complacency, and to affect independence; and, touched at once with fear and disgust, they turn from it to flattery. From this moment sincerity and virtue are to be found no more; the prince is seduced by a phantom of false glory, which renders him unworthy of the true. He persuades himself that there is no such thing as virtue upon the earth; for, though the good can distinguish the wicked, the wicked cannot distinguish the good, and what they cannot distinguish, they suppose not to exist. They know enough to render them suspicious; but not knowing more, they suspect all alike; they

retire from the public eye, and immure themselves in the palace; they impute the most casual trifles to craft and design; they are a terror to men, and men a terror to them. They love darkness, and disguise their character, which, however, is perfectly known; for the malignant curiosity of their subjects penetrates every veil, and investigates every secret. But he that is thus known by all, knows nobody. The self-interested who surround him, rejoice to perceive that he is inaccessible. A prince that is inaccessible to men, is inaccessible to truth: those who avail themselves of his blindness, are busy to calumniate or to banish from his presence all who would open his eyes. He lives in a kind of savage and unsocial magnificence, always the dupe of that imposition which he at once dreads and deserves. He that converses only with a small number, almost necessarily adopts their passions and their prejudices, and from passions and prejudices the best are not free. He must also receive his knowledge by report, and therefore lie at the mercy of tale-bearers, a despicable and detestable race, who are nourished by the poison that destroys others; who make what is little great, and what is blameless criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to answer their own purposes, play upon the causeless suspicion and unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

"Let the great object of your knowledge, therefore, O my dear Telemachus, be men. Examine them; hear one man's opinion of another; try them by degrees; trust yourself implicitly to none. Profit by your experience, when you shall have been deceived in your judgment, which sometimes will certainly happen; for wicked men disguise themselves with too much art to be always detected. Form your opinion of others, therefore, with caution; do not hastily determine either that they are bad or good; for, in either case, a mistake may be dangerous: thus even from error you will derive wisdom. When you find a man of virtue and abilities, do not use him only, but trust him; for such men like to have others appear sensible of their merit, and set a much higher value upon confidence and esteem than upon pecuniary rewards. But do not

endanger their virtue by trusting them with absolute power; for many men who have stood firm against common temptations, have fallen when unlimited authority and boundless wealth have brought their virtue to a severe test. The prince who shall be so far favored of the gods as to find two or three whose wisdom and virtue render them worthy of his friendship, will, by their means, find others of the same character to fill the inferior departments of State. Thus, by the few that he can trust, he will acquire the knowledge of others whom his own eye could never reach."

"But I have often heard," said Telemachus, "that men of ability should be employed, even though virtue be wanting." "The service of such men," replied Mentor, "is sometimes necessary. When a nation is in a state of tumult and disorder, authority is often found in the hands of wicked and designing men, who are possessed of important employments, from which they cannot immediately be removed, and have acquired the confidence of persons in power, who must not abruptly be opposed; nor must they be abruptly opposed themselves, lest they should throw all things into irremediable confusion. They must be employed for a time, but care must constantly be taken to lessen their importance by degrees; and even while they are employed, they must not be trusted. He that trusts them with a secret, invests them with power which they will certainly abuse, and of which from that moment he will be the slave. By his secret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleasure; and, however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impossible to be free. Let them negotiate superficial affairs, and be treated with attention and kindness; let them be attached to their duty, even by their passions, for by their passions only they can be held; but let them never be admitted to secret and important deliberations. Some spring should be always ready to put them in motion when it is fit they should act; but a king should never trust them with the key, either of his bosom or his State. When the public commotion subsides, and government is regularly administered by men of approved integrity and wisdom, the wicked, whose

services were forced upon their prince for a time, will insensibly become unnecessary and insignificant. But even they should be well treated, for to be ungrateful even to the wicked, is to be like them; but all kindness shown to such characters should be with a view to their amendment. Some of their faults should be overlooked as incident to human infirmity; but the king's authority should be gradually resumed, and those mischiefs prevented, which they would openly perpetrate if not restrained. It must, however, be confessed, that, after all, the necessity of using wicked men as instruments of doing good, is a misfortune; and though it is sometimes inevitable, it should be remedied as soon as possible. A wise prince, who has no wish but to establish order and administer justice, will soon find honest men of sufficient ability to effect his purposes, and be able to shake off the fraudulent and crafty, whose characters disgrace the best service they can perform.

"But it is not enough for a king to find good subjects; he must make them." "That," said Telemachus, "must surely be an arduous task." "Not at all," replied Mentor; "the very search after virtue and abilities will produce them, for rewards well bestowed will excite universal emulation. How many languish in idleness and obscurity who would become distinguished, if the hope of fortune were to excite them to labor! How many, despairing to rise by virtue, endeavor to surmount the distresses of poverty by crime! If you distinguish genius and virtue by rewards and honors, your subjects will excel in both characters by a voluntary and vigorous effort of their own; and how much further may you carry this excellence by gradually bringing forward the merit that is thus produced, and advancing those that appear capable of public and important service, from the lowest to the highest employments! You will exercise their various talents, and bring the extent of their understanding and the sincerity of their virtue to the test. Those who fill the great offices of State, will then have been brought up under your own eye in lower stations. You will have followed them through life, step by step; and you will judge of them, not from their profes-

sions, nor from a single act, but from the whole tenor of their conduct."

While Mentor and Telemachus were engaged in this conversation, they perceived a Phæacian vessel which had put into a little island wholly desolate, and surrounded by craggy precipices of an enormous height. It was at this time a dead calm, so that the zephyrs themselves seemed to hold their breath; the whole surface of the sea was bright and smooth as a mirror; the sails which clung to the mast could no longer impel the vessel in its course, and the rowers, exhausted with labor, endeavored to supply the deficiency of the gale in vain. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary to go on shore at this place, which was rather a rock of the sea than a habitation for men. At another time it could not have been approached without the utmost danger.

The Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, were not less impatient of delay than the mariners of Salentum. As soon as Telemachus was on shore, he advanced over the crags towards some of these people who had landed before him, and inquired of the first man he met whether he had seen Ulysses, the king of Ithaca, at the palace of Alcinoüs.

It happened that the person to whom he addressed himself was not a Phæacian, but a stranger, whose country was unknown. He had an air of majesty, but appeared sorrowful and dejected. When he was accosted, he was lost in thought, and seemed not to hear the question that was asked him; but, soon recollecting himself, he replied: "You suppose that Ulysses has been seen in the island of the Phæacians, and you are not mistaken; he was received at the palace of Alcinoüs, as at a place where the gods are reverenced and the duties of hospitality fulfilled; but he soon after left that country, where you will now seek him in vain. He set out, that he might once more salute his household gods in Ithaca, if ever the superior powers should forget their anger and vouchsafe the blessing."

The stranger pronounced these words in a mournful voice, and immediately rushed into a wild thicket upon the top of a

rock, where, fixing his eyes upon the sea, he seemed desirous of solitude and impatient to depart.

Telemachus remarked him with great attention, and the more he gazed the greater were his emotion and astonishment. "The answer of this stranger," said he to Mentor, "is that of a man so absorbed in affliction as scarcely to take cognizance of external objects. The unfortunate have my pity, for I am myself unfortunate, and for this man I am particularly interested, without knowing why. He has not treated me with courtesy; he seemed to pay no attention to what I said, and he scarcely vouchsafed me an answer, yet I cannot but wish that his misfortunes were at an end."

"See, then," said Mentor with a smile, "what advantage is derived from the calamities of life; they humble the pride of greatness, and soften insensibility to compassion. Princes who have been fatally flattered with perpetual prosperity, imagine themselves to be gods; if they have an idle wish to be gratified, they expect mountains to sink and seas to vanish; they hold mankind as nothing, and would have all nature the mere instrument of their will. When they hear of misfortune, they scarcely understand the term; with respect to them misfortune is a dream, and they know not the difference between good and evil. Affliction only can teach them pity, and give them, for the adamant in their bosom, the heart of a man. When they are afflicted, they become sensible that they have a common nature with others, to whom they should administer the comfort of which they feel the want. If a stranger has thus forcibly excited your pity, because, like you, he is a wanderer upon the coast, how much more compassion should you feel for the people of Ithaca, if hereafter you should see them suffer—the people whom the gods will confide to your care, as a flock is confided to a shepherd—who may perhaps become wretched by your ambition, your prodigality, or imprudence; for nations are never wretched but by the fault of kings, who, like their guardian gods, should watch over them for good."

To this discourse of Mentor, Telemachus listened with grief

and trouble, and at length, with some emotion, replied: "If these things are true, royalty is, of all conditions, the most wretched. A king is the slave of those whom he appears to command; his people are not subordinate to him, but he is subordinate to his people; all his powers and faculties are referred to them, as their object; he is the servant, not only of the community, but of every individual; he must supply all their wants, accommodate himself to all their weaknesses, correct their vices, teach them wisdom, and afford them happiness. The authority with which he appears to be invested, is not his own; he is not at liberty to exert it, either for his glory or his pleasure; it is, indeed, the authority of the laws, to which he must himself be obedient, as an example to others. The laws must reign, and of their sovereignty he must be the defence; for them he must pass the night in vigils, and the day in labor: he is less at liberty and at rest than any other in his dominions, for his own freedom and repose are sacrificed to the freedom and happiness of the public."

"It is true," replied Mentor, "that a king is invested with authority only that he may be, to his people, what a shepherd is to his flock, or a father to his family; but can you imagine, my dear Telemachus, that a king who is continually employed to make multitudes happy can himself be wretched? He corrects the wicked by punishments; he encourages the good by rewards; he forms the world to virtue, as a visible divinity, the vicegerent of heaven. Is it not sufficient glory to secure the laws from violation? To affect being above their authority, is not to acquire glory, but to become the object of detestation and contempt. A king, if he is wicked, must indeed be miserable, for his passions and his vanity will keep him in perpetual tumult; but, if he is good, he will enjoy the purest and most sublime of all pleasures, in promoting the cause of virtue, and expecting an eternal recompense from the gods."

Telemachus, whose mind was in great uneasiness and agitation, seemed, at this time, never to have comprehended these principles, though they had long been familiar to his mind, and he had often taught them to others. A splenetic humor, the

frequent concomitant of secret infelicity, disposed him, contrary to his own sentiments, to reject the truths which Mentor had explained, with subtle cavils and pertinacious contradiction. Among other objections, he urged the ingratitude of mankind. "What!" he exclaimed, "shall life be devoted to obtain the love of those who will, perhaps, hate you for the attempt, and to confer benefits upon wretches who may probably use them to your destruction?"

"Ingratitude," replied Mentor, with great calmness, "must be expected from mankind; but, though mankind are ungrateful, we should not be weary of doing good; we should serve them less for their own sakes, than in obedience to the gods, who command it. The good that we do is never lost; if men forget it, it is remembered and rewarded by the gods. Besides, if the multitude are ungrateful, there will always be virtuous men, by whom virtue will be regarded with reverence and love. Even the multitude, however inconstant and capricious, will, sooner or later, be just to real virtue.

"But, if you would prevent the ingratitude of mankind, do not load them with such benefits as, in the common estimation, are of most value; do not endeavor to make them powerful and rich; do not make them the dread or the envy of others, either by their prowess or their pleasures. This glory, this abundance, these delights will corrupt them; they will become more wicked, and consequently more ungrateful. Instead, therefore, of offering them a fatal gift, a delicious poison, endeavor to improve their morals, to inspire them with justice, sincerity, fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness. By implanting goodness, you will eradicate ingratitude. When you give virtue, you give a permanent and substantial good. Virtue will always attach those who receive it to the giver. Thus, by communicating real benefits, you will receive real benefit in return. The very nature of your gift will make ingratitude impossible. Is it strange that men should be ungrateful to princes, who have trained them to nothing but injustice and ambition, and taught them only to be jealous, arrogant, perfidious, and cruel? A prince must

expect that his people will act towards him as he has taught them to act towards others. If he labors to render them good both by his example and authority, he will reap the reward of his labor from their virtue; or, at least, in his own, and in the favor of the gods he will find abundant consolation for his disappointment."

As soon as Mentor had done speaking, Telemachus advanced hastily towards the Phæacians, whose vessel lay at anchor near the shore. He found among them an old man, of whom he inquired whence they came, whither they were going, and whether he had seen Ulysses.

"We have come," said the old man, "from our own island, Corcyra, and we are going for merchandise to Epirus. Ulysses, as you have been told already, has been in our country, and has now left it." "But who," said Telemachus, "is he that, while he waits for the departure of your vessel, seems to be absorbed in the contemplation of his own misfortunes, and retires to the most solitary parts of the island?" "He," said the old man, "is a stranger, of whom we have no knowledge. It is said that his name is Cleomenes, that he is a native of Phrygia,[1] and that, before his birth, it was declared by an oracle to his mother, that, if he quitted his country, he should be a king; but that, if he continued in it, the gods would denounce their anger against the Phrygians by a pestilence. He was, therefore, delivered to some sailors, by his parents, as soon as he was born, who conveyed him to the island of Lesbos, where he was privately educated at the expense of his country, which had so great an interest in keeping him at a distance. As he increased in stature, his person became at once comely and robust, and he excelled in all exercises that render the body agile and strong: he also applied himself, with great genius and taste, to science and the arts; but no people would suffer him to continue among them. The prediction of the oracle concerning him became generally known, and he was soon discovered wherever he went: kings were everywhere jealous,

[1] A country of Asia Minor, to the east of Lydia.

lest he should supplant them in their thrones. Thus he became a fugitive from his youth, wandering about from country to country, without finding any place in which he might be allowed to remain. He has visited nations very remote from his own, but the secret of his birth, and the oracle concerning him, is discovered as soon as he arrives. He endeavors to conceal himself wherever he goes, by entering into some obscure class of life; but he is soon discovered by his superior talents for war, literature, and government, which break out with irresistible splendor, notwithstanding his efforts to repress them. In every country he is surprised into the exertion of his abilities by some unforeseen occasion; and these at once make him known to the public. His merit is his misfortune; for this he is feared wherever he is known, and excluded from every country where he would reside. It is his destiny to be everywhere esteemed, beloved, and admired, but excluded from all civil societies upon earth. He is now advanced in years, and yet he has not hitherto been able to find any district either of Asia or Greece where he may be permitted to live in unmolested obscurity. He appears to be wholly without ambition, and to desire neither honor nor riches, and if the oracle had not promised him royalty, he would think himself the happiest of mankind. He indulges no hope of returning to his native country, for he knows that to return thither would be to bring mourning and tears to every family. Even royalty itself, for which he suffers, is not desirable in his opinion; he is fulfilling the condition upon which it is to be acquired in spite of himself, and, impelled by an unhappy fatality, he pursues it from kingdom to kingdom, while it flies like a splendid illusion before him, as it were to sport with his distress, and continue an idle chase, till life itself shall have lost its value with its use. How fatal a gift is reserved for him by the gods! How has it embittered those hours which youth would have devoted to joy! and how has it aggravated the infirmities of age, when the only felicity of wearied nature is rest! He is now going, he says, to Thrace, in search of some rude and lawless savages, whom he may collect into a society, civilize,

and govern for a certain time; that thus, having fulfilled the oracle, the most flourishing State may admit him without fear. If he succeeds in this design, he will immediately retire to a village in Caria, and apply himself wholly to his favorite employment, agriculture. He is a wise man, his desires are moderate, he fears the gods, and he knows men, and though he does not think them worthy of esteem, can live peaceably among them. Such is the account that I have heard of the stranger after whom you inquire."

Telemachus, while he was attending to this narrative, often turned his eyes towards the sea, which began to be troubled. The wind now swelled the surface into waves, which breaking against the rocks, whitened them with foam. The man observed it, and, turning hastily to Telemachus, said: "I must go, or my companions will sail without me." He then ran towards the vessel,—the mariners hurried on board, and a confused clamor echoed along the shore.

The stranger, whom they called Cleomenes, had wandered about in the middle of the island, and climbing to the summit of many of the rocks, had eyed the boundless diffusion of waters around him with a fixed and mournful attention. Telemachus had still kept sight of him, and remarked him in every situation. His heart melted with compassion for a man, who, though virtuous, was wretched and a fugitive, formed for great achievements, yet condemned to be the sport of fortune, and a stranger to his country. "I," said he to himself, "may, perhaps, once more see Ithaca; but the return of this Cleomenes to Phrygia is impossible." Thus Telemachus received comfort from contemplating the misery of a man more wretched than himself.

The stranger no sooner perceived his vessel ready to sail, than he rushed down the craggy sides of the rock with as much agility and speed as Apollo bounds from precipice to precipice in the forests of Lycia,[1] when, with his silver hair gathered in a knot behind him, he pursues the stags and boars

[1] Apollo was especially worshipped in Lycia.

that fly from the terrors of his bow in vain. When the stranger was on board, and his vessel, dividing the waves, gradually receded from the shore, the heart of Telemachus died within him; he felt the keenest affliction without knowing the cause; the tears flowed unbidden from his eyes, and he found nothing so pleasing as to weep.

In the mean time, the mariners of Salentum, overcome with fatigue, were stretched upon the grass near the beach in a profound sleep. A sweet insensibility was diffused through every nerve; and the secret, but powerful influence of Minerva had, in full day, scattered over them the dewy poppies of the night. Telemachus was astonished to see the Salentines thus resign themselves to sleep, while the Phæacians, ever active and vigilant, had improved the favoring wind; yet he was more intent upon watching their vessel, which was now fading from his sight in the horizon, than upon recalling his mariners to their duty. A secret and irresistible sense of astonishment and concern kept his eyes fixed upon the bark which had left the island, and of which the sails only could be seen, that, by their whiteness, were just distinguished from the azure of the sea. Mentor called to him, but he was deaf to the voice; his faculties seemed to be suspended, as in a trance, and he had no more the possession of himself than the frantic votaries of Bacchus, when, grasping the Thyrsus in their hands, the ravings of their phrensy are re-echoed from the banks of the Hebrus,[1] and the rude acclivities of Ismarus[2] and Rhodope.[3]

At length, however, the fascination was suspended; and, recovering his recollection, he again melted into tears. "I do not wonder," said Mentor, "my dear Telemachus, to see you weep; for the cause of your trouble, though to you a secret, is known to me. Nature is the divinity that speaks within you; it is her influence that you feel, and, at her touch, your heart has melted. A stranger has filled your breast with emo-

---

[1] The principal river of Thrace, which is now called Mariza.
[2] Mountain of Thrace, now called Valiza, or Tourjan-Dag.
[3] Another mountain of Thrace.

tion: that stranger is the great Ulysses. What the Phæacian has told you concerning him, under the name of Cleomenes, is nothing more than a fiction, invented more effectually to conceal his return to Ithaca, whither he is now going. He is already near the port; and the scenes, so long desired, are at length given to his view. You have seen him, as it was once foretold you,[1] but you have not known him. The time is at hand when you shall see him again; when you shall know him, and be known by him; but the gods could permit this only in Ithaca. His heart did not suffer less emotion than yours, but he is too wise to trust any man with his secret, while it might expose him to the treachery and insults of the pretenders to Penelope. Your father Ulysses is the wisest of mankind; his heart is of unfathomable depth; his secret lies beyond the line of subtlety and fraud. He is the friend of truth, and says nothing that is false; but, when it is necessary, he conceals what is true; his wisdom is, as it were, a seal upon his lips, which is never broken, but for an important purpose. He saw you, he spoke to you, yet he concealed himself from you. What a conflict must he have sustained, what anguish must he have felt! Who can wonder at his dejection and sorrow?"

During this discourse, Telemachus stood fixed in astonishment, and at length burst into tears. His wonder was mingled with the tenderest and deepest distress, and it was long before the sighs that struggled in his bosom would permit a reply. At length he cried out: "O my dear Mentor, there was, indeed, something in this stranger that controlled all my heart—something that attracted and melted me—a powerful influence without a name. But, if you knew him, why did you not tell me, before he departed, that he was Ulysses? Why did you not speak to him yourself, and acquaint him that he was not unknown to you? What do these mysteries conceal? Shall I be wretched forever? Will the gods, in their anger, doom me to the torments of Tantalus, whose burn-

[1] It was Calypso that foretold this, in book vi.

ing lips a delusive stream approaches forever, and forever flies? O my father, hast thou escaped me forever? Perhaps I shall see thee no more! Perhaps the suitors of Penelope may take thee in the snares which they spread for me! Oh, had I followed thee, then, if life had been denied us, we might at least have died together! O Ulysses, Ulysses, if thou shalt escape another shipwreck (which, from the persevering malice of fortune, there is reason to doubt), I fear lest thou shouldst meet, at Ithaca, as disastrous a fate as Agamemnon at Mycene.[1] But wherefore, O my dear Mentor, did you envy my good fortune? Why have I not already embraced my father? Why am I not now with him, in the port of Ithaca? Why am I not fighting at his side, and exulting in the destruction of his enemies?"

"Let me now, my dear Telemachus," said Mentor, with a smile, "show thee to thyself, and thus acquaint thee with the weakness of mankind. To-day you are inconsolable, because you have seen your father without knowing him. What would you have given, yesterday, to know that he was not dead! To-day your own eyes assure you that he lives, and this assurance, which should transport you with joy, overwhelms you with distress. Thus do mankind, by the perverse depravity of their nature, esteem that which they have most desired as of no value the moment it is possessed, and torment themselves with fruitless wishes for that which is beyond their reach."

"It is to exercise your patience that the gods thus hold you in suspense. You consider this time as lost, but be assured that it is, more than any other, improved. The distress which you now suffer will exercise you in the practice of that virtue which is of more importance than all others, to those who are born to command. Without patience you can be master neither of others nor yourself. Impatience, which appears to be the force and vigor of the soul, is, indeed, a weakness—the want of fortitude to suffer pain. He that knows not how to wait for good, and to endure evil, is subject to the same imbe-

[1] An ancient city of Argolis, of which nothing but a few ruins remain.

cility as he that cannot keep a secret; they both want power to restrain the first impulse of the mind, and resemble a charioteer, whose hand has not strength to restrain his impatient coursers in their headlong speed; they disdain the bridle, they rush forward with ungoverned fury, the chariot is overturned, and the feeble driver is crushed under the wheels. An impatient man is thus precipitated to ruin, by the violence of impetuous and ungoverned desire. The more elevated his station, the more fatal his impatience. He waits for nothing, he despises deliberation, and takes all things, as it were, by storm; every enjoyment is a violence and an injury; he breaks down the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he forces the door, rather than wait till it is opened; and resolves to reap, when the prudent husbandman would sow: all his actions are precipitate, and out of season; all that he does, therefore, is done amiss, and must be futile and transient as his own desires. Such are the extravagant projects of a man who vainly imagines that he can do all things, and abandons himself to every impatient wish that prompts him to abuse his power. Your patience is thus tried, my dear Telemachus, that you may learn to be patient; and, for this cause, the gods have given you up to the caprice of fortune, and suffered you to be still a wanderer, to whom all things are uncertain. The great object of your hope has just appeared and vanished, like the fleeting images of a dream when the slumbers of the night are past, to apprise you that the blessings which we imagine to be within our grasp, elude us, and disappear in a moment. The best precepts of the wise Ulysses would instruct you less than his absence, and the sufferings which, while you sought him, you have endured."

Mentor then determined to bring the patience of Telemachus to another trial, yet more severe than any that were past. At the moment, therefore, when the hero was urging the mariners to set sail without delay, Mentor suddenly stopped him, and proposed that they should offer a solemn sacrifice to Minerva upon the beach. Telemachus consented without remonstrance or complaint. Two altars of turf were imme-

diately prepared, the incense smoked, and the blood of the victims was shed. The youth looked up to heaven with a sigh of tenderness and devotion, and acknowledged the powerful protection of the goddess.

As soon as the sacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the darkest recess of a neighboring wood. Here he suddenly perceived the countenance of his friend assume a new form; the wrinkles disappeared as the shadows of the night vanish when the rosy fingers of Aurora throw back the portals of the east, and kindle the horizon with the beams of day; his eyes, which were keen and hollow, changed to a celestial blue, and sparkled with divine radiance; his beard, grizzled and neglected, totally vanished, and the sight of Telemachus was dazzled by new features, which were at once mild and awful, lovely and majestic. He beheld the countenance of a woman, soft and delicate as the leaves of a flower just opening to the sun, and blooming with the tints both of the lily and the rose; it was distinguished by the ineffable beauty of eternal youth, and the easy dignity of simple greatness. Her flowing hair filled the air with ambrosial odors; and her robes shone with a various and a vivid splendor, like the clouds of heaven, which the sun diversifies and irradiates with his earliest light. The divinity was no longer supported by the earth, but reclined upon the air, in which she floated like a bird in its flight. In her hand was the shining lance, at which nations tremble, and Mars himself becomes sensible to fear. Her voice was sweet and placid, but penetrating and strong. Her words pierced the heart of Telemachus like shafts of fire, and thrilled him with a kind of delicious pain. Upon her helmet appeared the solitary bird of Athens, and her dreadful ægis glittered upon her breast. By these characteristics Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva.

"And is it thou thyself," said he, "O goddess, who, for the love that thou bearest to Ulysses, hast vouchsafed guidance and protection to his son . . . ?" He would have said more, but his voice failed him; and the thoughts that rushed with impetuous tumult from his heart, his tongue labored in vain to

express. He was overwhelmed by the presence of the divinity, like a man who is oppressed by the loss of breath in a dream, and who, although agonized with an effort to speak, can articulate nothing.

At length the goddess addressed him in these words: "Hear me, O son of Ulysses, for the last time! I have hitherto favored no mortal with such instructions as I have vouchsafed to thee. In countries unknown, in shipwreck, in battle, in every situation of danger and distress by which the heart of man can be tried, I have been thy protection. For thee I have illustrated by experiment all maxims of government, both false and true. I have improved not only thy misfortunes, but even thy faults into wisdom. Who can govern, that has never suffered? Who can avoid error, but by experience of its evil?

"Thou hast filled earth and ocean with disastrous adventures like thy father, and art now worthy to follow him to Ithaca, where he has this moment arrived, and whither thy passage is short and easy. In battle let thy station be at his side; obey him with implicit reverence, and let the meanest subject learn his duty from thy example. He will give Antiope to thy wishes; in this alliance thy object was rather merit than beauty, and it shall be happy.

"When thou shalt be invested with sovereign power, let it be thy only ambition to restore the golden age. Let thy ear be open to all, but let thy confidence be confined to few. Trust not implicitly to thy own virtue or thy own wisdom. Fear to deceive thyself, but fear not that others should know that thou hast been deceived.

"Love thy people; neglect nothing that may inspire them with love of thee. Those whom love cannot influence, must be ruled by fear; but this expedient, like a violent and dangerous remedy, should always be used with reluctance.

"Undertake nothing of which thou hast not considered the most remote consequences; look steadily at the future, whatever evils it may present; and know that true courage consists in the anticipation and contempt of necessary danger.

He who will not voluntarily look danger in the face, will shrink from the sight when it is obtruded upon him; he only is wise and brave who willingly looks on all that can be seen, who shuns all that can be shunned, and meets that which is inevitable with equanimity.

"Avoid luxury, profusion, and pomp, and place thy glory in simplicity. Let thy virtues be the ornaments of thy person and thy palace; let these be the guards that surround thee; and let thy example teach the world in what honor consists.

"Let it be constantly present to thy mind, that kings reign not for their own glory, but for the good of their people. The virtues and the vices of kings entail happiness or misery upon mankind, to the remotest generations, and a bad reign sometimes produces calamity for an age.

"Above all, guard against thy humor: it is a bosom enemy, which every man is condemned to carry with him to the grave; it will enter into all thy councils; and, if indulged, will certainly pervert them. It will prevent thee from improving opportunities of advantage; it will prefer shadow to substance, and determine important affairs by petty considerations. It obscures talents, depresses courage, and renders a man feeble, inconstant, odious, and contemptible. Against this enemy, be continually upon thy guard.

"Let the fear of the gods, O Telemachus, be the ruling passion of thy heart: keep it sacred in thy bosom, as thy dearest treasure; for with this thou shalt possess wisdom and justice, tranquillity and joy, unpolluted pleasure, genuine freedom, peaceful affluence, and spotless glory.

"I now leave thee, O son of Ulysses! But, so long as thou shalt feel the want of my wisdom, my wisdom shall remain with thee. It is now time that thou shouldst walk by the light of thy own mind. I withdrew from thee in Egypt and at Salentum, that I might reconcile thee to the want of that assistance and comfort which I afforded, by degrees, as a mother weans an infant from the breast, when it is no longer necessary to feed it with milk, and it is able to subsist upon more solid food."

Such was the last counsel of Minerva to Telemachus; and while her voice yet vibrated on his ear, he perceived her rise slowly from the earth, and, a cloud of intermingled azure and gold surrounding her, she disappeared. Telemachus stood a moment astonished and entranced; then, sighing, prostrated himself upon the ground, and stretched out his hands towards heaven. After this homage was paid, he arose, awakened his companions, hastened their departure, arrived in Ithaca, and found his father under the friendly roof of his faithful Eumenes.

END OF VOL. I.

INTERLIBRARY LOAN
AUG 1 - 1983
UNIV. OF CALIF. DAVIS